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4 vols

THE

RAMBLER.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.

HOR.

THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

Numb.		Page
1	Difficulty of the first address. Practice of the epick poets. Convenience of periodical performances.	1
2	The necessity and danger of looking into futurity. Writers naturally sanguine. Their hopes liable to disappointment.	7
3	An allegory on criticism.	13
4	The modern form of romances preferable to the ancient. The necessity of characters morally good.	18
5	A meditation on the spring.	25
6	Happiness not local.	30
7	Retirement natural to a great mind. Its religious use.	36
8	The thoughts to be brought under regulation; as they respect the past, present, and future.	42
9	The fondness of every man for his profession. The gradual improvement of manufactures.	48
10	Four billets with their answers. Remarks on masquerades.	53
11	The folly of anger. The misery of a peevish old age.	60
12	The history of a young woman that came to *London* for a service.	66
13	The duty of secrecy. The invalidity of all excuses for betraying secrets.	74
14	The difference between an author's writings and his conversation.	80
15	The folly of cards. A letter from a lady that has lost her money.	87
16	The dangers and miseries of literary eminence.	94
17	The frequent contemplation of death necessary to moderate the passions.	101
18	The unhappiness of marriage caused by irregular motives of choice.	107
19	The danger of ranging from one study to another. The importance of the early choice of a profession.	114
20	The folly and inconvenience of affectation.	121
21	The	

2000733

CONTENTS.

Numb.		Page
21	The anxieties of literature not less than those of publick stations. The inequality of authors' writings.	127
22	An allegory on wit and learning.	133
23	The contrariety of criticism. The vanity of objection. An author obliged to depend upon his own judgment.	139
24	The necessity of attending to the duties of common life. The natural character not to be forsaken.	144
25	Rashness preferable to cowardice. Enterprise not to be repressed.	150
26	The mischief of extravagance, and misery of dependance.	156
27	An author's treatment from six patrons.	162
28	The various arts of self-delusion.	168
29	The folly of anticipating misfortunes.	175
30	The observance of *Sunday* recommended; an allegory.	180
31	The defence of a known mistake highly culpable.	185
32	The vanity of stoicism. The necessity of patience.	192
33	An allegorical history of rest and labour.	198
34	The uneasiness and disgust of female cowardice.	204
35	A marriage of prudence without affection.	210
36	The reasons why pastorals delight.	217
37	The true principles of pastoral poetry.	223
38	The advantages of mediocrity. An Eastern fable.	229
39	The unhappiness of women, whether single or married.	235
40	The difficulty of giving advice without offending.	240
41	The advantages of memory.	246
42	The misery of a modish lady in solitude.	252
43	The inconveniencies of precipitation and confidence.	258
44	Religion and superstition, a vision.	264
45	The causes of disagreement in marriage.	271
46	The mischiefs of rural faction.	276
47	The proper means of regulating sorrow.	282
48	The miseries of an infirm constitution.	288
49	A disquisition upon the value of fame.	293
50	A virtuous old age always reverenced.	299
51	The employments of a housewife in the country.	305
52	The contemplation of the calamities of others, a remedy for grief.	312
53	The folly and misery of a spendthrift.	317

THE

THE

RAMBLER.

NUMBER 1. TUESDAY, *March* 20, 1750.

Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus,
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam. JUV.

Why to expatiate in this beaten field,
Why arms oft us'd in vain, I mean to wield;
If time permit, and candour will attend,
Some satisfaction this essay may lend. ELPHINSTON.

THE difficulty of the first address on any new occasion, is felt by every man in his transactions with the world, and confessed by the settled and regular forms of salutation which necessity has introduced into all languages. Judgment was wearied with the perplexity of being forced upon choice, where there was no motive to preference; and it was found convenient that some easy method of introduction should be established, which, if it wanted the allurement of novelty, might enjoy the security of prescription.

Perhaps few authors have presented themselves before the public, without wishing that such ceremonial modes of entrance had been anciently established, as might have freed them from those dangers

which the desire of pleasing is certain to produce, and precluded the vain expedients of softening censure by apologies, or rousing attention by abruptness.

The epick writers have found the proemial part of the poem such an addition to their undertaking, that they have almost unanimously adopted the first lines of Homer, and the reader needs only be informed of the subject, to know in what manner the poem will begin.

But this solemn repetition is hitherto the peculiar distinction of heroick poetry; it has never been legally extended to the lower orders of literature, but seems to be considered as an hereditary privilege, to be enjoyed only by those who claim it from their alliance to the genius of Homer.

The rules which the injudicious use of this prerogative suggested to Horace, may indeed be applied to the direction of candidates for inferior fame; it may be proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.

This precept has been long received, both from regard to the authority of Horace, and its conformity to the general opinion of the world; yet there have been always some, that thought it no deviation from modesty to recommend their own labours, and imagine themselves entitled by indisputable merit to an exemption from general restraints, and to elevations not allowed in common life. They, perhaps, believed, that when, like Thucydides, they bequeathed to mankind κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ, *an estate for ever*, it was an additional favour to inform them of its value.

It

It may, indeed, be no leſs dangerous to claim, on certain occaſions, too little than too much. There is ſomething captivating in ſpirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield, as to a reſiſtleſs power; nor can he reaſonably expect the confidence of others, who too apparently diſtruſts himſelf.

Plutarch, in his enumeration of the various occaſions, on which a man may without juſt offence proclaim his own excellencies, has omitted the caſe of an author entering the world; unleſs it may be comprehended under his general poſition, that a man may lawfully praiſe himſelf for thoſe qualities which cannot be known but from his own mouth; as when he is among ſtrangers and can have no opportunity of an actual exertion of his powers. That the caſe of an author is parallel will ſcarcely be granted, becauſe he neceſſarily diſcovers the degree of his merit to his judges, when he appears at his trial. But it ſhould be remembered, that unleſs his judges are inclined to favour him, they will hardly be perſuaded to hear the cauſe.

In love, the ſtate which fills the heart with a degree of ſolicitude next that of an author, it has been held a maxim, that ſucceſs is moſt eaſily obtained by indirect and unperceived approaches; he who too ſoon profeſſes himſelf a lover, raiſes obſtacles to his own wiſhes, and thoſe whom diſappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their paſſion till they believe their miſtreſs wiſhes for the dicovery. The ſame method, if it were practicable to writers, would ſave many complaints of the ſeverity of the age, and the caprices of criticiſm. If a man could glide imperceptibly into the favour of the publick, and only proclaim his pretenſions to literary honours when he is ſure of not being

rejected, he might commence author with better hopes, as his failings might escape contempt, though he shall never attain much regard.

But since the world supposes every man that writes, ambitious of applause, as some ladies have taught themselves to believe that every man intends love, who expresses civility, the miscarriage of any endeavour in learning raises an unbounded contempt, indulged by most minds without scruple, as an honest triumph over unjust claims and exorbitant expectations. The artifices of those who put themselves in this hazardous state, have therefore been multiplied in proportion to their fear as well as their ambition; and are to be looked upon with more indulgence, as they are incited at once by the two great movers of the human mind, the desire of good, and the fear of evil. For who can wonder that, allured on one side, and frightened on the other, some should endeavour to gain favour by bribing the judge with an appearance of respect which they do not feel, to excite compassion by confessing weakness of which they are not convinced, and others to attract regard by a shew of openness and magnanimity, by a daring profession of their own deserts, and a publick challenge of honours and rewards?

The ostentatious and haughty display of themselves has been the usual refuge of diurnal writers, in vindication of whose practice it may be said, that what it wants in prudence is supplied by sincerity, and who at least may plead, that if their boasts deceive any into the perusal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

——Quid enim? Concurritur—horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

The

The battle join, and, in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conqueſt ends the fight. FRANCIS.

The queſtion concerning the merit of the day is ſoon decided, and we are not condemned to toil through half a folio, to be convinced that the writer has broke his promiſe.

It is one among many reaſons for which I purpoſe to endeavour the entertainment of my countrymen by a ſhort eſſay on Tueſday and Saturday, that I hope not much to tire thoſe whom I ſhall not happen to pleaſe; and if I am not commended for the beauty of my works, to be at leaſt pardoned for their brevity. But whether my expectations are moſt fixed on pardon or praiſe, I think it not neceſſary to diſcover; for having accurately weighed the reaſons for arrogance and ſubmiſſion, I find them ſo nearly equiponderant, that my impatience to try the event of my firſt performance will not ſuffer me to attend any longer the trepidations of the balance.

There are, indeed, many conveniencies almoſt peculiar to this method of publication, which may naturally flatter the author, whether he be confident or timorous. The man to whom the extent of his knowledge, or the ſprightlineſs of his imagination has, in his own opinion, already ſecured the praiſes of the world, willingly takes that way of diſplaying his abilities which will ſooneſt give him an opportunity of hearing the voice of fame; it heightens his alacrity to think in how many places he ſhall hear what he is now writing, read with extaſies to-morrow. He will often pleaſe himſelf with reflecting, that the author of a large treatiſe muſt proceed with anxiety, leſt, before the completion of his work, the attention of the publick may have

changed its object; but that he who is confined to no single topick, may follow the national taste through all its variations, and catch the *Aura popularis*, the gale of favour, from what point soever it shall blow.

Nor is the prospect less likely to ease the doubts of the cautious, and the terrours of the fearful, for to such the shortness of every single paper is a powerful encouragement. He that questions his abilities to arrange the dissimilar parts of an extensive plan, or fears to be lost in a complicated system, may yet hope to adjust a few pages without perplexity; and if, when he turns over the repositories of his memory, he finds his collection too small for a volume, he may yet have enough to furnish out an essay. He that would fear to lay out too much time upon an experiment of which he knows not the event, persuades himself that a few days will shew him what he is to expect from his learning and his genius. If he thinks his own judgment not sufficiently enlightened, he may, by attending the remarks which every paper will produce, rectify his opinions. If he should with too little premeditation encumber himself by an unwieldy subject, he can quit it without confessing his ignorance, and pass to other topicks less dangerous, or more tractable. And if he finds, with all his industry, and all his artifices, that he cannot deserve regard, or cannot attain it, he may let the design fall at once, and, without injury to others or himself, retire to amusements of greater pleasure, or to studies of better prospect.

NUMB. 2. SATURDAY, *March* 24, 1750.

Stare loco nescit, pereunt vestigia mille
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

STATIUS.

'Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And pawing seems to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crost,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost. POPE.

THAT the mind of man is never satisfied with the objects immediately before it, but is always breaking away from the present moment, and losing itself in schemes of future felicity; and that we forget the proper use of the time now in our power, to provide for the enjoyment of that which, perhaps, may never be granted us, has been frequently remarked; and as this practice is a commodious subject of raillery to the gay, and of declamation to the serious, it has been ridiculed, with all the pleasantry of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetorick. Every instance, by which its absurdity might appear most flagrant, has been studiously collected; it has been marked with every epithet of contempt, and all the tropes and figures have been called forth against it.

Censure is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority: men please themselves with imagining that they have made a deeper search, or wider survey, than others, and detected faults and follies which escape vulgar observation. And the pleasure of wantoning in common topicks is so tempting to a writer, that he cannot easily resign it; a train of sentiments generally received enables him to shine without labour, and to con-

quer without a conteſt. It is ſo eaſy to laugh at the folly of him who lives only in idea, refuſes immediate eaſe for diſtant pleaſures, and, inſtead of enjoying the bleſſings of life, lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them; it affords ſuch opportunities of triumphant exultation, to exemplify the uncertainty of the human ſtate, to rouſe mortals from their dream, and inform them of the ſilent celerity of time, that we may believe authors willing rather to tranſmit than examine ſo advantageous a principle, and more inclined to purſue a track ſo ſmooth and ſo flowery, than attentively to conſider whether it leads to truth.

This quality of looking forward into futurity ſeems the unavoidable condition of a being, whoſe motions are gradual, and whoſe life is progreſſive: as his powers are limited, he muſt uſe means for the attainment of his ends, and intend firſt what he performs laſt; as by continual advances from his firſt ſtage of exiſtence, he is perpetually varying the horizon of his proſpects, he muſt always diſcover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of deſire.

The end therefore which at preſent calls forth our efforts, will be found, when it is once gained, to be only one of the means to ſome remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleaſure to pleaſure, but from hope to hope.

He that directs his ſteps to a certain point, muſt frequently turn his eyes to that place which he ſtrives to reach; he that undergoes the fatigue of labour, muſt ſolace his wearineſs with the contemplation of its reward. In agriculture, one of the moſt ſimple and neceſſary employments, no man turns up the ground but becauſe he thinks of the harveſt,

harveſt, that harveſt which blights may intercept, which inundations may ſweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.

Yet as few maxims are widely received or long retained but for ſome conformity with truth and nature, it muſt be confeſſed, that this caution againſt keeping our view too intent upon remote advantages is not without its propriety or uſefulneſs, though it may have been recited with too much levity, or enforced with too little diſtinction: for, not to ſpeak of that vehemence of deſire which preſſes through right and wrong to its gratification, or that anxious inquietude which is juſtly chargeable with diſtruſt of heaven, ſubjects too ſolemn for my preſent purpoſe; it frequently happens that, by indulging early the raptures of ſucceſs, we forget the meaſures neceſſary to ſecure it, and ſuffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of ſome poſſible good, till the time of obtaining it has ſlipped away.

There would however be few enterpriſes of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we perſuade ourſelves to expect from them. When the knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to ſignalize himſelf in ſuch a manner that he ſhall be ſummoned to the ſupport of empires, ſolicited to accept the heireſs of the crown which he has preſerved, have honours and riches to ſcatter about him, and an iſland to beſtow on his worthy ſquire, very few readers, amidſt their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted viſions of the ſame kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally ſtrange, or by means equally inadequate.

When we pity him, we reflect on our own diſappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourſelves, except that he tells what we have only thought.

The underſtanding of a man naturally ſanguine, may indeed be eaſily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however neceſſary to the production of every thing great or excellent, as ſome plants are deſtroyed by too open expoſure to that ſun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Perhaps no claſs of the human ſpecies requires more to be cautioned againſt this anticipation of happineſs, than thoſe that aſpire to the name of authors. A man of lively fancy no ſooner finds a hint moving in his mind, than he makes momentaneous excurſions to the preſs, and to the world, and, with a little encouragement from flattery, puſhes forward into future ages, and prognoſticates the honours to be paid him, when envy is extinct, and faction forgotten, and thoſe, whom partiality now ſuffers to obſcure him, ſhall have given way to the triflers of as ſhort duration as themſelves.

Thoſe, who have proceeded ſo far as to appeal to the tribunal of ſucceeding times, are not likely to be cured of their infatuation; but all endeavours ought to be uſed for the prevention of a diſeaſe, for which, when it has attained its height, perhaps no remedy will be found in the gardens of philoſophy, however ſhe may boaſt her phyſick of the mind, her catharticks of vice, or lenitives of paſſion.

I ſhall, therefore, while I am yet but lightly touched with the ſymptoms of the writer's malady, endeavour to fortify myſelf againſt the infection,

not

not without ſome weak hope, that my preſervatives may extend their virtue to others, whoſe employment expoſes them to the ſame danger:

Laudis amore tumes? Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Is fame your paſſion? Wiſdom's powerful charm,
If thrice read over, ſhall its force diſarm. FRANCIS.

It is the ſage advice of Epictetus, that a man ſhould accuſtom himſelf often to think of what is moſt ſhocking and terrible, that by ſuch reflections he may be preſerved from too ardent wiſhes for ſeeming good, and from too much dejection in real evil.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect, compared with which reproach, hatred, and oppoſition, are names of happineſs; yet this worſt, this meaneſt fate, every one who dares to write has reaſon to fear.

I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros.
Go now, and meditate thy tuneful lays. ELPHINSTON.

It may not be unfit for him who makes a new entrance into the lettered world, ſo far to ſuſpect his own powers, as to believe that he poſſibly may deſerve neglect; that nature may not have qualified him much to enlarge or embelliſh knowledge, nor ſent him forth entitled by indiſputable ſuperiority to regulate the conduct of the reſt of mankind; that, though the world muſt be granted to be yet in ignorance, he is not deſtined to diſpel the cloud, nor to ſhine out as one of the luminaries of life. For this ſuſpicion, every catalogue of a library will furniſh ſufficient reaſon; as he will find it crowded with names of men, who, though now forgotten, were once no leſs enterpriſing or confident than himſelf,

equally pleaſed with their own productions, equally careſſed by their patrons, and flattered by their friends.

But though it ſhould happen that an author is capable of excelling, yet his merit may paſs without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown into the general miſcellany of life. He that endeavours after fame by writing, ſolicits the regard of a multitude fluctuating in meaſures, or immerſed in buſineſs, without time for intellectual amuſements; he appeals to judges prepoſſeſſed by paſſions, or corrupted by prejudices, which preclude their approbation of any new performance. Some are too indolent to read any thing, till its reputation is eſtabliſhed; others too envious to promote that fame which gives them pain by its increaſe. What is new is oppoſed, becauſe moſt are unwilling to be taught; and what is known is rejected, becauſe it is not ſufficiently conſidered, that men more frequently require to be reminded than informed. The learned are afraid to declare their opinion early, leſt they ſhould put their reputation in hazard; the ignorant always imagine themſelves giving ſome proof of delicacy, when they refuſe to be pleaſed: and he that finds his way to reputation through all theſe obſtructions, muſt acknowledge that he is indebted to other cauſes beſides his induſtry, his learning, or his wit.

NUMB. 3. TUESDAY, *March* 27, 1750.

VIRTUS, *repulsæ nescia sordidæ,*
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

Undisappointed in designs,
With native honours virtue shines;
Nor takes up pow'r, nor lays it down,
As giddy rabbles smile or frown. ELPHINSTON.

THE task of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light in upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or to vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions, to spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progress, as may tempt it to return, and take a second view of things hastily passed over or negligently regarded.

Either of these labours is very difficult, because that they may not be fruitless, men must not only be persuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their guide; they must not only confess their ignorance, but, what is still less pleasing, must allow that he from whom they are to learn is more knowing than themselves.

It might be imagined that such an employment was in itself sufficiently irksome and hazardous; that none would be found so malevolent as wantonly to add weight to the stone of Sisyphus; and that few endeavours would be used to obstruct those advances to reputation, which must be made at such an expence of time and thought, with so great hazard in

in the miſcarriage, and with ſo little advantage from the ſucceſs.

Yet there is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amuſement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius, who ſtand as centinels in the avenues of fame, and value themſelves upon giving IGNORANCE and ENVY the firſt notice of a prey.

To theſe men, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the appellation of CRITICKS, it is neceſſary for a new author to find ſome means of recommendation. It is probable, that the moſt malignant of theſe perſecutors might be ſomewhat ſoftened, and prevailed on, for a ſhort time, to remit their fury. Having for this purpoſe conſidered many expedients, I find in the records of ancient times, that ARGUS was lulled by muſic, and CERBERUS quieted with a ſop; and am, therefore, inclined to believe that modern criticks, who, if they have not the eyes, have the watchfulneſs of ARGUS, and can bark as loud as CERBERUS, though, perhaps, they cannot bite with equal force, might be ſubdued by methods of the ſame kind. I have heard how ſome have been pacified with claret and a ſupper, and others laid aſleep with the ſoft notes of flattery.

Though the nature of my undertaking gives me ſufficient reaſon to dread the united attacks of this virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto perſuaded myſelf to take any meaſures for flight or treaty. For I am in doubt whether they can act againſt me by lawful authority, and ſuſpect that they have preſumed upon a forged commiſſion, ſtiled themſelves the miniſters of CRITICISM, without

without any authentic evidence of delegation, and uttered their own determinations as the decrees of a higher judicature.

CRITICISM, from whom they derive their claim to decide the fate of writers, was the eldeſt daughter of LABOUR and of TRUTH: ſhe was, at her birth, committed to the care of JUSTICE, and brought up by her in the palace of WISDOM. Being ſoon diſtinguiſhed by the celeſtials, for her uncommon qualities, ſhe was appointed the governeſs of FANCY, and impowered to beat time to the chorus of the MUSES, when they ſung before the throne of JUPITER.

When the MUSES condeſcended to viſit this lower world, they came accompanied by CRITICISM, to whom, upon her deſcent from her native regions, JUSTICE gave a ſceptre, to be carried aloft in her right hand, one end of which was tinctured with ambroſia, and inwreathed with a golden foliage of amaranths and bays; the other end was incircled with cyprus and poppies, and dipped in the waters of oblivion. In her left hand, ſhe bore an unextinguiſhable torch, manufactured by LABOUR, and lighted by TRUTH, of which it was the particular quality immediately to ſhew every thing in its true form, however it might be diſguiſed to common eyes. Whatever ART could complicate, or FOLLY could confound, was, upon the firſt gleam of the torch of TRUTH, exhibited in its diſtinct parts and original ſimplicity; it darted through the labyrinths of ſophiſtry, and ſhewed at once all the abſurdities to which they ſerved for refuge; it pierced through the robes, which rhetorick often ſold to falſehood, and detected the diſproportion of parts, which artificial veils had been contrived to cover.

Thus

Thus furnished for the execution of her office, CRITICISM came down to survey the performances of those who professed themselves the votaries of the MUSES. Whatever was brought before her, she beheld by the steady light of the torch of TRUTH, and when her examination had convinced her, that the laws of just writing had been observed, she touched it with the amaranthine end of the sceptre, and consigned it over to immortality.

But it more frequently happened, that in the works, which required her inspection, there was some imposture attempted; that false colours were laboriously laid; that some secret inequality was found between the words and sentiments, or some dissimilitude of the ideas and the original objects; that incongruities were linked together, or that some parts were of no use but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to its beauty, solidity, or usefulness.

Wherever such discoveries were made, and they were made whenever these faults were committed, CRITICISM refused the touch which conferred the sanction of immortality, and, when the errors were frequent and gross, reversed the sceptre, and let drops of lethe distil from the poppies and cypress, a fatal mildew, which immediately began to waste the work away, till it was at last totally destroyed.

There were some compositions brought to the test, in which, when the strongest light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared so equally mingled, that CRITICISM stood with her sceptre poised in her hand, in doubt whether to shed lethe, or ambrosia, upon them. These at last increased to so great a number, that she was weary of attending such doubtful claims, and, for fear of

using

using improperly the sceptre of JUSTICE, referred the cause to be considered by TIME.

The proceedings of TIME, though very dilatory, were, some few caprices excepted, conformable to justice: and many who thought themselves secure by a short forbearance, have sunk under his scythe, as they were posting down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was observable that some were destroyed by little and little, and others crushed for ever by a single blow.

CRITICISM having long kept her eye fixed steadily upon TIME, was at last so well satisfied with his conduct, that she withdrew from the earth with her patroness ASTREA, and left PREJUDICE and FALSE TASTE to ravage at large as the associates of FRAUD and MISCHIEF; contenting herself thenceforth to shed her influence from afar upon some select minds, fitted for its reception by learning and by virtue.

Before her departure she broke her sceptre, of which the shivers, that formed the ambrosial end, were caught up by FLATTERY, and those that had been infected with the waters of LETHE were, with equal haste, seized by MALEVOLENCE. The followers of FLATTERY, to whom she distributed her part of the sceptre, neither had nor desired light, but touched indiscriminately whatever POWER or INTEREST happened to exhibit. The companions of MALEVOLENCE were supplied by the FURIES with a torch, which had this quality peculiar to infernal lustre, that its light fell only upon faults.

> No light, but rather darkness visible
> Serv'd only to discover sights of woe.

With these fragments of authority, the slaves of FLATTERY and MALEVOLENCE marched out, at the

the command of their miſtreſſes, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the ſceptre had now loſt its power; and TIME paſſes his ſentence at leiſure, without any regard to their determinations.

NUMB. 4. SATURDAY, *March* 31, 1750.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere Vitæ. HOR.

And join both profit and delight in one. CREECH.

THE works of fiction, with which the preſent generation ſeems more particularly delighted, are ſuch as exhibit life in its true ſtate, diverſified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by paſſions and qualities which are really to be found in converſing with mankind.

This kind of writing may be termed not improperly the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comic poetry. Its province is to bring about natural events by eaſy means, and to keep up curioſity without the help of wonder: it is therefore precluded from the machines and expedients of the heroic romance, and can neither employ giants to ſnatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor knights to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder its perſonages in deſerts, nor lodge them in imaginary caſtles.

I remember a remark made by Scaliger upon Pontanus, that all his writings are filled with the ſame images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roſes, his ſatyrs and his dryads, he will have nothing left that can be called poetry. In like manner, almoſt all the fictions of the laſt age will

will vaniſh, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a ſhipwreck.

Why this wild ſtrain of imagination found reception ſo long in polite and learned ages, it is not eaſy to conceive; but we cannot wonder that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had by practice gained ſome fluency of language, he had no further care than to retire to his cloſet, let looſe his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities; a book was thus produced without fear of criticiſm, without the toil of ſtudy, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The taſk of our preſent writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by ſolitary diligence, but muſt ariſe from general converſe and accurate obſervation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expreſſes it, *plus oneris quantum veniæ minus*, little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty. They are engaged in portraits of which every one knows the original, and can detect any deviation from exactneſs of reſemblance. Other writings are ſafe, except from the malice of learning, but theſe are in danger from every common reader; as the ſlipper ill executed was cenſured by a ſhoemaker who happened to ſtop in his way at the Venus of Apelles.

But the fear of not being approved as juſt copiers of human manners, is not the moſt important concern that an author of this ſort ought to have before him. Theſe books are written chiefly to the young, the ignorant, and the idle, to whom they

they ſerve as lectures of conduct, and introductions into life. They are the entertainment of minds unfurniſhed with ideas, and therefore eaſily ſuſceptible of impreſſions; not fixed by principles, and therefore eaſily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and conſequently open to every falſe ſuggeſtion and partial account.

That the higheſt degree of reverence ſhould be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent ſhould be ſuffered to approach their eyes or ears; are precepts extorted by ſenſe and virtue from an ancient writer, by no means eminent for chaſtity of thought. The ſame kind, though not the ſame degree of caution, is required in every thing which is laid before them, to ſecure them from unjuſt prejudices, perverſe opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

In the romances formerly written, every tranſaction and ſentiment was ſo remote from all that paſſes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himſelf; the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his ſphere of activity; and he amuſed himſelf with heroes and with traitors, deliverers and perſecutors, as with beings of another ſpecies, whoſe actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellencies in common with himſelf.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the reſt of the world, and acts in ſuch ſcenes of the univerſal drama, as may be the lot of any other man; young ſpectators fix their eyes upon him with cloſer attention, and hope, by obſerving his behaviour and ſucceſs, to regulate their own practices, when they ſhall be engaged in the like part.

For

For this reaſon theſe familiar hiſtories may perhaps be made of greater uſe than the ſolemnities of profeſſed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is ſo great as to take poſſeſſion of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almoſt without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken, that, when the choice is unreſtrained, the beſt examples only ſhould be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate ſo ſtrongly, ſhould not be miſchievous or uncertain in its effects.

The chief advantage which theſe fictions have over real life is, that their authors are at liberty, though not to invent, yet to ſelect objects, and to cull from the maſs of mankind, thoſe individuals upon which the attention ought moſt to be employed; as a diamond, though it cannot be made, may be poliſhed by art, and placed in ſuch a ſituation, as to diſplay that luſtre which before was buried among common ſtones.

It is juſtly conſidered as the greateſt excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh thoſe parts of nature, which are moſt proper for imitation: greater care is ſtill required in repreſenting life, which is ſo often diſcoloured by paſſion, or deformed by wickedneſs. If the world be promiſcuouſly deſcribed, I cannot ſee of what uſe it can be to read the account: or why it may not be as ſafe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind as upon a mirrour which ſhews all that preſents itſelf without diſcrimination.

It is therefore not a ſufficient vindication of a a character, that it is drawn as it appears, for many characters ought never to be drawn; nor of a narrative,

rative, that the train of events is agreeable to observation and experience, for that observation which is called knowledge of the world will be found much more frequently to make men cunning than good. The purpose of these writings is surely not only to shew mankind, but to provide that they may be seen hereafter with less hazard; to teach the means of avoiding the snares which are laid by TREACHERY for INNOCENCE, without infusing any wish for that superiority with which the betrayer flatters his vanity; to give the power of counteracting fraud, without the temptation to practise it; to initiate youth by mock encounters in the art of necessary defence, and to encrease prudence without impairing virtue.

Many writers, for the sake of following nature, so mingle good and bad qualities in their principal personages, that they are both equally conspicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to interest ourselves in their favour, we lose the abhorrence of their faults, because they do not hinder our pleasure, or, perhaps, regard them with some kindness for being united with so much merit.

There have been men indeed splendidly wicked, whose endowments threw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any villany made perfectly detestable, because they never could be wholly divested of their excellencies: but such have been in all ages the great corrupters of the world, and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved, than the art of murdering without pain.

Some have advanced, without due attention to the consequences of this notion, that certain virtues have their correspondent faults, and therefore

that

that to exhibit either apart is to deviate from probability. Thus men are observed by Swift to be "grateful in the same degree as they are resentful." This principle, with others of the same kind, supposes man to act from a brute impulse, and pursue a certain degree of inclination, without any choice of the object; for, otherwise, though it should be allowed that gratitude and resentment arise from the same constitution of the passions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reason is consulted; yet unless that consequence be admitted, this sagacious maxim becomes an empty sound, without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident, that even the first motions to these effects are always in the same proportion. For pride, which produces quickness of resentment, will obstruct gratitude, by unwillingness to admit that inferiority which obligation implies; and it is very unlikely, that he who cannot think he receives a favour, will acknowledge or repay it.

It is of the utmost importance to mankind, that positions of this tendency should be laid open and confuted; for while men consider good and evil as springing from the same root, they will spare the one for the sake of the other, and in judging, if not of others at least of themselves, will be apt to estimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all those will contribute, who confound the colours of right and wrong, and, instead of helping to settle their boundaries, mix them with so much art, that no common mind is able to disunite them.

In narratives, where historical veracity has no place, I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue; of virtue

not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit we ſhall never imitate, but the higheſt and pureſt that humanity can reach, which exerciſed in ſuch trials as the various revolutions of things ſhall bring upon it, may, by conquering ſome calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is neceſſary to be ſhewn, ſhould always diſguſt; nor ſhould the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be ſo united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it ſhould raiſe hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanneſs of its ſtratagems: for while it is ſupported by either parts or ſpirit, it will be ſeldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thouſands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It is therefore to be ſteadily inculcated, that virtue is the higheſt proof of underſtanding, and the only ſolid baſis of greatneſs; and that vice is the natural conſequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in miſtake, and ends in ignominy.

NUMB. 5. TUESDAY, *April* 3, 1750.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos.
Nunc frondent silvæ, nunc formosissimus annus. VIRG.

Now ev'ry field, now ev'ry tree is green;
Now genial nature's faireſt face is ſeen. ELPHINSTON.

EVERY man is ſufficiently diſcontented with ſome circumſtances of his preſent ſtate, to ſuffer his imagination to range more or leſs in queſt of future happineſs, and to fix upon ſome point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquiſition of the advantage which he at preſent wants, he ſhall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at laſt arrives, it generally comes without the bleſſing for which it was deſired; but we ſolace ourſelves with ſome new proſpect, and preſs forward again with equal eagerneſs.

It is lucky for a man, in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; ſince he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the ſake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the bliſsful hour with leſs neglect of the meaſures neceſſary to be taken in the mean time.

I have long known a perſon of this temper, who indulged his dream of happineſs with leſs hurt to himſelf than ſuch chimerical wiſhes commonly produce, and adjuſted his ſcheme with ſuch addreſs, that his hopes were in full bloom three parts of the year, and in the other part never wholly blaſted.

Many, perhaps, would be desirous of learning by what means he procured to himself such a cheap and lasting satisfaction. It was gained by a constant practice of referring the removal of all his uneasiness to the coming of the next spring; if his health was impaired, the spring would restore it; if what he wanted was at a high price, it would fall its value in the spring.

The spring indeed did often come without any of these effects, but he was always certain that the next would be more propitious; nor was ever convinced, that the present spring would fail him before the middle of summer; for he always talked of the spring as coming till it was past, and when it was once past, every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converse with this man, I am, perhaps, brought to feel immoderate pleasure in the contemplation of this delightful season; but I have the satisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no shame to resemble, infected with the same enthusiasm; for there is, I believe, scarce any poet of eminence, who has not left some testimony of his fondness for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the spring. Nor has the most luxuriant imagination been able to describe the serenity and happiness of the golden age, otherwise than by giving a perpetual spring, as the highest reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is, indeed, something inexpressibly pleasing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new display of the treasures of nature. The cold and darkness of winter, with the naked deformity of every object on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the succeeding season, as well for what we

we have escaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm situation brings early to our view, is considered by us as a messenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.

The SPRING affords to a mind, so free from the disturbance of cares or passions as to be vacant to calm amusements, almost every thing that our present state makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the succession of grateful odours, the voice of pleasure pouring out its notes on every side, with the gladness apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gaiety, significantly expressed by the smile of nature.

Yet there are men to whom these scenes are able to give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to lose their hours and divert their thoughts by cards, or assemblies, a tavern dinner, or the prattle of the day.

It may be laid down as a position which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company there is something wrong. He must fly from himself, either because he feels tediousness in life from the equipoise of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another but as it is impelled by some external power, must always have recourse to foreign objects; or he must be afraid of the intrusion of some unpleasing ideas, and, perhaps, is struggling to escape from the remembrance of a loss, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.

Those whom sorrow incapacitates to enjoy the pleasures of contemplation, may properly apply

to such diversions, provided they are innocent, as lay strong hold on the attention; and those, whom fear of any future affliction chains down to misery, must endeavour to obviate the danger.

My considerations shall, on this occasion, be turned on such as are burdensome to themselves merely because they want subjects for reflection, and to whom the volume of nature is thrown open, without affording them pleasure or instruction, because they never learned to read the characters.

A French author has advanced this seeming paradox, that *very few men know how to take a walk*; and, indeed, it is true, that few know how to take a walk with a prospect of any other pleasure, than the same company would have afforded them at home.

There are animals that borrow their colour from the neighbouring body, and consequently vary their hue as they happen to change their place. In like manner it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. The mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of particular thoughts as easily to accomodate itself to occasional entertainment.

A man that has formed this habit of turning every new object to his entertainment, finds in the productions of nature an inexhaustible stock of materials upon which he can employ himself, without any temptations to envy or malevolence; faults, perhaps, seldom totally avoided by those, whose judgment is much exercised upon the works of

of art. He has always a certain prospect of discovering new reasons for adoring the sovereign Author of the universe, and probable hopes of making some discovery of benefit to others, or of profit to himself. There is no doubt but many vegetables and animals have qualities that might be of great use, to the knowledge of which there is not required much force of penetration or fatigue of study, but only frequent experiments and close attention. What is said by the chemists of their darling mercury, is, perhaps, true of every body through the whole creation, that, if a thousand lives should be spent upon it, all its properties would not be found out.

Mankind must necessarily be diversified by various tastes, since life affords and requires such multiplicity of employments, and a nation of naturalists is neither to be hoped or desired; but it is surely not improper to point out a fresh amusement to those who languish in health, and repine in plenty, for want of some source of diversion that may be less easily exhausted, and to inform the multitudes of both sexes, who are burthened with every new day, that there are many shews which they have not seen.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; and, therefore, the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal speculation, must excuse me for calling upon them, to make use at once of the spring of the year, and the spring of life; to acquire, while their minds may be yet impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures, and an ardour for useful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted spring

makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

NUMB. 6. SATURDAY, *April* 7, 1750.

Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic eſt;
Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus. HOR.

Active in indolence abroad we roam
In queſt of happineſs, which dwells at home;
With vain purſuits fatigu'd, at length you'll find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind. ELPHINSTON.

THAT man ſhould never ſuffer his happineſs to depend upon external circumſtances, is one of the chief precepts of the Stoical philoſophy; a precept, indeed, which that lofty ſect has extended beyond the condition of human life, and in which ſome of them ſeem to have compriſed an utter excluſion of all corporal pain and pleaſure from the regard or attention of a wiſe man.

Such *ſapientia inſaniens*, as Horace calls the doctrine of another ſect, ſuch extravagance of philoſophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation; it is overthrown by the experience of every hour, and the powers of nature riſe up againſt it. But we may very properly enquire, how near to this exalted ſtate it is in our power to approach, how far we can exempt ourſelves from outward influences, and ſecure to our minds a ſtate of tranquillity: for, though the boaſt of abſolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulſe, and a patient ſubmiſſion to

to the tyranny of casual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind, which, however depraved or weakened, boasts its derivation from a celestial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodness and unvariable felicity.

Ni vitiis pejora fovens
Proprium deserat ortum.
Unless the soul, to vice a thrall,
Desert her own original.

The necessity of erecting ourselves to some degree of intellectual dignity, and of preserving resources of pleasure, which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon those whom fortune has let loose to their own conduct; who not being chained down by their condition to a regular and stated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themselves business or diversion, and having nothing within that can entertain or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of destroying time.

The numberless expedients practised by this class of mortals to alleviate the burthen of life, are not less shameful, nor, perhaps, much less pitiable, than those to which a trader on the edge of bankruptcy is reduced. I have seen melancholy overspread a whole family at the disappointment of a party for cards; and when, after the proposal of a thousand schemes, and the dispatch of the footmen upon a hundred messages, they have submitted, with gloomy resignation, to the misfortune of passing one evening in conversation with each other, on a sudden, such are the revolutions of the world, an unexpected visitor has brought them relief, acceptable as provision to a starving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.

The general remedy of thoſe, who are uneaſy without knowing the cauſe, is change of place; they are willing to imagine that their pain is the conſequence of ſome local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it, as children from their ſhadows; always hoping for ſome more ſatisfactory delight from every new ſcene, and always returning home with diſappointment and complaints.

Who can look upon this kind of infatuation, without reflecting on thoſe that ſuffer under the dreadful ſymptom of canine madneſs, termed by phyſicians the *dread of water!* Theſe miſerable wretches, unable to drink, though burning with thirſt, are ſometimes known to try various contortions, or inclinations of the body, flattering themſelves that they can ſwallow in one poſture that liquor, which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet ſuch folly is not peculiar to the thoughtleſs or ignorant, but ſometimes ſeizes thoſe minds which ſeem moſt exempted from it, by the variety of attainments, quickneſs of penetration, or ſeverity of judgment; and, indeed, the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified by finding that they confer no ſecurity againſt the common errors, which miſlead the weakeſt and meaneſt of mankind.

Theſe reflections aroſe in my mind upon the remembrance of a paſſage in Cowley's preface to his poems, where, however exalted by genius, and enlarged by ſtudy, he informs us of a ſcheme of happineſs to which the imagination of a girl upon the loſs of her firſt lover, could have ſcarcely given way; but which he ſeems to have indulged; till he had totally forgotten its abſurdity, and would probably have put in execution, had he been hindered only by his reaſon.

'My

'My desire,' says he, 'has been for some years 'past, though the execution has been accidentally 'diverted, and does still vehemently continue, to 'retire myself to some of our American plant-'ations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with 'the traffic of those parts, which is the end of 'most men that travel thither; but to forsake this 'world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations 'of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure 'retreat, but not without the consolation of letters 'and philosophy.'

Such was the chimerical provision which Cowley had made, in his own mind, for the quiet of his remaining life, and which he seems to recommend to posterity, since there is no other reason for disclosing it. Surely no stronger instance can be given of a persuasion that content was the inhabitant of particular regions, and that a man might set sail with a fair wind, and leave behind him all his cares, incumbrances, and calamities.

If he travelled so far with no other purpose than to *bury himself in some obscure retreat*, he might have found, in his own country, innumerable coverts sufficiently dark to have concealed the genius of Cowley; for whatever might be his opinion of the importunity with which he might be summoned back into publick life, a short experience would have convinced him, that privation is easier than acquisition, and that it would require little continuance to free himself from the intrusion of the world. There is pride enough in the human heart to prevent much desire of acquaintance with a man, by whom we are sure to be neglected, however his reputation for science or virtue may excite our curiosity or esteem; so that the lover of retirement

needs not be afraid leſt the reſpect of ſtrangers ſhould overwhelm him with viſits. Even thoſe to whom he has formerly been known will very patiently ſupport his abſence when they have tried a little to live without him, and found new diverſions for thoſe moments which his company contributed to exhilarate.

It was, perhaps, ordained by providence, to hinder us from tyranniſing over one another, that no individual ſhould be of ſuch importance, as to cauſe, by his retirement or death, any chaſm in the world. And Cowley had converſed to little purpoſe with mankind, if he had never remarked, how ſoon the uſeful friend, the gay companion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the ſight, give way to the ſucceſſion of new objects.

The privacy, therefore, of his hermitage might have been ſafe enough from violation, though he had choſen it within the limits of his native iſland; he might have found here preſervatives againſt the *vanities* and *vexations* of the world, not leſs efficacious than thoſe which the woods or fields of America could afford him: but having once his mind embittered with diſguſt, he conceived it impoſſible to be far enough from the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; and was poſting away with the expedition of a coward, who for want of venturing to look behind him, thinks the enemy perpetually at his heels.

When he was interrupted by company, or fatigued with buſineſs, he ſo ſtrongly imaged to himſelf the happineſs of leiſure and retreat, that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling ſatisfaction. He forgot,

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in the vehemence of desire, that solitude and quiet owe their pleasures to those miseries, which he was so studious to obviate; for such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and rest, hurry and retirement, endear each other; such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated; we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.

If he had proceeded in his project, and fixed his habitation in the most delightful part of the new world, it may be doubted, whether his distance from the *vanities* of life would have enabled him to keep away the *vexations*. It is common for a man who feels pain, to fancy that he could bear it better in any other part. Cowley having known the troubles and perplexities of a particular condition, readily persuaded himself that nothing worse was to be found, and that every alteration would bring some improvement; he never suspected that the cause of his unhappiness was within, that his own passions were not sufficiently regulated, and that he was harassed by his own impatience, which could never be without something to awaken it, would accompany him over the sea, and find its way to his American elysium. He would, upon the trial, have been soon convinced, that the fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and that he, who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing, but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

NUMB. 7. TUESDAY, *April* 10, 1750.

O qui perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum cœlique ſator!———
Diſjice terrenæ nebulas & pondera molis,
Atque tuo ſplendore mica! Tu namque ſerenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere, finis,
Principium, vector, dux, ſemita, terminus, idem. BOETHIUS.

O thou whoſe pow'r o'er moving worlds preſides,
Whoſe voice created, and whoſe wiſdom guides,
On darkling man in pure refulgence ſhine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breaſt
With ſilent confidence and holy reſt;
From thee, great God, we ſpring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

THE love of RETIREMENT has, in all ages, adhered cloſely to thoſe minds, which have been moſt enlarged by knowledge or elevated by genius. Thoſe who enjoyed every thing generally ſuppoſed to conſer happineſs, have been forced to ſeek it in the ſhades of privacy. Though they poſſeſſed both power and riches, and were, therefore, ſurrounded by men, who conſidered it as their chief intereſt to remove from them every thing that might offend their eaſe or interrupt their pleaſure, they have ſoon felt the languors of fatiety, and found themſelves unable to purſue the race of life without frequent reſpirations of intermediate ſolitude.

To produce this diſpoſition nothing appears requiſite but quick ſenſibility and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or ſcience, the man, whoſe faculties enable him to make ready compariſons of the preſent with the paſt, will find ſuch a conſtant recurrence of the ſame pleaſures and

and troubles, the ſame expectations and diſappointments, that he will gladly ſnatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and ſeek for that variety in his own ideas, which the objects of ſenſe cannot afford him.

Nor will greatneſs, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this deſire, ſince, if he is born to think, he cannot reſtrain himſelf from a thouſand enquiries and ſpeculations, which he muſt purſue by his own reaſon, and which the ſplendour of his condition can only hinder; for thoſe who are moſt exalted above dependence or controul, are yet condemned to pay ſo large a tribute of their time to cuſtom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the *Greek* proverb, no man in the houſe is more a ſlave than the maſter.

When a king aſked Euclid the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? he was anſwered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be ſeized by might, or purchaſed with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by ſtudy, and ſtudy to be proſecuted only in retirement.

Theſe are ſome of the motives which have had power to ſequeſter kings and heroes from the crowds that ſoothed them with flatteries, or inſpirited them with acclamations; but their efficacy ſeems confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common claſſes of mankind, to whoſe conceptions the preſent aſſemblage of things is adequate, and who ſeldom range beyond thoſe entertainments and vexations, which ſolicit their attention by preſſing on the ſenſes.

But there is an univerſal reaſon for ſome ſtated intervals of ſolitude, which the inſtitutions of the church

church call upon me, now eſpecially, to mention; a reaſon, which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future ſtate; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; ſince none can imagine themſelves not comprehended in its obligation, but ſuch as determine to ſet their Maker at defiance by obſtinate wickedneſs, or whoſe enthuſiaſtick ſecurity of his approbation places them above external ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great taſk of him, who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the preſent, to impreſs upon his mind ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promiſed to virtue, and the terrors of the puniſhment denounced againſt crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and ſorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and puſh forward at another againſt the threats of calamity.

It is not without reaſon that the apoſtle repreſents our paſſage through this ſtage of our exiſtence by images drawn from the alarms and ſolicitude of a military life; for we are placed in ſuch a ſtate, that almoſt every thing about us conſpires againſt our chief intereſt. We are in danger from whatever can get poſſeſſion of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleaſure, has a tendency to obſtruct the way that leads to happineſs, and either to turn us aſide, or retard our progreſs.

Our ſenſes, our appetites, and our paſſions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in moſt things that relate

relate solely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a second compliance, every new step towards depravity is made with less reluctance than the former, and thus the descent to life merely sensual is perpetually accelerated.

The senses have not only that advantage over conscience, which things necessary must always have over things chosen, but they have likewise a kind of prescription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the sensations of pleasure, before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early established, and incessantly increasing, it must be remembered, that almost every man has, in some part of his life, added new strength by a voluntary or negligent subjection of himself; for who is there that has not instigated his appetites by indulgence, or suffered them by an unresisting neutrality to enlarge their dominion, and multiply their demands?

From the necessity of dispossessing the sensitive faculties of the influence which they must naturally gain by this preoccupation of the soul, arises that conflict between opposite desires, in the first endeavours after a religious life; which, however enthusiastically it may have been described, or however contemptuously ridiculed, will naturally be felt in some degree, though varied without end, by different tempers of mind, and innumerable circumstances of health or condition, greater or less fervour, more or fewer temptations to relapse.

From the perpetual neceſſity of conſulting the animal faculties, in our proviſion for the preſent life, ariſes the difficulty of withſtanding their impulſes, even in caſes where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of ſenſe are inſtantaneous, its objects ſtrike unſought, we are accuſtomed to follow its directions, and therefore often ſubmit to the ſentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philoſophical eſtimate, that, ſuppoſing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoiſe between the pleaſures of this life and the hopes of futurity, preſent objects falling more frequently into the ſcale, would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an inviſible ſtate would grow every moment weaker, till at laſt it would loſe all its activity, and become abſolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our own hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either ſide. The motives to a life of holineſs are infinite, not leſs than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not leſs than eternity of happineſs or miſery. But theſe can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the buſineſs, or diverſions, of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rites of religion ſeem to be inſtituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its neceſſity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in

time they become the reigning ideas, the ſtanding principles of action, and the teſt by which every thing propoſed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

To facilitate this change of our affections, it is neceſſary that we weaken the temptations of the world, by retiring at certain ſeaſons from it; for its influence ariſing only from its preſence, is much leſſened when it becomes the object of ſolitary meditation. A conſtant reſidence amidſt noiſe and pleaſure inevitably obliterates the impreſſions of piety, and a frequent abſtraction of ourſelves into a ſtate, where this life, like the next, operates only upon the reaſon, will reinſtate religion in its juſt authority, even without thoſe irradiations from above, the hope of which I have no intention to withdraw from the ſincere and the diligent.

This is that conqueſt of the world and of ourſelves, which has been always conſidered as the perfection of human nature; and this is only to be obtained by fervent prayer, ſteady reſolutions, and frequent retirement from folly and vanity, from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling ſounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting ſight of proſperous wickedneſs.

NUMB. 8. SATURDAY, *April* 14, 1750.

—— Patitur pœnas peccandi ſola voluntas;
Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet. JUV.

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault. CREECH.

IF the moſt active and induſtrious of mankind was able, at the cloſe of life, to recollect diſtinctly his paſt moments, and diſtribute them, in a regular account, according to the manner in which they have been ſpent, it is ſcarcely to be imagined how few would be marked out to the mind, by any permanent or viſible effects, how ſmall a proportion his real action would bear to his ſeeming poſſibilities of action, how many chaſms he would find of wide and continued vacuity, and how many interſtitial ſpaces unfilled, even in the moſt tumultuous hurries of buſineſs and the moſt eager vehemence of purſuit.

It is ſaid by modern philoſophers, that not only the great globes of matter are thinly ſcattered through the univerſe, but the hardeſt bodies are ſo porous, that, if all matter were compreſſed to perfect ſolidity, it might be contained in a cube of a few feet. In like manner, if all the employment of life were crowded into the time which it really occupied, perhaps a few weeks, days, or hours, would be ſufficient for its accompliſhment, ſo far as the mind was engaged in the performance. For ſuch is the inequality of our corporeal to our intellectual faculties, that we contrive in minutes what we execute in years, and the ſoul often ſtands an idle ſpectator of the labour of the hands and expedition of the feet.

For

For this reaſon, the antient generals often found themſelves at leiſure to purſue the ſtudy of philoſophy in the camp; and Lucan, with hiſtorical veracity, makes Cæſar relate of himſelf, that he noted the revolutions of the ſtars in the midſt of preparations for battle.

——— *Media inter prælia ſemper*
Sideribus, cœlique plagis, ſuperiſque vacavi.

Amid the ſtorms of war, with curious eyes
I trace the planets and ſurvey the ſkies.

That the ſoul always exerts her peculiar powers, with greater or leſs force, is very probable, though the common occaſions of our preſent condition require but a ſmall part of that inceſſant cogitation; and by the natural frame of our bodies, and general combination of the world, we are ſo frequently condemned to inactivity, that as through all our time we are thinking, ſo for a great part of our time we can only think.

Leſt a power ſo reſtleſs ſhould be either unprofitably or hurtfully employed, and the ſuperfluities of intellect run to waſte, it is no vain ſpeculation to conſider how we may govern our thoughts, reſtrain them from irregular motions, or confine them from boundleſs diſſipation.

How the underſtanding is beſt conducted to the knowledge of ſcience, by what ſteps it is to be led forwards in its purſuit, how it is to be cured of its defects, and habituated to new ſtudies, has been the inquiry of many acute and learned men, whoſe obſervations I ſhall not either adopt or cenſure; my purpoſe being to conſider the moral diſcipline of the mind, and to promote the increaſe of virtue rather than of learning.

This

This inquiry seems to have been neglected for want of remembering that all action has its origin in the mind, and that therefore to suffer the thoughts to be vitiated, is to poison the fountains of morality: Irregular desires will produce licentious practices; what men allow themselves to wish they will soon believe, and will be at last incited to execute what they please themselves with contriving.

For this reason the casuists of the Romish church, who gain, by confession, great opportunities of knowing human nature, have generally determined that what it is a crime to do, it is a crime to think. Since by revolving with pleasure the facility, safety, or advantage of a wicked deed, a man soon begins to find his constancy relax, and his detestation soften; the happiness of success glittering before him, withdraws his attention from the atrociousness of the guilt, and acts are at last confidently perpetrated, of which the first conception only crept into the mind, disguised in pleasing complications, and permitted rather than invited.

No man has ever been drawn to crimes by love or jealousy, envy or hatred, but he can tell how easily he might at first have repelled the temptation, how readily his mind would have obeyed a call to any other object, and how weak his passion has been after some casual avocation, till he has recalled it again to his heart, and revived the viper by too warm a fondness.

Such, therefore, is the importance of keeping reason a constant guard over imagination, that we have otherwise no security for our own virtue, but may corrupt our hearts in the most recluse solitude, with more pernicious and tyrannical appetites and wishes than the commerce of the world will generally

rally produce; for we are eaſily ſhocked by crimes which appear at once in their full magnitude, but the gradual growth of our own wickedneſs, endeared by intereſt, and palliated by all the artifices of ſelf-deceit, gives us time to form diſtinctions in our own favour, and reaſon by degrees ſubmits to abſurdity, as the eye is in time accommodated to darkneſs.

In this diſeaſe of the ſoul, it is of the utmoſt importance to apply remedies at the beginning; and therefore I ſhall endeavour to ſhew what thoughts are to be rejected or improved, as they regard the paſt, preſent, or future; in hopes that ſome may be awakened to caution and vigilance, who, perhaps, indulge themſelves in dangerous dreams, ſo much the more dangerous, becauſe, being yet only dreams, they are concluded innocent.

The recollection of the paſt is only uſeful by way of proviſion for the future; and therefore, in reviewing all occurrences that fall under a religious conſideration, it is proper that a man ſtop at the firſt thoughts, to remark how he was led thither, and why he continues the reflection. If he is dwelling with delight upon a ſtratagem of ſucceſsful fraud, a night of licentious riot, or an intrigue of guilty pleaſure, let him ſummon off his imagination as from an unlawful purſuit, expel thoſe paſſages from his remembrance, of which, though he cannot ſeriouſly approve them, the pleaſure overpowers the guilt, and refer them to a future hour, when they may be conſidered with greater ſafety. Such an hour will certainly come; for the impreſſions of paſt pleaſure are always leſſening, but the ſenſe of guilt, which reſpects futurity, continues the ſame.

The

The ſerious and impartial retroſpect of our conduct is indiſputably neceſſary to the confirmation or recovery of virtue, and is, therefore, recommended under the name of ſelf-examination, by divines, as the firſt act previous to repentance. It is, indeed, of ſo great uſe, that without it we ſhould always be to begin life, be ſeduced for ever by the ſame allurements, and miſled by the ſame fallacies. But in order that we may not loſe the advantage of our experience, we muſt endeavour to ſee every thing in its proper form, and excite in ourſelves thoſe ſentiments which the great Author of nature has decreed the concomitants or followers of good or bad actions.

Μηδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασι προσδέξασθαι,
Πρὶν τῶν ἡμερινῶν ἔργων τρὶς ἕκαστον ἐπελθεῖν
Πῆ παρέβην; τί δ' ἔρεξα; τί μοι δέον οὐκ ἐτελέσθη;
Ἀρξάμενος δ' ἀπὸ πρώτου ἐπίξυδι· καὶ μετέπειτα,
Δειλὰ μὲν ἐκπρήξας, ἐπικλήσσειο, χρηστὰ δὲ, τέρπου.

Let not ſleep, ſays Pythagoras, *fall upon thy eyes till thou haſt thrice reviewed the tranſactions of the paſt day. Where have I turned aſide from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the firſt act, and proceed; and in concluſion, at the ill which thou haſt done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.*

Our thoughts on preſent things being determined by the objects before us, fall not under thoſe indulgences, or excurſions, which I am now conſidering. But I cannot forbear, under this head, to caution pious and tender minds, that are diſturbed by the irruptions of wicked imaginations, againſt too great dejection and too anxious alarms; for

for thoughts are only criminal, when they are firſt choſen, and then voluntarily continued.

> Evil into the mind of god or man
> May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
> No ſpot or ſtain behind. MILTON.

In futurity chiefly are the ſnares lodged, by which the imagination is intangled. Futurity is the proper abode of hope and fear, with all their train and progeny of ſubordinate apprehenſions and deſires. In futurity events and chances are yet floating at large, without apparent connexion with their cauſes, and we therefore eaſily indulge the liberty of gratifying ourſelves with a pleaſing choice. To pick and cull among poſſible advantages is, as the civil law terms it, *in vacuum venire*, to take what belongs to nobody; but it has this hazard in it, that we ſhall be unwilling to quit what we have ſeized, though an owner ſhould be found. It is eaſy to think on that which may be gained, till at laſt we reſolve to gain it, and to image the happineſs of particular conditions till we can be eaſy in no other. We ought, at leaſt, to let our deſires fix upon nothing in another's power for the ſake of our quiet, or in another's poſſeſſion for the ſake of our innocence. When a man finds himſelf led, though by a train of honeſt ſentiments, to wiſh for that to which he has no right, he ſhould ſtart back as from a pitfal covered with flowers. He that fancies he ſhould benefit the publick more in a great ſtation than the man that fills it, will in time imagine it an act of virtue to ſupplant him; and as oppoſition readily kindles into hatred, his eagerneſs to do that good to which he is not called, will betray him to crimes, which in his original ſcheme were never propoſed.

He

He therefore that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, muſt regulate his thoughts by thoſe of reaſon; he muſt keep guilt from the receſſes of his heart, and remember that the pleaſures of fancy, and the emotions of deſire, are more dangerous as they are more hidden, ſince they eſcape the awe of obſervation, and operate equally in every ſituation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.

NUMB. 9. TUESDAY, *April* 17, 1750.

Quod ſis eſſe velis, nihilque malis. MART.
Chuſe what you are; no other ſtate prefer. ELPHINSTON.

IT is juſtly remarked by Horace, that howſoever every man may complain occaſionally of the hardſhips of his condition, he is ſeldom willing to change it for any other on the ſame level: for whether it be that he, who follows an employment, made choice of it at firſt on account of its ſuitableneſs to his inclination; or that when accident, or the determination of others, have placed him in a particular ſtation, he, by endeavouring to reconcile himſelf to it, gets the cuſtom of viewing it only on the faireſt ſide; or whether every man thinks that claſs to which he belongs the moſt illuſtrious, merely becauſe he has honoured it with his name; it is certain, that, whatever be the reaſon, moſt men have a very ſtrong and active prejudice in favour of their own vocation, always working upon their minds, and influencing their behaviour.

This partiality is ſufficiently viſible in every rank of the human ſpecies; but it exerts itſelf more frequently

quently and with greater force among those who have never learned to conceal their sentiments for reasons of policy, or to model their expressions by the laws of politeness; and therefore the chief contests of wit among artificers and handicraftmen arise from a mutual endeavour to exalt one trade by depreciating another.

From the same principles are derived many consolations to alleviate the inconveniencies to which every calling is peculiarly exposed. A blacksmith was lately pleasing himself at his anvil, with observing that though his trade was hot and sooty, laborious and unhealthy, yet he had the honour of living by his hammer, he got his bread like a man, and if his son should rise in the world, and keep his coach, nobody could reproach him that his father was a taylor.

A man, truly zealous for his fraternity, is never so irresistibly flattered, as when some rival calling is mentioned with contempt. Upon this principle a linen-draper boasted that he had got a new customer, whom he could safely trust, for he could have no doubt of his honesty, since it was known, from unquestionable authority, that he was now filing a bill in chancery to delay payment for the clothes which he had worn the last seven years; and he himself had heard him declare, in a publick coffee-house, that he looked upon the whole generation of woollen-drapers to be such despicable wretches, that no gentleman ought to pay them.

It has been observed that physicians and lawyers are no friends to religion; and many conjectures have been formed to discover the reason of such a combination between men who agree in nothing else, and who seem less to be affected, in their own

provinces, by religious opinions, than any other part of the community. The truth is, very few of them have thought about religion; but they have all ſeen a parſon; ſeen him in a habit different from their own, and therefore declared war againſt him. A young ſtudent from the inns of court who has often attacked the curate of his father's pariſh with ſuch arguments as his acquaintances could furniſh, and returned to town without ſucceſs, is now gone down with a reſolution to deſtroy him; for he has learned at laſt how to manage a prig; and if he pretends to hold him again to ſyllogiſm, he has a catch in reſerve, which neither logic nor metaphyſicks can reſiſt.

> I laugh to think how your unſhaken Cato
> Will look aghaſt, when unforeſeen deſtruction
> Pours in upon him thus.

The malignity of ſoldiers and ſailors againſt each other has been often experienced at the coſt of their country; and perhaps, no orders of men have an enmity of more acrimony, or longer continuance. When, upon our late ſucceſſes at ſea, ſome new regulations were concerted for eſtabliſhing the rank of the naval commanders, a captain of foot very acutely remarked, that nothing was more abſurd than to give any honorary rewards to ſeamen; "for honour," ſays he, "ought only to be won "by bravery, and all the world knows that in a "ſea-fight there is no danger, and therefore no "evidence of courage."

But although this general deſire of aggrandizing themſelves by raiſing their profeſſion, betrays men to a thouſand ridiculous and miſchievous acts of ſupplantation and detraction, yet as almoſt all paſſions

sions have their good as well as bad effects, it likewise excites ingenuity, and sometimes raises an honest and useful emulation of diligence. It may be observed in general, that no trade had ever reached the excellence to which it is now improved, had its professors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent spectators; the advances, from the first rude essays, must have been made by men who valued themselves for performances, for which scarce any other would be persuaded to esteem them.

It is pleasing to contemplate a manufacture rising gradually from its first mean state by the successive labours of innumerable minds; to consider the first hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the shepherd could scarce venture to cross a brook swelled with a shower, enlarged at last into a ship of war, attacking fortresses, terrifying nations, setting storms and billows at defiance, and visiting the remotest parts of the globe. And it might contribute to dispose us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to consider from what unpromising beginnings the most useful productions of art have probably arisen. Who, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniencies of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight

of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself.

This passion for the honour of a profession, like that for the grandeur of our own country, is to be regulated, not extinguished. Every man, from the highest to the lowest station, ought to warm his heart and animate his endeavours with the hopes of being useful to the world, by advancing the art which it is his lot to exercise; and for that end he must necessarily consider the whole extent of its application, and the whole weight of its importance. But let him not too readily imagine that another is ill employed, because, for want of fuller knowledge of his business, he is not able to comprehend its dignity. Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity. The philosopher may very justly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the artificer with the readiness of his hands; but let the one remember, that, without mechanical performances, refined

speculation

ſpeculation is an empty dream, and the other, that, without theoretical reaſoning, dexterity is little more than a brute inſtinct.

NUMB. 10. SATURDAY, *April* 21, 1750.

Poſthabui tamen illorum mea ſeria ludo. VIRG.

For trifling ſports I quitted grave affairs.

THE number of correſpondents which increaſes every day upon me, ſhews that my paper is at leaſt diſtinguiſhed from the common productions of the preſs. It is no leſs a proof of eminence to have many enemies than many friends, and I look upon every letter, whether it contains encomiums or reproaches, as an equal atteſtation of riſing credit. The only pain, which I can feel from my correſpondence, is the fear of diſguſting thoſe, whoſe letters I ſhall neglect; and therefore I take this opportunity of reminding them, that in diſapproving their attempts, whenever it may happen, I only return the treatment which I often receive. Beſides, many particular motives influence a writer, known only to himſelf, or his private friends; and it may be juſtly concluded, that, not all letters which are poſtponed are rejected, nor all that are rejected, critically condemned.

Having thus eaſed my heart of the only apprehenſion that ſat heavy on it, I can pleaſe myſelf with the candour of Benevolus, who encourages me to proceed, without ſinking under the anger of Flirtilla, who quarrels with me for being old and

ugly, and for wanting both activity of body and ſprightlineſs of mind; feeds her monkey with my lucubrations, and refuſes any reconciliation, till I have appeared in vindication of maſquerades. That ſhe may not however imagine me without ſupport, and left to reſt wholly upon my own fortitude, I ſhall now publiſh ſome letters which I have received from men as well dreſſed, and as handſome, as her favourite; and others from ladies, whom I ſincerely believe as young, as rich, as gay, as pretty, as faſhionable, and as often toaſted and treated as herſelf.

"A SET of candid readers ſend their reſpects to the Rambler, and acknowledge his merit in ſo well beginning a work that may be of publick benefit. But, ſuperior as his genius is to the impertinences of a trifling age, they cannot help a wiſh, that he would condeſcend to the weakneſs of minds ſoftened by perpetual amuſements, and now and then throw in, like his predeceſſor, ſome papers of a gay and humorous turn. Too fair a field now lies open, with too plentiful a harveſt of follies! let the chearful Thalia put in her ſickle, and ſinging at her work, deck her hair with red and blue."

"A LADY ſends her compliments to the Rambler, and deſires to know by what other name ſhe may direct to him; what are his ſet of friends, his amuſements; what his way of thinking, with regard to the living world, and its ways; in ſhort, whether he is a perſon now alive, and in town? If he be, ſhe will do herſelf the honour to write to him

"pretty

" pretty often, and hopes, from time to time, to
" be the better for his advice and animadverſions;
" for his animadverſions on her neighbours at
" leaſt. But, if he is a mere eſſayiſt, and trou-
" bles not himſelf with the manners of the age,
" ſhe is ſorry to tell him, that even the genius and
" correctneſs of an Addiſon will not ſecure him
" from neglect."

No man is ſo much abſtracted from common life, as not to feel a particular pleaſure from the regard of the female world; the candid writers of the firſt billet will not be offended, that my haſte to ſatisfy a lady has hurried their addreſs too ſoon out of my mind, and that I refer them for a reply to ſome future paper, in order to tell this curious inquirer after my other name, the anſwer of a philoſopher to a man, who, meeting him in the ſtreet, deſired to ſee what he carried under his cloak; *I carry it there*, ſays he, *that you may not ſee it.* But though ſhe is never to know my name, ſhe may often ſee my face; for I am of her opinion, that a diurnal writer ought to view the world, and that he who neglects his cotemporaries, may be, with juſtice, neglected by them.

" LADY Racket ſends compliments to the
" Rambler, and lets him know, ſhe ſhall
" have cards at her houſe, every Sunday, the
" remainder of the ſeaſon, where he will be ſure
" of meeting all the good company in town.
" By this means ſhe hopes to ſee his papers in-
" terſperſed with living characters. She longs to
" ſee the torch of truth produced at an aſſembly,
" and to admire the charming luſtre it will

"throw on the jewels, complexions, and be-
"haviour of every dear creature there."

It is a rule with me to receive every offer with the same civility as it is made; and therefore, though Lady Racket may have had some reason to guess, that I seldom frequent card-tables on Sundays, I shall not insist upon an exception, which may to her appear of so little force. My business has been to view, as opportunity was offered, every place in which mankind was to be seen; but at card-tables, however brilliant, I have always thought my visit lost, for I could know nothing of the company, but their clothes and their faces. I saw their looks clouded at the beginning of every game with an uniform solicitude, now and then in its progress varied with a short triumph, at one time wrinkled with cunning, at another deadened with despondency, or by accident flushed with rage at the unskilful or unlucky play of a partner. From such assemblies, in whatever humour I happened to enter them, I was quickly forced to retire; they were too trifling for me, when I was grave, and too dull, when I was chearful.

Yet I cannot but value myself upon this token of regard from a lady who is not afraid to stand before the torch of truth. Let her not, however, consult her curiosity more than her prudence; but reflect a moment on the fate of Semele, who might have lived the favourite of Jupiter, if she could have been content without his thunder. It is dangerous for mortal beauty, or terrestrial virtue, to be examined by too strong a light. The torch of truth shews much that we cannot, and all that we would not see. In a face

face dimpled with ſmiles, it has often diſcovered malevolence and envy, and detected, under jewels and brocade, the frightful forms of poverty and diſtreſs. A fine hand of cards have changed before it into a thouſand ſpectres of ſickneſs, miſery, and vexation; and immenſe ſums of money, while the winner counted them with tranſport, have at the firſt glimpſe of this unwelcome luſtre vaniſhed from before him. If her ladyſhip therefore deſigns to continue her aſſembly, I would adviſe her to ſhun ſuch dangerous experiments, to ſatisfy herſelf with common appearances, and to light up her apartments rather with myrtle than the torch of truth.

"A MODEST young man ſends his ſervice "to the author of the Rambler, and will "be very willing to aſſiſt him in his work, but is "ſadly afraid of being diſcouraged by having his "firſt eſſay rejected, a diſgrace he has woefully ex- "perienced in every offer he had made of it to every "new writer of every new paper; but he com- "forts himſelf by thinking, without vanity, that "this has been from a peculiar favour of the muſes, "who ſaved his performance from being buried in "traſh, and reſerved it to appear with luſtre in "the Rambler."

I am equally a friend to modeſty and enterprize; and therefore ſhall think it an honour to correſpond with a young man who poſſeſſes both in ſo eminent a degree. Youth is, indeed, the time in which theſe qualities ought chiefly to be found; modeſty ſuits well with inexperience, and enterpriſe with health and vigour, and an extenſive proſpect of life. One of my predeceſſors

has juſtly obſerved, that, though modeſty has an amiable and winning appearance, it ought not to hinder the exertion of the active powers, but that a man ſhould ſhow, under his bluſhes, a latent reſolution. This point of perfection, nice as it is, my correſpondent ſeems to have attained. That he is modeſt, his own declaration may evince; and, I think, the *latent reſolution* may be diſcovered in his letter by an acute obſerver. I will adviſe him, ſince he ſo well deſerves my precepts, not to be diſcouraged, though the Rambler ſhould prove equally envious, or taſteleſs, with the reſt of this fraternity. If his paper is refuſed, the preſſes of England are open, let him try the judgment of the publick. If, as it has ſometimes happened in general combinations againſt merit, he cannot perſuade the world to buy his works, he may preſent them to his friends; and if his friends are ſeized with the epidemical infatuation, and cannot find his genius, or will not confeſs it, let him then refer his cauſe to poſterity, and reſerve his labours for a wiſer age.

Thus have I diſpatched ſome of my correſpondents in the uſual manner, with fair words, and general civility. But to Flirtilla, the gay Flirtilla, what ſhall I reply? Unable as I am to fly, at her command, over land and ſeas, or to ſupply her, from week to week, with the faſhions of Paris, or the intrigues of Madrid, I am yet not willing to incur her further diſpleaſure, and would ſave my papers from her monkey on any reaſonable terms. By what propitiation, therefore, may I atone for my former gravity, and open, without trembling, the future letters of this

this ſprightly perſecutor? To write in defence of maſquerades is no eaſy taſk; yet ſomething difficult and daring may well be required, as the price of ſo important an approbation. I therefore conſulted, in this great emergency, a man of high reputation in gay life, who having added, to his other accompliſhments, no mean proficiency in the minute philoſophy, after the fifth peruſal of her letter, broke out with rapture into theſe words: 'And can you, Mr. Rambler, ſtand out againſt 'this charming creature? Let her know, at leaſt, 'that from this moment Nigrinus devotes his life 'and his labours to her ſervice. Is there any ſtub-'born prejudice of education that ſtands between 'thee and the moſt amiable of mankind? Behold, 'Flirtilla, at thy feet, a man grown grey in the 'ſtudy of thoſe noble arts by which right and 'wrong may be confounded; by which reaſon 'may be blinded, when we have a mind to eſcape 'from her inſpection; and caprice and appetite 'inſtated in uncontrouled command and boundleſs 'dominion! Such a caſuiſt may ſurely engage, 'with certainty of ſucceſs, in vindication of an 'entertainment, which in an inſtant gives confi-'dence to the timorous, and kindles ardour in the 'cold; an entertainment where the vigilance of 'jealouſy has ſo often been eluded, and the virgin 'is ſet free from the neceſſity of languiſhing in 'ſilence; where all the outworks of chaſtity are 'at once demoliſhed; where the heart is laid open 'without a bluſh; where baſhfulneſs may ſurvive 'virtue, and no wiſh is cruſhed under the frown 'of modeſty. Far weaker influence than Flir-'tilla's might gain over an advocate for ſuch 'amuſements. It was declared by Pompey, that,

'if the commonwealth was violated, he could 'ſtamp with his foot, and raiſe an army out of the 'ground; if the rights of pleaſure are again in-'vaded, let but Flirtilla crack her fan, neither 'pens nor ſwords ſhall be wanting at the ſum-'mons; the wit and the colonel ſhall march out at 'her command, and neither law nor reaſon ſhall 'ſtand before us.'

NUMB. 11. TUESDAY, *April* 24, 1750.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem ſacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Triſtes ut iræ.—— HOR.

Yet O! remember, nor the god of wine,
Nor *Pythian Phœbus*, from his inmoſt ſhrine,
Nor *Dindymene*, nor her prieſts poſſeſt,
Can with their ſounding cymbals ſhake the breaſt,
Like furious anger. FRANCIS.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the ſeven ſages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was χόλα κράτει, *Be maſter of thy anger.* He conſidered anger as the great diſturber of human life, the chief enemy both of publick happineſs and private tranquillity, and thought that he could not lay on poſterity a ſtronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a ſalutary caution againſt this outrageous paſſion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, the brevity of his precept will ſcarce allow us

us to conjecture. From anger, in its full import, protracted into malevolence, and exerted in revenge, arise, indeed, many of the evils to which the life of man is exposed. By anger operating upon power are produced the subversion of cities, the desolation of countries, the massacre of nations, and all those dreadful and astonishing calamities which fill the histories of the world, and which could not be read at any distant point of time, when the passions stand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to its natural force, without some doubt of the truth of the relation, did we not see the same causes still tending to the same effects, and only acting with less vigour for want of the same concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantick and enormous species of anger falls not properly under the animadversion of a writer, whose chief end is the regulation of common life, and whose precepts are to recommend themselves by their general use. Nor is this essay intended to expose the tragical or fatal effects even of private malignity. The anger which I propose now for my subject is such as makes those who indulge it more troublesome than formidable, and ranks them rather with hornets and wasps, than with basilisks and lions. I have, therefore, prefixed a motto which characterizes this passion, not so much by the mischief that it causes, as by the noise that it utters.

There is in the world a certain class of mortals, known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of *passionate men*, who imagine themselves entitled by that distinction to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces and licentious

licentious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the moſt part, fumes away in outcries of injury and proteſtations of vengeance, and ſeldom proceeds to actual violence, unleſs a drawer or linkboy falls in their way; but they interrupt the quiet of thoſe that happen to be within the reach of their clamours, obſtruct the courſe of converſation, and diſturb the enjoyment of ſociety.

Men of this kind are ſometimes not without underſtanding or virtue, and are, therefore, not always treated with the ſeverity which their neglect of the eaſe of all about them might juſtly provoke; they have obtained a kind of preſcription for their folly, and are conſidered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not maſters of their conduct or language, as acting without conſciouſneſs, and ruſhing into miſchief with a miſt before their eyes; they are therefore pitied rather than cenſured, and their ſallies are paſſed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the ſpaſms of a convulſion.

It is ſurely not to be obſerved without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be ſatisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without ſhame, and without regret, conſider themſelves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exerciſing their patience and boaſting their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger; but pride, like every other paſſion, if it once breaks looſe from reaſon, counteracts its own purpoſes. A paſſionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when

when he has considered how his outrages were caused, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last.

Those sudden bursts of rage generally break out upon small occasions; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot supply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged; therefore the first reflection upon his violence must show him that he is mean enough to be driven from his post by every petty incident, that he is the mere slave of casualty, and that his reason and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of these loud extravagancies, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always discover to himself. He that finds his knowledge narrow, and his arguments weak, and by consequence his suffrage not much regarded, is sometimes in hope of gaining that attention, by his clamours, which he cannot otherwise obtain, and is pleased with remembering that at least he made himself heard, that he had the power to interrupt those whom he could not confute, and suspend the decision which he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men give way among their servants and domesticks; they feel their own ignorance, they see their own insignificance, and, therefore, they endeavour, by their fury, to fright away contempt from before them, when they know it must follow them behind; and think themselves eminently masters, when they see one folly tamely complied with, only lest refusal or delay should provoke them to a greater.

These temptations cannot but be owned to have some force. It is so little pleasing to any man to see himself wholly overlooked in the mass of things,

that

that he may be allowed to try a few expedients for procuring some kind of supplemental dignity, and use some endeavour to add weight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightness of his other powers. But this has now been long practised, and found, upon the most exact estimate, not to produce advantages equal to its inconveniences; for it appears not that a man can by uproar, tumult, and bluster, alter any one's opinion of his understanding, or gain influence except over those whom fortune or nature have made his dependents. He may, by a steady perseverance in his ferocity, fright his children and harass his servants, but the rest of the world will look on and laugh; and he will have the comfort at last of thinking, that he lives only to raise contempt and hatred, emotions to which wisdom and virtue would be always unwilling to give occasion. He has contrived only to make those fear him, whom every reasonable being is endeavouring to endear by kindness, and must content himself with the pleasure of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who could not resist. He must perceive that the apprehension which his presence causes is not the awe of his virtue, but the dread of his brutality, and that he has given up the felicity of being loved, without gaining the honour of being reverenced.

But this is not the only ill consequence of the frequent indulgence of this blustering passion, which a man, by often calling to his assistance, will teach, in a short time, to intrude before the summons, to rush upon him with resistless violence, and without any previous notice of its approach. He will find himself liable to be inflamed at the first touch of provocation, and unable to retain his resentment till

till he has a full conviction of the offence, to proportion his anger to the cauſe, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once ſuffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the moſt hateful and unhappy beings. He can give no ſecurity to himſelf that he ſhall not, at the next interview, alienate by ſome ſudden tranſport his deareſt friend; or break out, upon ſome ſlight contradiction, into ſuch terms of rudeneſs as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converſes with him, lives with the ſuſpicion and ſolicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a neceſſity of watching the moment in which the capricious ſavage ſhall begin to growl.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyrick on the Duke of Dorſet, that his ſervants uſed to put themſelves in his way when he was angry, becauſe he was ſure to recompenſe them for any indignities which he made them ſuffer. This is the round of a paſſionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to diſcharge at the return of reaſon. He ſpends his time in outrage and acknowledgement, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himſelf in oppreſſion, and juſtifies the wrong, becauſe he has done it, his inſenſibility can make ſmall part of his praiſe, or his happineſs; he only adds deliberate to haſty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and deſtroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderneſs and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, becauſe it ſeldom wants a puniſhment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more deſpicable or more miſerable than the old age of a paſſionate

sionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks by decay of strength into peevishness; that peevishness for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him; and he is left, as Homer expresses it, φθινύθων φίλον ἦτορ, to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt.

NUMB. 12. SATURDAY, *April* 28, 1750.

—Miserum parvâ stipe focilat, ut pudibundos
Exercere sales inter convivia possit.———
—— Tu mitis, & acri
Asperitate carens, positoque per omnia fastu,
Inter ut æquales unus numeraris amicos,
Obsequiumque doces, & amorem quæris amando.
Lucanus *ad* Pisonem.

Unlike the ribald whose licentious jest
Pollutes his banquet, and insults his guest;
From wealth and grandeur easy to descend,
Thou joy'st to lose the master in the friend:
We round thy board the cheerful menials see,
Gay with the smile of bland equality;
No social care the gracious lord disdains;
Love prompts to love, and rev'rence rev'rence gains.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you seem to have devoted your labours to virtue, I cannot forbear to inform you of one species of cruelty with which the life of a man of letters perhaps does not often make him acquainted; and which, as it seems to produce no other advantage to those that practise it than a short gratification of thoughtless vanity, may become less common

common when it has been once expoſed in its various forms, and its full magnitude.

I am the daughter of a country gentleman, whoſe family is numerous, and whoſe eſtate, not at firſt ſufficient to ſupply us with affluence, has been lately ſo much impaired by an unſucceſsful law-ſuit, that all the younger children are obliged to try ſuch means as their education affords them, for procuring the neceſſaries of life. Diſtreſs and curioſity concurred to bring me to London, where I was received by a relation with the coldneſs which misfortune generally finds. A week, a long week, I lived with my couſin, before the moſt vigilant inquiry could procure us the leaſt hopes of a place, in which time I was much better qualified to bear all the vexations of ſervitude. The firſt two days ſhe was content to pity me, and only wiſhed I had not been quite ſo well-bred; but people muſt comply with their circumſtances. This lenity, however, was ſoon at an end; and, for the remaining part of the week, I heard every hour of the pride of my family, the obſtinacy of my father, and of people better born than myſelf that were common ſervants.

At laſt, on Saturday noon, ſhe told me, with very viſible ſatisfaction, that Mrs. Bombaſine, the great ſilk-mercer's lady, wanted a maid, and a fine place it would be; for there would be nothing to do but to clean my miſtreſs's room, get up her linen, dreſs the young ladies, wait at tea in the morning, take care of a little miſs juſt come from nurſe, and then ſit down to my needle. But madam was a woman of great ſpirit, and would not be contradicted, and therefore I ſhould take care, for good places were not eaſily to be got.

With

With these cautions I waited on madam Bombasine, of whom the first sight gave me no ravishing ideas. She was two yards round the waist, her voice was at once loud and squeaking, and her face brought to my mind the picture of the full moon. Are you the young woman, says she, that are come to offer yourself? It is strange when people of substance want a servant, how soon it is the town-talk. But they know they shall have a belly-full that live with me. Not like people at the other end of the town, we dine at one o'clock. But I never take any body without a character; what friends do you come of? I then told her that my father was a gentleman, and that we had been unfortunate.——A great misfortune, indeed, to come to me, and have three meals a-day!—So your father was a gentleman, and you are a gentlewoman I suppose—such gentlewomen!—Madam, I did not mean to claim any exemptions, I only answered your inquiry.—Such gentlewomen! people should set their children to good trades, and keep them off the parish. Pray go to the other end of the town, there are gentlewomen, if they would pay their debts: I am sure we have lost enough by gentlewomen. Upon this, her broad face grew broader with triumph, and I was afraid she would have taken me for the pleasure of continuing her insult; but happily the next word was, Pray, Mrs. gentlewoman, troop down stairs. You may believe I obeyed her.

I returned and met with a better reception from my cousin than I expected; for while I was out, she had heard that Mrs. Standish, whose husband had lately been raised from a clerk in an office, to be commissioner of the excise, had taken a fine house, and wanted a maid.

To

To Mrs. Standish I went, and, after having waited six hours, was at last admitted to the top of the stairs, when she came out of her room, with two of her company. There was a smell of punch. So, young woman, you want a place, whence do you come?—From the country, madam.—Yes, they all come out of the country. And what brought you to town, a bastard? Where do you lodge? At the Seven-Dials? What, you never heard of the foundling-house! Upon this, they all laughed so obstreperously, that I took the opportunity of sneaking off in the tumult.

I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's. She was at cards; but, in two hours, I was told, she would speak to me. She asked me if I could keep an account, and ordered me to write. I wrote two lines out of some book that lay by her. She wondered what people meant, to breed up poor girls to write at that rate. I suppose, Mrs. Flirt, if I was to see your work, it would be fine stuff!—You may walk. I will not have love-letters written from my house to every young fellow in the street.

Two days after, I went on the same pursuit to Lady Lofty, dressed, as I was directed, in what little ornaments I had, because she had lately got a place at court. Upon the first sight of me, she turns to the woman that shewed me in, Is this the lady that wants a place? Pray what place wou'd you have, miss? a maid of honour's place? Servants now-a-days!—Madam, I heard you wanted —Wanted what? Somebody finer than myself! A pretty servant, indeed—I should be afraid to speak to her—I suppose, Mrs. Minx, these fine hands cannot bear wetting—A servant indeed!

Pray

Pray move off—I am reſolved to be the head perſon in this houſe.——You are ready-dreſs'd, the taverns will be open.

I went to inquire for the next place in a clean linen gown, and heard the ſervant tell his lady, there was a young woman, but he ſaw ſhe would not do. I was brought up however. Are you the trollop that has the impudence to come for my place? What, you have hired that naſty gown, and are come to ſteal a better.—Madam, I have another, but being obliged to walk—Then theſe are your manners, with your bluſhes, and your courteſies, to come to me in your worſt gown. Madam, give me leave to wait upon you in my other. Wait on me, you ſaucy ſlut! Then you are ſure of coming—I could not let ſuch a drab come near me—Here, you girl, that came up with her, have you touched her? If you have, waſh your hands before you dreſs me—Such trollops! Get you down. What, whimpering? Pray walk.

I went away with tears; for my couſin had loſt all patience. However ſhe told me, that having a reſpect for my relations, ſhe was willing to keep me out of the ſtreet, and would let me have another week.

The firſt day of this week I ſaw two places. At one I was aſked where I had lived? And upon my anſwer, was told by the lady, that people ſhould qualify themſelves in ordinary places, for ſhe ſhould never have done if ſhe was to follow girls about. At the other houſe I was a ſmirking huſſy, and that ſweet face I might make money of—For her part, it was a rule with her never to take any creature that thought herſelf handſome.

The

The three next days were ſpent in lady Bluff's entry, where I waited ſix hours every day for the pleaſure of ſeeing the ſervants peep at me, and go away laughing——Madam will ſtretch her ſmall ſhanks in the entry; ſhe will know the houſe again. ——At ſun-ſet the two firſt days I was told, that my lady would ſee me to-morrow, and on the third, that her woman ſtaid.

My week was now near its end, and I had no hopes of a place. My relation, who always laid upon me the blame of every miſcarriage, told me that I muſt learn to humble myſelf, and that all great ladies had particular ways: that if I went on in that manner, ſhe could not tell who would keep me; ſhe had known many that had refuſed places, ſell their cloaths and beg in the ſtreets.

It was to no purpoſe that the refuſal was declared by me to be never on my ſide; I was reaſoning againſt intereſt, and againſt ſtupidity; and therefore I comforted myſelf with the hope of ſucceeding better in my next attempt, and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, who had routes at her houſe, and ſaw the beſt company in town.

I had not waited two hours before I was called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his lady at piquet, in the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable ſign, and ſtood at the lower end of the room in expectation of the common queſtions. At laſt Mr. Courtly called out, after a whiſper, Stand facing the light that one may ſee you. I chang'd my place, and bluſh'd. They frequently turn'd their eyes upon me, and ſeem'd to diſcover many ſubjects of merriment; for at every look they whiſper'd and laugh'd with the moſt violent agitations of delight. At laſt Mr. Courtly cried out,

out, Is that colour your own, child? Yes, says the lady, if she has not robb'd the kitchen hearth. This was so happy a conceit, that it renew'd the storm of laughter, and they threw down their cards in hopes of better sport. The lady then called me to her, and began wi h an affected gravity to enquire what I could do? But first turn about, and let us see your fine shape: Well, what are you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find your tongue, I suppose, in the kitchen. No, no, says Mr. Courtly, the girl's a good girl yet, but I am afraid a brisk young fellow with fine tags on his shoulder ——Come, child, hold up your head; what? you have stole nothing —— Not yet, says the lady, but she hopes to steal your heart quickly.—Here was a laugh of happiness and triumph, prolonged by the confusion which I could no longer repress. At last the lady recollected herself: Stole? no—but if I had her, I should watch her; for that downcast eye—Why cannot you look people in the face? Steal! says her husband, she would steal nothing but, perhaps, a few ribbands before they were left off by her lady. Sir, answer'd I, why should you, by supposing me a thief, insult one from whom you have received no injury? Insult, says the lady; are you come here to be a servant, you saucy baggage, and talk of insulting? What will this world come to, if a gentleman may not jest with a servant? Well, such servants! pray be gone, and see when you will have the honour to be so insulted again. Servants insulted—a fine time.—— Insulted! Get down stairs, you slut, or the footman shall insult you.

The last day of the last week was now coming, and my kind cousin talked of sending me down in the

the waggon to preſerve me from bad courſes. But in the morning ſhe came and told me that ſhe had one trial more for me; Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I might do for her; for, like me, ſhe muſt fall her creſt, being forced to lay down her chariot upon the loſs of half her fortune by bad ſecurities, and with her way of giving her money to every body that pretended to want it, ſhe could have little beforehand; therefore I might ſerve her; for, with all her fine ſenſe, ſhe muſt not pretend to be nice.

I went immediately, and met at the door a young gentlewoman, who told me ſhe had herſelf been hired that morning, but that ſhe was ordered to bring any that offered up ſtairs. I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia, who, when I came in, laid down her book, and told me, that ſhe ſent for me not to gratify an idle curioſity, but leſt my diſappointment might be made ſtill more grating by incivility; that ſhe was in pain to deny any thing, much more what was no favour; that ſhe ſaw nothing in my appearance which did not make her wiſh for my company; but that another, whoſe claims might perhaps be equal, had come before me. The thought of being ſo near to ſuch a place, and miſſing it, brought tears into my eyes, and my ſobs hindered me from returning my acknowledgments. She roſe up confuſed, and ſuppoſing by my concern that I was diſtreſſed, placed me by her, and made me tell her my ſtory; which when ſhe had heard, ſhe put two guineas in my hand, ordering me to lodge near her, and make uſe of her table till ſhe could provide for me. I am now under her protection, and know not how to ſhew my gratitude better than by giving this account to the RAMBLER.

ZOSIMA.

NUMB. 13. TUESDAY, *May* 1, 1750.

Commissumque teges & vino tortus & irâ. HOR.

And let not wine or anger wrest
Th' intrusted secret from your breast. FRANCIS.

IT is related by Quintius Curtius, that the Persians always conceived an invincible contempt of a man who had violated the laws of secrecy; for they thought, that, however he might be deficient in the qualities requisite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at least were in his power, and though he perhaps could not speak well if he was to try, it was still easy for him not to speak.

In forming this opinion of the easiness of secrecy they seem to have considered it as opposed, not to treachery, but loquacity, and to have conceived the man, whom they thus censured, not frighted by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promises to betray, but incited by the mere pleasure of talking, or some other motive equally trifling, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew slip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their settled and avowed scorn of thoughtless talkers, the Persians were able to diffuse to any great extent the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the distance of those times from being able to discover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of Persepolis, nor any distinct accounts handed down to us of their office clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their attorneys, their chamber-maids, or their footmen.

In these latter ages, though the old animosity against a prattler is still retained, it appears wholly to have lost its effects upon the conduct of mankind;

kind; for ſecrets are ſo ſeldom kept, that it may with ſome reaſon be doubted, whether the ancients were not miſtaken in their firſt poſtulate, whether the quality of retention be ſo generally beſtowed, and whether a ſecret has not ſome ſubtle volatility, by which it eſcapes imperceptibly at the ſmalleſt vent, or ſome power of fermentation, by which it expands itſelf ſo as to burſt the heart that will not give it way.

Thoſe that ſtudy either the body or the mind of man, very often find the moſt ſpecious and pleaſing theory falling under the weight of contrary experience; and inſtead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects from cauſes, they are always reduced at laſt to conjecture cauſes from effects. That it is eaſy to be ſecret, the ſpeculatiſt can demonſtrate in his retreat, and therefore thinks himſelf juſtified in placing confidence; the man of the world knows, that, whether difficult or not, it is uncommon, and therefore finds himſelf rather inclined to ſearch after the reaſon of this univerſal falure in one of the moſt important duties of ſociety.

The vanity of being known to be truſted with a ſecret is generally one of the chief motives to diſcloſe it; for however abſurd it may be thought to boaſt an honour by an act which ſhews that it was conferred without merit, yet moſt men ſeem rather inclined to confeſs the want of virtue than of importance, and more willingly ſhew their influence, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleaſure than the private conſciouſneſs of fidelity; which, while it is preſerved, muſt be without praiſe, except from the ſingle perſon who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a ſecret, by which a man exempts himſelf from the reproaches of his conſcience, and gratifies his pride, without ſuffering himſelf to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to thoſe from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to thoſe, who have no temptation to betray the truſt, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendſhip, if he diſcovers that they become publick.

Secrets are very frequently told in the firſt ardour of kindneſs, or of love, for the ſake of proving, by ſo important a ſacrifice, ſincerity or tenderneſs; but with this motive, though it be ſtrong in itſelf, vanity concurs, ſince every man deſires to be moſt eſteemed by thoſe whom he loves or with whom he converſes, with whom he paſſes his hours of pleaſure, and to whom he retires from buſineſs and from care.

When the diſcovery of ſecrets is under conſideration, there is always a diſtinction carefully to be made between our own and thoſe of another; thoſe of which we are fully maſters as they affect only our own intereſt, and thoſe which are repoſited with us in truſt, and involve the happineſs or convenience of ſuch as we have no right to expoſe to hazard. To tell our own ſecrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate thoſe with which we are intruſted is always treachery, and treachery for the moſt part combined with folly.

There have, indeed, been ſome enthuſiaſtick and irrational zealots for friendſhip, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in poſſeſſion of another; and

and that therefore it is a violation of kindneſs to exempt any ſecret from this boundleſs confidence. Accordingly a late female miniſter of ſtate has been ſhameleſs enough to inform the world, that ſhe uſed, when ſhe wanted to extract any thing from her ſovereign, to remind her of Montaigne's reaſoning, who has determined, that to tell a ſecret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, becauſe the number of perſons truſted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the ſame.

That ſuch a fallacy could be impoſed upon any human underſtanding, or that an author could have advanced a poſition ſo remote from truth and reaſon, any other ways than as a declaimer, to ſhew to what extent he could ſtretch his imagination, and with what ſtrength he could preſs his principle, would ſcarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly ſhewn us how far weakneſs may be deluded, or indolence amuſed. But ſince it appears, that even this ſophiſtry has been able, with the help of a ſtrong deſire to repoſe in quiet upon the underſtanding of another, to miſlead honeſt intentions, and an underſtanding not contemptible, it may not be ſuperfluous to remark, that thoſe things which are common among friends are only ſuch as either poſſeſſes in his own right, and can alienate or deſtroy without injury to any other perſon. Without this limitation, confidence muſt run on without end, the ſecond perſon may tell the ſecret to the third, upon the ſame principle as he received it from the firſt, and the third may hand it forward to a fourth, till at laſt it is told in the round of friendſhip to them from whom it was the firſt intention to conceal it.

The confidence which Caius has of the faithfulneſs of Titius is nothing more than an opinion which himſelf cannot know to be true, and which Claudius, who firſt tells his ſecret to Caius, may know to be falſe; and therefore the truſt is transferred by Caius, if he reveal what has been told him, to one from whom the perſon originally concerned would have withheld it; and whatever may be the event, Caius has hazarded the happineſs of his friend, without neceſſity and without permiſſion, and has put that truſt in the hand of fortune which was given only to virtue.

All the argnments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of ſecurity, he muſt upon reflection know to be uncertain, becauſe he finds them without effect upon himſelf. When he is imagining that Titius will be cautious from a regard to his intereſt, his reputation, or his duty, he ought to reflect that he is himſelf at that inſtant acting in oppoſition to all theſe reaſons, and revealing what intereſt, reputation, and duty, direct him to conceal.

Every one feels that in his own caſe he ſhould conſider the man incapable of truſt, who believed himſelf at liberty to tell whatever he knew to the firſt whom he ſhould conclude deſerving of his confidence; therefore Caius, in admitting Titius to the affairs imparted only to himſelf, muſt know that he violates his faith, ſince he acts contrary to the intention of Claudius, to whom that faith was given. For promiſes of friendſhip are, like all others, uſeleſs and vain, unleſs they are made in ſome known ſenſe, adjuſted and acknowledged by both parties.

I am

I am not ignorant that many queſtions may be ſtarted relating to the duty of ſecrecy, where the affairs are of public concern; where ſubſequent reaſons may ariſe to alter the appearance and nature of the truſt; that the manner in which the ſecret was told may change the degree of obligation; and that the principles upon which a man is choſen for a confident may not always equally conſtrain him. But theſe ſcruples, if not too intricate, are of too extenſive conſideration for my preſent purpoſe, nor are they ſuch as generally occur in common life; and though caſuiſtical knowledge be uſeful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means to be careleſsly expoſed, ſince moſt will uſe it rather to lull than awaken their own conſciences; and the threads of reaſoning, on which truth is ſuſpended, are frequently drawn to ſuch ſubtilty, that common eyes cannot perceive, and common ſenſibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine, as well as practice of ſecrecy, is ſo perplexing and dangerous, that next to him who is compelled to truſt, I think him unhappy who is choſen to be truſted; for he is often involved in ſcruples without the liberty of calling in the help of any other underſtanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt, under the appearance of friendſhip and honeſty; and ſometimes ſubjected to ſuſpicion by the treachery of others, who are engaged without his knowledge in the ſame ſchemes; for he that has one confident has generally more; and when he is at laſt betrayed, is in doubt on whom he ſhall fix the crime.

The rules therefore that I ſhall propoſe concerning ſecrecy, and from which I think it not ſafe to deviate, without long and exact deliberation, are—

Never to ſolicit the knowledge of a ſecret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept ſuch confidence when it is offered. When a ſecret is once admitted, to conſider the truſt as of a very high nature, important as ſociety, and ſacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or ſlight appearance of contrary fitneſs.

NUMB. 14. SATURDAY, *May* 5, 1750.

——Nil fuit unquam
Sic diſpar ſibi—— HOR.

Sure ſuch a various creature ne'er was known. FRANCIS.

AMONG the many inconſiſtencies which folly produces, or infirmity ſuffers in the human mind, there has often been obſerved a manifeſt and ſtriking contrariety between the life of an author and his writings; and Milton, in a letter to a learned ſtranger by whom he had been viſited, with great reaſon congratulates himſelf upon the conſciouſneſs of being found equal to his own character, and having preſerved, in a private and familiar interview, that reputation which his works had procured him.

Thoſe whom the appearance of virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whoſe performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent reaſon to repent their curioſity; the bubble that ſparkled before them has become common water at the touch; the phantom of perfection has vaniſhed when

when they wiſhed to preſs it to their boſom. They have loſt the pleaſure of imagining how far humanity may be exalted, and, perhaps, felt themſelves leſs inclined to toil up the ſteeps of virtue, when they obſerve thoſe who ſeem beſt able to point the way, loitering below, as either afraid of the labour, or doubtful of the reward.

It has been long the cuſtom of the oriental monarchs to hide themſelves in gardens and palaces, to avoid the converſation of mankind, and to be known to their ſubjects only by their edicts. The ſame policy is no leſs neceſſary to him that writes, than to him that governs; for men would not more patiently ſubmit to be taught, than commanded, by one known to have the ſame follies and weakneſſes with themſelves. A ſudden intruder into the cloſet of an author would perhaps feel equal indignation with the officer, who having long ſolicited admiſſion into the preſence of Sardanapalus, ſaw him not conſulting upon laws, enquiring into grievances, or modelling armies, but employed in feminine amuſements, and directing the ladies in their work.

It is not difficult to conceive, however, that for many reaſons a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined ſpeculations, it may be ſhewn much eaſier to deſign than to perform. A man propoſes his ſchemes of life in a ſtate of abſtraction and diſengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the ſolicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depreſſions of fear, and is in the ſame ſtate with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the ſea is always ſmooth, and the wind always proſperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with the difference between pure ſcience, which has to do only with ideas, and the application of its laws to the uſe of life, in which they are conſtrained to ſubmit to the imperfection of matter and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral diſcuſſions, it is to be remembered that many impediments obſtruct our practice, which very eaſily give way to theory. The ſpeculatiſt is only in danger of erroneous reaſoning, but the man involved in life has his own paſſions, and thoſe of others, to encounter, and is embarraſſed with a thouſand inconveniencies, which confound him with variety of impulſe, and either perplex or obſtruct his way. He is forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to chuſe before he can examine; he is ſurpriſed by ſudden alterations of the ſtate of things, and changes his meaſures according to ſuperficial appearances; he is led by others, either becauſe he is indolent, or becauſe he is timorous; he is ſometimes afraid to know what is right, and ſometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him.

We are, therefore, not to wonder that moſt fail, amidſt tumult, and ſnares, and danger, in the obſervance of thoſe precepts, which they lay down in ſolitude, ſafety, and tranquillity, with a mind unbiaſſed, and with liberty unobſtructed. It is the condition of our preſent ſtate to ſee more than we can attain; the exacteſt vigilance and caution can never maintain a ſingle day of unmingled innocence, much leſs can the utmoſt efforts of incorporated mind reach the ſummits of ſpeculative virtue.

It is, however, neceſſary for the idea of perfection to be propoſed, that we may have ſome object to which our endeavours are to be directed; and he

he that is moſt deficient in the duties of life, makes ſome atonement for his faults, if he warns others againſt his own failings, and hinders, by the ſalubrity of his admonitions, the contagion of his example.

Nothing is more unjuſt, however common, than to charge with hypocriſy him that expreſſes zeal for thoſe virtues which he neglects to practiſe; ſince he may be ſincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his paſſions, without having yet obtained the victory, as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or induſtry to undertake it, and may honeſtly recommend to others, thoſe attempts which he neglects himſelf.

The intereſt which the corrupt part of mankind have in hardening themſelves againſt every motive to amendment, has diſpoſed them to give to theſe contradictions, when they can be produced againſt the cauſe of virtue, that weight which they will not allow them in any other caſe. They ſee men act in oppoſition to their intereſt, without ſuppoſing, that they do not know it; thoſe who give way to the ſudden violence of paſſion, and forſake the moſt important purſuits of petty pleaſures, are not ſuppoſed to have changed their opinions, or to approve their own conduct. In moral or religious queſtions alone they determine the ſentiments by the actions, and charge every man with endeavouring to impoſe upon the world, whoſe writings are not confirmed by his life. They never conſider that themſelves neglect or practiſe ſomething every day inconſiſtently with their own ſettled judgment, nor diſcover that the conduct of the advocates for virtue can little increaſe, or leſſen,

the obligations of their dictates: argument is to be invalidated only by argument, and is in itself of the same force, whether or not it convinces him by whom it is proposed.

Yet since this prejudice, however unreasonable, is always likely to have some prevalence, it is the duty of every man to take care lest he should hinder the efficacy of his own instructions. When he desires to gain the belief of others, he should shew that he believes himself; and when he teaches the fitness of virtue by his reasonings, he should, by his example, prove its possibility: Thus much at least may be required of him, that he shall not act worse than others because he writes better, nor imagine that, by the merit of his genius, he may claim indulgence beyond mortals of the lower classes, and be excused for want of prudence, or neglect of virtue.

Bacon, in his history of the winds, after having offered something to the imagination as desirable, often proposes lower advantages in its place to the reason as attainable. The same method may be sometimes pursued in moral endeavours, which this philosopher has observed in natural enquiries: having first set positive and absolute excellence before us, we may be pardoned though we sink down to humbler virtue, trying, however, to keep our point always in view, and struggling not to lose ground, though we cannot gain it.

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he, for a long time, concealed the consecration of himself to the stricter duties of religion, lest, by some flagitious and shameful action, he should bring piety into disgrace. For the same reason it may be prudent for a writer, who apprehends that he shall not

not inforce his own maxims by his domeſtick character, to conceal his name, that he may not injure them.

There are, indeed, a great number whoſe curioſity to gain a more familiar knowledge of ſucceſsful writers, is not ſo much prompted by an opinion of their power to improve as to delight, and who expect from them not arguments againſt vice, or diſſertations on temperance or juſtice, but flights of wit and ſallies of pleaſantry, or, at leaſt, acute remarks, nice diſtinctions, juſtneſs of ſentiment, and elegance of diction.

This expectation is, indeed, ſpecious and probable, and yet, ſuch is the fate of all human hopes, that it is very often fruſtrated, and thoſe who raiſe admiration by their books, diſguſt by their company. A man of letters for the moſt part ſpends, in the privacies of ſtudy, that ſeaſon of life in which the manners are to be ſoftened into eaſe, and poliſhed into elegance: and, when he has gained knowledge enough to be reſpected, has neglected the minuter acts by which he might have pleaſed. When he enters life, if his temper be ſoft and timorous, he is diffident and baſhful, from the knowledge of his defects; or if he was born with ſpirit and reſolution, he is ferocious and arrogant, from the conſciouſneſs of his merit: he is either diſſipated by the awe of company, and unable to recollect his reading and arrange his arguments; or he is hot and dogmatical, quick in oppoſition, and tenacious in defence, diſabled by his own violence, and confuſed by his haſte to triumph.

The graces of writing and converſation are of different kinds, and though he who excels in one might have been with opportunities and application

tion equally ſucceſsful in the other, yet as many pleaſed by extemporary talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method, and more laboured beauties, which compoſition requires; ſo it is very poſſible that men, wholly accuſtomed to works of ſtudy, may be without that readineſs of conception, and affluence of language, always neceſſary to colloquial entertainment. They may want addreſs to watch the hints which converſation offers for the diſplay of their particular attainments, or they may be ſo much unfurniſhed with matter on common ſubjects, that diſcourſe not profeſſedly literary glides over them as heterogeneous bodies, without admitting their conceptions to mix in the circulation.

A tranſition from an author's book to his converſation, is too often like an entrance into a large city, after a diſtant proſpect. Remotely we ſee nothing but ſpires of temples and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the reſidence of ſplendor, grandeur, and magnificence; but, when we have paſſed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow paſſages, diſgraced with deſpicable cottages, embarraſſed with obſtructions, and clouded with ſmoke.

NUMB. 15. TUESDAY, *May* 8, 1750.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? Quando
Major avaritiæ patuit ſinus? Alea quando
Hos animos? JUV.

What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?
DRYDEN.

THERE is no grievance, publick or private, of which, ſince I took upon me the office of a periodical monitor, I have received ſo many, or ſo earneſt complaints, as of the predominance of play; of a fatal paſſion for cards and dice, which ſeems to have overturned not only the ambition of excellence, but the deſire of pleaſure; to have extinguiſhed the flames of the lover, as well as of the patriot; and threatens, in its further progreſs, to deſtroy all diſtinctions, both of rank and ſex, to cruſh all emulation but that of fraud, to corrupt all thoſe claſſes of our people, whoſe anceſtors have, by their virtue, their induſtry, or their parſimony, given them the power of living in extravagance, idleneſs, and vice, and to leave them without knowledge, but of the modiſh games, and without wiſhes, but for lucky hands.

I have found by long experience, that there are few enterpriſes ſo hopeleſs as conteſts with the faſhion, in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers and ſtrong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagoniſt, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean converſation, and narrow fortune, who envies the elevations

tions which he cannot reach, who would gladly imbitter the happineſs which his inelegance or indigence deny him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice, than to revenge his own mortification by hindering thoſe whom their birth and taſte have ſet above him, from the enjoyment of their ſuperiority, and bringing them down to a level with himſelf.

Though I have never found myſelf much affected by this formidable cenſure, which I have incurred often enough to be acquainted with its full force, yet I ſhall, in ſome meaſure, obviate it on this occaſion, by offering very little in my own name, either of argument or intreaty, ſince thoſe who ſuffer by this general infatuation may be ſuppoſed beſt able to relate its effects.

SIR,

THERE ſeems to be ſo little knowledge left in the world, and ſo little of that reflection practiſed, by which knowledge is to be gained, that I am in doubt, whether I ſhall be underſtood, when I complain of want of opportunity for thinking; or whether a condemnation, which at preſent ſeems irreverſible, to perpetual ignorance, will raiſe any compaſſion, either in you or your readers: yet I will venture to lay my ſtate before you, becauſe, I believe, it is natural, to moſt minds, to take ſome pleaſure in complaining of evils, of which they have no reaſon to be aſhamed.

I am the daughter of a man of great fortune, whoſe diffidence of mankind, and, perhaps, the pleaſure of continual accumulation, incline him to reſide upon his own eſtate, and to educate his children

children in his own houſe, where I was bred, if not with the moſt brilliant examples of virtue before my eyes, at leaſt remote enough from any incitements to vice; and wanting neither leiſure nor books, nor the acquaintance of ſome perſons of learning in the neighbourhood, I endeavoured to acquire ſuch knowledge as might moſt recommend me to eſteem, and thought myſelf able to ſupport a converſation upon moſt of the ſubjects which my ſex and condition made it proper for me to underſtand.

I had, beſide my knowledge, as my mamma and my maid told me, a very fine face, and elegant ſhape, and with all theſe advantages had been ſeventeen months the reigning toaſt for twelve miles round, and never came to the monthly aſſembly, but I heard the old ladies that ſat by wiſhing that *it might end well*, and their daughters criticiſing my air, my features, or my dreſs.

You know, Mr. Rambler, that ambition is natural to youth, and curioſity to underſtanding; and therefore will hear, without wonder, that I was deſirous to extend my victories over thoſe who might give more honour to the conqueror; and that I found in a country life a continual repetition of the ſame pleaſures, which was not ſufficient to fill up the mind for the preſent, or raiſe any expectations of the future; and I will confeſs to you, that I was impatient for a ſight of the town, and filled my thoughts with the diſcoveries which I ſhould make, the triumphs that I ſhould obtain, and the praiſes that I ſhould receive.

At

At last the time came. My aunt, whose husband has a seat in parliament, and a place at court, buried her only child, and sent for me to supply the loss. The hope that I should so far insinuate myself into their favour, as to obtain a considerable augmentation of my fortune, procured me every convenience for my departure, with great expedition; and I could not, amidst all my transports, forbear some indignation to see with what readiness the natural guardians of my virtue sold me to a state, which they thought more hazardous than it really was, as soon as a new accession of fortune glittered in their eyes.

Three days I was upon the road, and on the fourth morning my heart danced at the sight of London. I was set down at my aunt's, and entered upon the scene of action. I expected now, from the age and experience of my aunt, some prudential lessons; but, after the first civilities and first tears were over, was told what pity it was to have kept so fine a girl so long in the country; for the people who did not begin young, seldom dealt their cards handsomely or played them tolerably.

Young persons are commonly inclined to slight the remarks and counsels of their elders. I smiled, perhaps, with too much contempt, and was upon the point of telling her, that my time had not been past in such trivial attainments. But I soon found that things are to be estimated, not by the importance of their effects, but the frequency of their use.

A few days after, my aunt gave me notice, that some company, which she had been six weeks in collecting, was to meet that evening,

and

and she expected a finer assembly than had been seen all the winter. She expressed this in the jargon of a gamester, and, when I asked an explication of her terms of art, wondered where I had lived. I had already found my aunt so incapable of any rational conclusion, and so ignorant of every thing, whether great or little, that I had lost all regard to her opinion, and dressed myself with great expectations of an opportunity to display my charms among rivals, whose competition would not dishonour me. The company came in, and after the cursory compliments of salutation, alike easy to the lowest and the highest understanding, what was the result? The cards were broke open, the parties were formed, the whole night passed in a game, upon which the young and old were equally employed; nor was I able to attract an eye, or gain an ear; but being compelled to play without skill, I perpetually embarrassed my partner, and soon perceived the contempt of the whole table gathering upon me.

I cannot but suspect, Sir, that this odious fashion is produced by a conspiracy of the old, the ugly, and the ignorant, against the young and beautiful, the witty and the gay, as a contrivance to level all distinctions of nature and of art, to confound the world in a chaos of folly, to take from those who could outshine them, all the advantages of mind and body, to withhold youth from its natural pleasures, deprive wit of its influence and beauty of its charms, to fix those hearts upon money, to which love has hitherto been entitled, to sink life into a tedious uniformity, and to allow it no other hopes or fears, but those of robbing, and being robbed.

Be-

Be pleaſed, Sir, to inform thoſe of my ſex, who have minds capable of nobler ſentiments, that, if they will unite in vindication of their pleaſures and their prerogatives, they may fix a time, at which cards ſhall ceaſe to be in faſhion, or be left only to thoſe who have neither beauty to be loved, nor ſpirit to be feared; neither knowledge to teach, nor modeſty to learn; and who, having paſſed their youth in vice, are juſtly condemned to ſpend their age in folly.

I am, SIR, &c.

CLEORA.

SIR,

VEXATION will burſt my heart, if I do not give it vent. As you publiſh a paper, I inſiſt upon it, that you inſert this in your next, as ever you hope for the kindneſs and encouragement of any woman of taſte, ſpirit, and virtue. I would have it publiſhed to the world, how deſerving wives are uſed by imperious coxcombs, that henceforth no woman may marry, who has not the patience of Grizzel. Nay, if even Grizzel had been married to a gameſter, her temper would never have held out. A wretch that loſes his good humour and humanity along with his money, and will not allow enough from his own extravagancies to ſupport a woman of faſhion in the neceſſary amuſements of life!——Why does not he employ his wife head to make a figure in parliament, raiſe an eſtate, and get a title? That would be fitter for the maſter of a family, than rattling a noiſy dice-box; and then he might indulge his wife in a few ſlight expences and elegant diverſions.

What

What if I was unfortunate at Brag?—Should he not have ſtayed to ſee how luck would turn another time? Inſtead of that, what does he do, but picks a quarrel, upbraids me with loſs of beauty, abuſes my acquaintance, ridicules my play, and inſults my underſtanding; ſays, forſooth, that women have not heads enough to play with any thing but dolls, and that they ſhould be employed in things proportionable to their underſtanding, kept at home, and mind family affairs.

I do ſtay at home, Sir, and all the world knows I am at home every Sunday. I have had ſix routes this winter, and ſent out ten packs of cards in invitations to private parties. As for management, I am ſure he cannot call me extravagant, or ſay I do not mind my family. The children are out at nurſe in villages as cheap as any two little brats can be kept, nor have I ever ſeen them ſince; ſo he has no trouble about them. The ſervants live at board wages. My own dinners come from the Thatch'd Houſe; and I have never paid a penny for any thing I have bought ſince I was married. As for play, I do think I may, indeed, indulge in that, now I am my own miſtreſs. Papa made me drudge at whiſt till I was tired of it; and, far from wanting a head, Mr. Hoyle, when he had not given me above forty leſſons, ſaid I was one of his beſt ſcholars. I thought then with myſelf, that, if once I was at liberty, I would leave play, and take to reading romances, things ſo forbidden at our houſe, and ſo railed at, that it was impoſſible not to fancy them very charming. Moſt unfortunately, to ſave me from abſolute undutifulneſs, juſt as I was married, came

dear

dear Brag into fashion, and ever since it has been the joy of my life; so easy, so cheerful and careless, so void of thought, and so genteel! Who can help loving it? Yet the perfidious thing has used me very ill of late, and to-morrow I should have changed it for Faro. But, oh! this detestable to-morrow, a thing always expected, and never found.——Within these few hours must I be dragged into the country. The wretch, Sir, left me in a fit, which his threatenings had occasioned, and unmercifully ordered a post-chaise. Stay I cannot, for money I have none, and credit I cannot get——But I will make the monkey play with me at piquet upon the road for all I want. I am almost sure to beat him, and his debts of honour I know he will pay. Then who can tell but I may still come back and conquer lady Packer? Sir, you need not print this last scheme and, upon second thoughts you may.——Oh distraction! the post-chaise is at the door. Sir, publish what you will, only let it be printed without a name.

NUMB. 16. SATURDAY, *May* 12, 1750.

——*Multis dicendi copia torrens,*
Et sua mortifera est facundia—— JUV.

Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd. DRYDEN.

SIR,

I AM the modest young man whom you favoured with your advice, in a late paper; and, as I am very far from suspecting that you foresaw the number-

numberleſs inconveniences which I have, by following it, brought upon myſelf, I will lay my condition open before your, for you ſeem bound to extricate me from the perplexities, in which your counſel, however innocent in the intention, has contributed to involve me.

You told me, as you thought, to my comfort, that a writer might eaſily find means of introducing his genius to the world, for the *preſſes of England were open*. This I have now fatally experienced; the preſs is, indeed, open.

——*Facilis deſcenſus Averni,*
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis. VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way. DRYDEN.

The means of doing hurt to ourſelves are always at hand. I immediately ſent to a printer, and contracted with him for an impreſſion of ſeveral thouſands of my pamphlet. While it was at the preſs, I was ſeldom abſent from the printing-houſe, and continually urged the workmen to haſte, by ſolicitations, promiſes, and rewards. From the day all other pleaſures were excluded, by the delightful employment of correcting the ſheets; and from the night ſleep generally was baniſhed, by anticipations of the happineſs which every hour was bringing nearer.

At laſt the time of publication approached, and my heart beat with the raptures of an author. I was above all little precautions, and, in defiance of envy or of criticiſm, ſet my name upon the title, without ſufficiently conſidering, that what has once paſſed the preſs is irrevocable, and that though the printing-houſe may properly be compared

pared to the infernal regions, for the facility of its entrance, and the difficulty with which authors return from it; yet there is this difference, that a great genius can never return to his former ſtate, by a happy draught of the waters of oblivion.

I am now, Mr. Rambler, known to be an author, and am condemned, irreverſibly condemned, to all the miſeries of high reputation. The firſt morning after publication my friends aſſembled about me; I preſented each, as is uſual, with a copy of my book. They looked into the firſt pages, but were hindered, by their admiration, from reading further. The firſt pages are, indeed, very elaborate. Some paſſages they particularly dwelt upon, as more eminently beautiful than the reſt; and ſome delicate ſtrokes, and ſecret elegancies, I pointed out to them, which had eſcaped their obſervation. I then begged of them to forbear their compliments, and invited them, I could do no leſs, to dine with me at a tavern. After dinner, the book was reſumed; but their praiſes very often ſo much overpowered my modeſty, that I was forced to put about the glaſs, and had often no means of repreſſing the clamours of their admiration, but by thundering to the drawer for another bottle.

Next morning another ſet of my acquaintance congratulated me upon my performance, with ſuch importunity of praiſe, that I was again forced to obviate their civilities by a treat. On the third day I had yet a greater number of applauders to put to ſilence in the ſame manner; and, on the fourth, thoſe whom I had entertained the firſt day came again, having, in the peruſal of the remaining part of the book, diſcovered ſo many

forcible ſentences and maſterly touches, that it was impoſſible for me to bear the repetition of their commendations. I, therefore, perſuaded them once more to adjourn to the tavern, and chuſe ſome other ſubject, on which I might ſhare in the converſation. But it was not in their power to withhold their attention from my performance, which had ſo entirely taken poſſeſſion of their minds, that no entreaties of mine could change their topick, and I was obliged to ſtifle, with claret, that praiſe, which neither my modeſty could hinder, nor my uneaſineſs repreſs.

The whole week was thus ſpent in a kind of literary revel, and I have now found that nothing is ſo expenſive as great abilities, unleſs there is joined with them an inſatiable eagerneſs of praiſe; for to eſcape from the pain of hearing myſelf exalted above the greateſt names dead and living of the learned world, it has already coſt me two hogſheads of port, fifteen gallons of arrack, ten dozen of claret, and five-and-forty bottles of champagne.

I was reſolved to ſtay at home no longer, and, therefore, roſe early and went to the coffee-houſe; but found that I had now made myſelf too eminent for happineſs, and that I was no longer to enjoy the pleaſure of mixing, upon equal terms, with the reſt of the world. As ſoon as I enter the room, I ſee part of the company raging with envy, which they endeavour to conceal, ſometimes with the appearance of laughter, and ſometimes with that of contempt; but the diſguiſe is ſuch that I can diſcover the ſecret rancour of their hearts, and as envy is deſervedly its own puniſhment,

I frequently indulge myself in tormenting them with my presence.

But, though there may be some slight satisfaction received from the mortification of my enemies, yet my benevolence will not suffer me to take any pleasure in the terrors of my friends. I have been cautious, since the appearance of my work, not to give myself more premeditated airs of superiority, than the most rigid humility might allow. It is, indeed, not impossible that I may sometimes have laid down my opinion, in a manner that shewed a consciousness of my ability to maintain it, or interrupted the conversation, when I saw its tendency, without suffering the speaker to waste his time in explaining his sentiments; and, indeed, I did indulge myself for two days in a custom of drumming with my fingers, when the company began to lose themselves in absurdities, or to encroach upon subjects which I knew them unqualified to discuss. But I generally acted with great appearance of respect, even to those whose stupidity I pitied in my heart. Yet, notwithstanding this exemplary moderation, so universal is the dread of uncommon powers, and such the unwillingness of mankind to be made wiser, that I have now for some days found myself shunned by all my acquaintance. If I knock at a door, nobody is at home; if I enter a coffee-house, I have the box to myself. I live in the town like a lion in his desert, or an eagle on his rock, too great for friendship or society, and condemned to solitude, by unhappy elevation and dreaded ascendancy.

Nor is my character only formidable to others, but burdensome to myself. I naturally love to talk

talk without much thinking, to ſcatter my merriment at random, and to relax my thoughts with ludicrous remarks and fanciful images; but ſuch is now the importance of my opinion, that I am afraid to offer it, leſt, by being eſtabliſhed too haſtily into a maxim, it ſhould be the occaſion of error to half the nation; and ſuch is the expectation with which I am attended, when I am going to ſpeak, that I frequently pauſe to reflect whether what I am about to utter is worthy of myſelf.

This, Sir, is ſufficiently miſerable; but there are ſtill greater calamities behind. You muſt have read in Pope and Swift how men of parts have had their cloſets rifled, and their cabinets broke open, at the inſtigation of piratical bookſellers, for the profit of their works; and it is apparent, that there are many prints now ſold in the ſhops, of men whom you cannot ſuſpect of ſitting for that purpoſe, and whoſe likeneſſes muſt have been certainly ſtolen when their names made their faces vendible. Theſe conſiderations at firſt put me on my guard, and I have, indeed, found ſufficient reaſon for my caution, for I have diſcovered many people examining my countenance, with a curioſity that ſhewed their intention to draw it; I immediately left the houſe, but find the ſame behaviour in another.

Others may be perſecuted, but I am haunted; I have good reaſon to believe that eleven painters are now dogging me, for they know that he who can get my face firſt will make his fortune. I often change my wig, and wear my hat over my eyes, by which I hope ſomewhat to confound them; for you know it is not fair to ſell my face without admitting me to ſhare the profit.

I am, however, not so much in pain for my face as for my papers, which I dare neither carry with me nor leave behind. I have, indeed, taken some measures for their preservation, having put them in an iron chest, and fixed a padlock upon my closet. I change my lodgings five times a-week, and always remove at the dead of night.

Thus I live, in consequence of having given too great proofs of a predominant genius, in the solitude of a hermit, with the anxiety of a miser, and the caution of an outlaw; afraid to shew my face lest it should be copied; afraid to speak, lest I should injure my character; and to write, lest my correspondents should publish my letters; always uneasy lest my servants should steal my papers for the sake of money, or my friends for that of the publick. This it is to soar above the rest of mankind; and this representation I lay before you, that I may be informed how to divest myself of the laurels which are so cumbersome to the wearer, and descend to the enjoyment of that quiet from which I find a writer of the first class so fatally debarred.

MISELLUS.

NUMB. 17. TUESDAY, *May* 15, 1750.

——Me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit. LUCAN.

Let those weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling priests for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fixt, my certain soul from doubt has freed. ROWE.

IT is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a stated hour, *Remember, prince, that thou shalt die.* And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our present state appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages; *Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life.*

A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment, which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is indeed of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him who should begin every day with a serious reflection that he is born to die.

The disturbers of our happiness, in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these, the consideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. Think, says Epictetus, frequently on poverty, banishment, and death,

and thou wilt then never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments, οὐδὲν οὐδέποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνθυμήσῃ, οὔτε ἄγαν ἐπιθυμήσεις τινός.

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on just observation will easily be granted, when we reflect how that vehemence of eagerness after the common objects of pursuit is kindled in our minds. We represent to ourselves the pleasures of some future possession, and suffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engrossed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happiness but its attainment, or any misery but its loss; every other satisfaction which the bounty of Providence has scattered over life is neglected as inconsiderable, in comparison of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as standing in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before his eyes. The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of supplicants, have appeared vain and empty things, when the last hour seemed to be approaching; and the same appearance they would always have, if the same thought was always predominant. We should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabrick of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to desire; we are uneasy at the attainments of another, according as we think

think our own happineſs would be advanced by the addition of that which he withholds from us; and therefore whatever depreſſes immoderate wiſhes, will, at the ſame time, ſet the heart free from the corroſion of envy, and exempt us from that vice which is, above moſt others, tormenting to ourſelves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices and ſordid projects. He that conſiders how ſoon he muſt cloſe his life, will find nothing of ſo much importance as to cloſe it well; and will, therefore, look with indifference upon whatever is uſeleſs to that purpoſe. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out, that the ſtate of others is not more permanent, and that what can confer nothing on himſelf very deſirable, cannot ſo much improve the condition of a rival, as to make him much ſuperior to thoſe from whom he has carried the prize, a prize too mean to deſerve a very obſtinate oppoſition.

Even grief, that paſſion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly ſubject, will be obviated or alleviated, by the ſame thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the bleſſings of our condition are enjoyed with a conſtant ſenſe of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we poſſeſs is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little, which our moſt lively hopes can promiſe us, may be made leſs, by ten thouſand accidents; we ſhall not much repine at a loſs, of which we cannot eſtimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the leaſt amount, we know, with ſufficient certainty, the greateſt, and are convinced that the greateſt is not much to be regretted.

But, if any paſſion has ſo much uſurped our underſtanding, as not to ſuffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation preſcribed by reaſon, it is not too late to apply this remedy, when we find ourſelves ſinking under ſorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vaniſhed. We may then uſefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had ſtaid a little longer, we ſhould ourſelves have been taken away.

With regard to the ſharpeſt and moſt melting ſorrow, that which ariſes from the loſs of thoſe whom we have loved with tenderneſs, it may be obſerved, that friendſhip between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one muſt ſome time mourn for the other's death: And this grief will always yield to the ſurvivor one conſolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himſelf feels, his friend has eſcaped.

Nor is fear, the moſt overbearing and reſiſtleſs of all our paſſions, leſs to be temperated by this univerſal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it ſhews the vanity of all human good, diſcovers likewiſe the lightneſs of all terreſtrial evil, which certainly can laſt no longer than the ſubject upon which it acts; and according to the old obſervation, muſt be ſhorter, as it is more violent. The moſt cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, muſt, by the neceſſity of nature, be quickly at an end. The ſoul cannot long be held in priſon, but will fly away, and leave a lifeleſs body to human malice.

——— *Ridetque ſui ludibria trunci.*

And ſoaring mocks the broken frame below.

The

The utmoſt that we can threaten to one another is that death, which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wiſe man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, ſince he knows not how ſmall a portion of time he can purchaſe, but knows, that, whether ſhort or long, it will be made leſs valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is ſure that he deſtroys his happineſs, but is not ſure that he lengthens his life.

The known ſhortneſs of life, as it ought to moderate our paſſions, may likewiſe, with equal propriety, contract our deſigns. There is not time for the moſt forcible genius, and moſt active induſtry, to extend its effects beyond a certain ſphere. To project the conqueſt of the world, is the madneſs of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every ſcience, has been the folly of literary heroes; and both have found at laſt, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have loſt many opportunities of making themſelves uſeful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a ſpecies of honour, which the eternal laws of Providence have placed beyond the reach of man.

The miſcarriages of the great deſigns of princes are recorded in the hiſtories of the world, but are of little uſe to the bulk of mankind, who ſeem very little intereſted in admonitions againſt errors which they cannot commit. But the fate of learned ambition is a proper ſubject for every ſcholar to conſider; for who has not had occaſion to regret the diſſipation of great abilities in a boundleſs multiplicity of purſuits, to lament the ſudden deſertion of excellent deſigns, upon the offer of ſome other ſub-

ject made inviting by its novelty, and to obſerve the inaccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfiniſhed by too great an extenſion of the plan?

It is always pleaſing to obſerve, how much more our minds can conceive than our bodies can perform; yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated ſtate, to regulate one part of our compoſition by ſome regard to the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleaſures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with ſchemes which we know our lives muſt fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to ſet bounds to our deſigns, and add incitements to our induſtry; and when we find ourſelves inclined either to immenſity in our ſchemes, or ſluggiſhneſs in our endeavours, we may either check, or animate, ourſelves, by recollecting, with the father of phyſick, *that art is long, and life is ſhort.*

NUMB. 18. SATURDAY, *May* 19, 1750.

Illic matre carentibus,
Privignis mulierc temperat innocens,
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero:
Dos eſt magna parentum
Virtus, et metuens alterius tori
Certo fœdere caſtitas. HORACE.

Not there the guiltleſs ſtep-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compoſe;
No wife high-portion'd rules her ſpouſe,
Or truſts her eſſenc'd lover's faithleſs vows:
The lovers there for dow'ry claim
The father's virtue, and the ſpotleſs fame,
Which dares not break the nuptial tie. FRANCIS.

THERE is no obſervation more frequently made by ſuch as employ themſelves in ſurveying the conduct of mankind, than that marriage, though the dictate of nature, and the inſtitution of providence, is yet very often the cauſe of miſery, and that thoſe who enter into that ſtate can ſeldom forbear to expreſs their repentance, and their envy of thoſe whom either chance or caution hath withheld from it.

This general unhappineſs has given occaſion to many ſage maxims among the ſerious, and ſmart remarks among the gay; the moraliſt and the writer of epigrams have equally ſhown their abilities upon it; ſome have lamented, and ſome have ridiculed it; but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a maſculine endowment, the reproach of making the world miſerable has been always thrown upon the women, and the grave and the merry have equally thought themſelves at liberty to conclude

either with declamatory complaints, or ſatirical cenſures, of female folly or fickleneſs, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or luſt.

Led by ſuch number of examples, and incited by my ſhare in the common intereſt, I ſometimes venture to conſider this univerſal grievance, having endeavoured to diveſt my heart of all partiality, and place myſelf as a kind of neutral being between the ſexes, whoſe clamours, being equally vented on both ſides with all the vehemence of diſtreſs, all the apparent confidence of juſtice, and all the indignation of injured virtue, ſeem entitled to equal regard. The men have, indeed, by their ſuperiority of writing, been able to collect the evidence of many ages, and raiſe prejudices in their favour by the venerable teſtimonies of philoſophers, hiſtorians, and poets; but the pleas of the ladies appeal to paſſions of more forcible operation than the reverence of antiquity. If they have not ſo great names on their ſide, they have ſtronger arguments; it is to little purpoſe, that Socrates or Euripides, are produced againſt the ſighs of ſoftneſs and the tears of beauty. The moſt frigid and inexorable judge would, at leaſt, ſtand ſuſpended between equal powers, as Lucan was perplexed in the determination of the cauſe, where the deities were on one ſide, and Cato on the other.

But I, who have long ſtudied the ſevereſt and moſt abſtracted philoſophy, have now, in the cool maturity of life, arrived at ſuch command over my paſſions, that I can hear the vociferations of either ſex without catching any of the fire from thoſe that utter them. For I have found, by long experience, that a man will ſometimes rage at his wife, when in reality his miſtreſs has offended him;

him; and a lady complain of the cruelty of her husband, when she has no other enemy than bad cards. I do not suffer myself to be any longer imposed upon by oaths on one side, or fits on the other; nor when the husband hastens to the tavern, and the lady retires to her closet, am I always confident that they are driven by their miseries; since I have sometimes reason to believe, that they purpose not so much to sooth their sorrows, as to animate their fury. But how little credit soever may be given to particular accusations, the general accumulation of the charge shews, with too much evidence, that married persons are not very often advanced in felicity; and, therefore, it may be proper to examine at what avenues so many evils have made their way into the world. With this purpose, I have reviewed the lives of my friends, who have been least successful in connubial contracts, and attentively considered by what motives they were incited to marry, and by what principles they regulated their choice.

One of the first of my acquaintances that resolved to quit the unsettled thoughtless condition of a batchelor, was Prudentius, a man of slow parts, but not without knowledge or judgment in things which he had leisure to consider gradually before he determined them. Whenever we met at a tavern, it was his province to settle the scheme of our entertainment, contract with the cook, and inform us when we had called for wine to the sum originally proposed. This grave considerer found, by deep meditation, that a man was no loser by marrying early, even though he contented himself with a less fortune; for estimating the exact worth of annuities, he found that considering the constant

ſtant diminution of the value of life, with the probable fall of the intereſt of money, it was not worſe to have ten thouſand pounds at the age of two-and-twenty years, than a much larger fortune at thirty; for many opportunities, ſays he, occur of improving money, which if a man miſſes, he may not afterwards recover.

Full of theſe reflections, he threw his eyes about him, not in ſearch of beauty or elegance, dignity or underſtanding, but of a woman with ten thouſand pounds. Such a woman, in a wealthy part of the kingdom, it was not very difficult to find; and by artful management with her father, whoſe ambition was to make his daughter a gentlewoman, my friend got her, as he boaſted to us in confidence two days after his marriage, for a ſettlement of ſeventy-three pounds a-year leſs than her fortune might have claimed, and leſs than he would himſelf have given, if the fools had been but wiſe enough to delay the bargain.

Thus at once delighted with the ſuperiority of his parts, and the augmentation of his fortune, he carried Furia to his own houſe, in which he never afterwards enjoyed one hour of happineſs. For Furia was a wretch of mean intellects, violent paſſions, a ſtrong voice, and low education, without any ſenſe of happineſs but that which conſiſted in eating and counting money. Furia was a ſcold. They agreed in the deſire of wealth, but with this difference, that Prudentius was for growing rich by gain, Furia by parſimony. Prudentius would venture his money with chances very much in his favour; but Furia very wiſely obſerving that what they had was, while they had it, *their own*, thought all traffick too great a hazard, and was for putting

putting it out at low intereſt, upon good ſecurity. Prudentius ventured, however, to inſure a ſhip, at a very unreaſonable price, but happening to loſe his money, was ſo tormented with the clamours of his wife, that he never durſt try a ſecond experiment. He has now grovelled ſeven-and-forty years under Furia's direction, who never once mentioned him, ſince his bad luck, by any other name than that of *the inſurer*.

The next that married from our ſociety was Florentius. He happened to ſee Zephyretta in a chariot at a horſe-race, danced with her at night, was confirmed in his firſt ardour, waited on her next morning, and declared himſelf her lover. Florentius had not knowledge enough of the world, to diſtinguiſh between the flutter of coquetry, and the ſprightlineſs of wit, or between the ſmile of allurement and that of cheerfulneſs. He was ſoon waked from his rapture by conviction that his pleaſure was but the pleaſure of a day. Zephyretta had in four-and-twenty hours ſpent her ſtock of repartee, gone round the circle of her airs, and had nothing remaining for him but childiſh inſipidity, or for herſelf, but the practice of the ſame artifices upon new men.

Meliſſus was a man of parts, capable of enjoying and of improving life. He had paſſed through the various ſcenes of gaiety with that indifference and poſſeſſion of himſelf, natural to men who have ſomething higher and nobler in their proſpect. Retiring to ſpend the ſummer in a village little frequented, he happened to lodge in the ſame houſe with Ianthe, and was unavoidably drawn to ſome acquaintance, which her wit and politeneſs ſoon invited him to improve. Having no opportunity of any

any other company, they were always together; and, as they owed their pleasures to each other, they began to forget that any pleasure was enjoyed before their meeting. Melissus, from being delighted with her company, quickly began to be uneasy in her absence, and being sufficiently convinced of the force of her understanding, and finding, as he imagined, such a conformity of temper as declared them formed for each other, addressed her as a lover, after no very long courtship obtained her for his wife, and brought her next winter to town in triumph.

Now began their infelicity. Melissus had only seen her in one scene, where there was no variety of objects, to produce the proper excitements to contrary desires. They had both loved solitude and reflection, where there was nothing but solitude and reflection to be loved; but when they came into publick life, Ianthe discovered those passions, which accident rather than hypocrisy had hitherto concealed. She was, indeed, not without the power of thinking, but was wholly without the exertion of that power, when either gaiety or splendour played on her imagination. She was expensive in her diversions, vehement in her passions, insatiate of pleasure however dangerous to her reputation, and eager of applause by whomsoever it might be given. This was the wife which Melissus the philosopher found in his retirement, and from whom he expected an associate in his studies, and an assistant to his virtues.

Prosapius, upon the death of his younger brother, that the family might not be extinct, married his housekeeper, and has ever since been complaining to his friends that mean notions are instilled

you

ſtilled into his children, that he is aſhamed to ſit at his own table, and that his houſe is uneaſy to him for want of ſuitable companions.

Avaro, maſter of a very large eſtate, took a woman of bad reputation, recommended to him by a rich uncle, who made that marriage the condition on which he ſhould be his heir. Avaro now wonders to perceive his own fortune, his wife's and his uncle's, inſufficient to give him that happineſs which is to be found only with a woman of virtue.

I intend to treat in more papers on this important article of life, and ſhall, therefore, make no reflection upon theſe hiſtories, except that all whom I have mentioned failed to obtain happineſs, for want of conſidering that marriage is the ſtricteſt tie of perpetual friendſhip; that there can be no friendſhip without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and that he muſt expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches, or politeneſs, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

NUMB. 19. TUESDAY, *May* 22, 1750.

Dum te cauſidicum, dum te modo rhetora fingis,
Et non deceruis, Taure, quid eſſe velis,
Peleos & Priami *tranſit, vel* Neſtoris *ætas,*
Et ſerum fuerat jam tibi deſinere ——
Eja, age, rumpe moras, quo te ſpectabimus uſque?
Dum quid ſis dubitas, jam potes eſſe nihil. MART.

To rhetorick now, and now to law inclin'd,
Uncertain where to fix thy changing mind;
Old *Priam*'s age or *Neſtor*'s may be out,
And thou, O *Taurus*, ſtill go on in doubt.
Come then, how long ſuch way'ring ſhall we ſee?
Thou may'ſt doubt on; thou now can'ſt nothing be.
F. LEWIS.

IT is never without very melancholy reflections, that we can obſerve the miſconduct, or miſcarriage, of thoſe men, who ſeem by the force of underſtanding, or extent of knowledge, exempted from the general frailties of human nature, and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crowded with ſcenes of calamity, we look upon the general maſs of wretchedneſs with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the ſtate of particular perſons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude; as in reading an account of a battle, we ſeldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of ſlaughter, but follow the hero with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune, without a thought of the thouſands that are falling round him.

With the ſame kind of anxious veneration I have for many years been making obſervations on the life of Polyphilus, a man whom all his acquaintances

ances have, from his firſt appearance in the world, feared for the quickneſs of his diſcernment, and admired for the multiplicity of his attainments, but whoſe progreſs in life, and uſefulneſs to mankind, has been hindered by the ſuperfluity of his knowledge and the celerity of his mind.

Polyphilus was remarkable, at the ſchool, for ſurpaſſing all his companions, without any viſible application, and at the univerſity was diſtinguiſhed equally for his ſucceſsful progreſs, as well through the thorny mazes of ſcience as the flowery path of polite literature, without any ſtrict confinement to hours of ſtudy, or remarkable forbearance of the common amuſements of young men.

When Polyphilus was at the age, in which men uſually chuſe their profeſſion, and prepare to enter into a publick character, every academical eye was fixed upon him; all were curious to enquire, what this univerſal genius would fix upon for the employment of his life; and no doubt was made but that he would leave all his contemporaries behind him, and mount to the higheſt honours of that claſs in which he ſhould enliſt himſelf, without thoſe delays and pauſes which muſt be endured by meaner abilities.

Polyphilus, though by no means inſolent or aſſuming, had been ſufficiently encouraged, by uninterrupted ſucceſs, to place great confidence in his own parts; and was not below his companions in the indulgence of his hopes, and expectations of the aſtoniſhment with which the world would be ſtruck, when his firſt luſtre ſhould break out upon it; nor could he forbear (for whom does not conſtant flattery intoxicate?) to join ſometimes in the mirth of his friends, at the ſudden diſappearance of

of thoſe, who, having ſhone a while, and drawn the eyes of the publick upon their feeble radiance, were now doomed to fade away before him.

It is natural for a man to catch advantageous notions of the condition which thoſe, with whom he converſes, are ſtriving to attain. Polyphilus, in a ramble to London, fell accidentally among the phyſicians, and was ſo much pleaſed with the proſpect of turning philoſophy to profit, and ſo highly delighted with a new theory of fevers which darted into his imagination, and which, after having conſidered it a few hours, he found himſelf able to maintain againſt all the advocates for the ancient ſyſtem, that he reſolved to apply himſelf to anatomy, botany, and chemiſtry, and to leave no part unconquered either of the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms.

He therefore read authors, conſtructed ſyſtems, and tried experiments; but unhappily, as he was going to ſee a new plant in flower in Chelſea, he met, in croſſing Weſtminſter to take water, the chancellor's coach; he had the curioſity to follow him into the hall, where a remarkable cauſe happened to be tried, and found himſelf able to produce ſo many arguments, which the lawyers had omitted on both ſides, that he determined to quit phyſick for a profeſſion, in which he found it would be ſo eaſy to excel, and which promiſed higher honours, and larger profits, without melancholy attendance upon miſery, mean ſubmiſſion to peeviſhneſs, and continual interruption of reſt and pleaſure.

He immediately took chambers in the Temple, bought a common-place-book, and confined himſelf for ſome months to the peruſal of the ſtatutes, year-

year-books, pleadings, and reports; he was a conſtant hearer of the courts, and began to put caſes with reaſonable accuracy. But he ſoon diſcovered, by conſidering the fortune of lawyers, that preferment was not to be got by acuteneſs, learning, and eloquence. He was perplexed by the abſurdities of attornies, and miſrepreſentations made by his clients of their own cauſes, by the uſeleſs anxiety of one, and the inceſſant importunity of another; he began to repent of having devoted himſelf to a ſtudy, which was ſo narrow in its comprehenſion, that it could never carry his name to any other country, and thought it unworthy of a man of parts to ſell his life only for money. The barrenneſs of his fellow-ſtudents forced him generally into other company at his hours of entertainment, and among the varieties of converſation through which his curioſity was daily wandering, he, by chance, mingled at a tavern with ſome intelligent officers of the army. A man of letters was eaſily dazzled with the gaiety of their appearance, and ſoftened into kindneſs by the politeneſs of their addreſs; he, therefore, cultivated this new acquaintance, and when he ſaw how readily they found in every place admiſſion and regard, and how familiarly they mingled with every rank and order of men, he began to feel his heart beat for military honours, and wondered how the prejudices of the univerſity ſhould make him ſo long inſenſible of that ambition, which has fired ſo many hearts in every age, and negligent of that calling, which is, above all others, univerſally and invariably illuſtrious, and which gives, even to the exteriour appearance of its profeſſors, a dignity and freedom unknown to the reſt of mankind.

Theſe

Theſe favourable impreſſions were made ſtill deeper by his converſation with ladies, whoſe regard for ſoldiers he could not obſerve, without wiſhing himſelf one of that happy fraternity, to which the female world ſeemed to have devoted their charms and their kindneſs. The love of knowledge, which was ſtill his predominant inclination, was gratified by the recital of adventures, and accounts of foreign countries; and therefore he concluded that there was no way of life, in which all his views could ſo completely concenter as in that of a ſoldier. In the art of war he thought it not difficult to excel, having obſerved his new friends not very much verſed in the principles of tacticks or fortification; he therefore ſtudied all the military writers both ancient and modern, and, in a ſhort time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable battle that has been loſt from the beginning of the world. He often ſhewed at table how Alexander ſhould have been checked in his conqueſts, what was the fatal error at Pharſalia, how Charles of Sweden might have eſcaped his ruin at Pultowa, and Marlborough might have been made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched armies upon paper ſo that no ſuperiority of numbers could force them, and modelled in clay many impregnable fortreſſes, on which all the preſent arts of attack would be exhauſted without effect.

Polyphilus, in a ſhort time, obtained a commiſſion; but before he could rub off the ſolemnity of a ſcholar, and gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was declared, and forces ſent to the continent. Here Polyphilus unhappily found that ſtudy alone would not make a ſoldier; for being much

much accuſtomed to think, he let the ſenſe of danger ſink into his mind, and felt at the approach of any action, that terror which a ſentence of death would have brought upon him. He ſaw that, inſtead of conquering their fears, the endeavour of his gay friends was only to eſcape them; but his philoſophy chained his mind to its object, and rather loaded him with ſhackles than furniſhed him with arms. He, however, ſuppreſſed his miſery in ſilence, and paſſed through the campaign with honour, but found himſelf utterly unable to ſupport another.

He then had recourſe again to his books, and continued to range from one ſtudy to another. As I uſually viſit him once a month, and am admitted to him without previous notice, I have found him, within this laſt half year, decyphering the Chineſe language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of the obſolete terms of the Engliſh law, writing an inquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian braſs, and forming a new ſcheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus is this powerful genius, which might have extended the ſphere of any ſcience, or benefited the world in any profeſſion, diſſipated in a boundleſs variety, without profit to others or himſelf. He makes ſudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge, and ſees all obſtacles give way before him; but he never ſtays long enough to complete his conqueſt, to eſtabliſh laws, or bring away the ſpoils.

Such is often the folly of men, whom nature has enabled to obtain ſkill and knowledge, on terms ſo eaſy, that they have no ſenſe of the value of the acquiſition; they are qualified to make ſuch ſpeedy progreſs in learning, that they think themſelves at

liberty to loiter in the way, and by turning aſide after every new object, loſe the race, like Atalanta, to ſlower competitors, who preſs diligently forward, and whoſe force is directed to a ſingle point.

I have often thought thoſe happy that have been fixed, from the firſt dawn of thought, in a determination to ſome ſtate of life, by the choice of one, whoſe authority may preclude caprice, and whoſe influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion. The general precept of conſulting the genius is of little uſe, unleſs we are told, how the genius can be known. If it is to be diſcovered only by experiment, life will be loſt, before the reſolution can be fixed; if any other indications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be very early diſcerned. At leaſt, if to miſcarry in an attempt be a proof of having miſtaken the direction of the genius, men appear not leſs frequently deceived with regard to themſelves than to others; and therefore, no one has much reaſon to complain that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he ſhould have had either more honour or happineſs, by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

It was ſaid of the learned biſhop Sanderſon, that, when he was preparing his lectures, he heſitated ſo much, and rejected ſo often, that, at the time of reading, he was often forced to produce, not what was beſt, but what happened to be at hand. This will be the ſtate of every man, who, in the choice of his employment, balances all the arguments on every ſide; the complication is ſo intricate, the motives and objections ſo numerous, there is ſo much play for the imagination, and ſo much remains in the power of others, that reaſon

is forced at last to rest in neutrality, the decision devolves into the hands of chance, and after a great part of life spent in inquiries which can never be resolved, the rest must often pass in repenting the unnecessary delay, and can be useful to few other purposes than to warn others against the same folly, and to shew, that of two states of life equally consistent with religion and virtue, he who chuses earliest chuses best.

NUMB. 20. SATURDAY, *May* 26, 1750.

Ad populum phaleras, ego te intus, et in cute novi. PERSIUS.

Such pageantry be to the people shewn;
There boast thy horse's trappings and thy own;
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow center, to thy utmost skin. DRYDEN.

AMONG the numerous stratagems, by which pride endeavours to recommend folly to regard, there is scarcely one that meets with less success, than affectation, or a perpetual disguise of the real character, by fictitious appearances; whether it be, that every man hates falsehood, from the natural congruity of truth to his faculties of reason, or that every man is jealous of the honour of his understanding, and thinks his discernment consequentially called in question, whenever any thing is exhibited under a borrowed form.

This aversion from all kinds of disguise, whatever be its cause, is universally diffused, and incessantly in action; nor is it necessary, that to exasperate detestation, or excite contempt, any interest should be invaded, or any competition attempted; it is

ſufficient, that there is an intention to deceive, an intention which every heart ſwells to oppoſe, and every tongue is buſy to detect.

This reflection was awakened in my mind by a very common practice among my correſpondents, of writing under characters which they cannot ſupport, which are of no uſe to the explanation or enforcement of that which they deſcribe or recommend; and which, therefore, ſince they aſſume them only for the ſake of diſplaying their abilities, I will adviſe them for the future to forbear, as laborious without advantage.

It is almoſt a general ambition of thoſe who favour me with their advice for the regulation of my conduct, or their contribution for the aſſiſtance of my underſtanding, to affect the ſtyle and the names of ladies. And I cannot always withhold ſome expreſſion of anger, like Sir Hugh in the comedy, when I happen to find that a woman has a beard. I muſt therefore warn the gentle Phyllis, that ſhe ſend me no more letters from the Horſe-Guards: and require of Belinda, that ſhe be content to reſign her pretenſions to female elegance, till ſhe has lived three weeks without hearing the politicks of Batſon's coffee-houſe. I muſt indulge myſelf in the liberty of obſervation, that there were ſome alluſions in Chloris's production, ſufficient to ſhew, that Bracton and Plowden are her favourite authors; and that Euphelia has not been long enough at home, to wear out all the traces of the phraſeology, which ſhe learned in the expedition to Carthagena.

Among all my female friends, there was none who gave me more trouble to decypher her true character, than Penthcſilea, whoſe letter lay upon my

my desk three days before I could fix upon the real writer. There was a confusion of images, and medley of barbarity, which held me long in suspense; till by perseverance I disentangled the perplexity, and found, that Penthesilea is the son of a wealthy stock-jobber, who spends his morning under his father's eye, in Change-Alley, dines at a tavern in Covent-Garden, passes his evening in the play-house, and part of the night at a gaming-table, and having learned the dialects of these various regions, has mingled them all in a studied composition.

When Lee was once told by a critick, that it was very easy to write like a madman; he answered, that it was difficult to write like a madman, but easy enough to write like a fool; and I hope to be excused by my kind contributors, if, in imitation of this great author, I presume to remind them, that it is much easier not to write like a man, than to write like a woman.

I have, indeed, some ingenious well-wishers, who, without departing from their sex, have found very wonderful appellations. A very smart letter has been sent me from a puny ensign, signed Ajax Telamonius; another, in recommendation of a new treatise upon cards, from a gamester, who calls himself Sesostris; and another upon the improvements of the fishery, from Diocletian: but as these seem only to have picked up their appellations by chance, without endeavouring at any particular imposture, their improprieties are rather instances of blunder than of affectation, and are, therefore, not equally fitted to inflame the hostile passions; for it is not folly but pride, not error but deceit, which the world means to prosecute, when it raises the full cry of nature to hunt down affectation.

The hatred, which diſſimulation always draws upon itſelf, is ſo great, that if I did not know how much cunning differs from wiſdom, I ſhould wonder that any men have ſo little knowledge of their own intereſt, as to aſpire to wear a maſk for life; to try to impoſe upon the world a character, to which they feel themſelves void of any juſt claim; and to hazard their quiet, their fame, and even their profit, by expoſing themſelves to the danger of that reproach, malevolence, and neglect, which ſuch a diſcovery as they have always to fear will certainly bring upon them.

It might be imagined, that the pleaſure of reputation ſhould conſiſt in the ſatisfaction of having our opinion of our own merit confirmed by the ſuffrage of the publick; and that, to be extolled for a quality, which a man knows himſelf to want, ſhould give him no other happineſs than to be miſtaken for the owner of an eſtate, over which he chances to be travelling. But he, who ſubſiſts upon affectation, knows nothing of this delicacy; like a deſperate adventurer in commerce, he takes up reputation upon truſt, mortgages poſſeſſions which he never had, and enjoys, to the fatal hour of bankruptcy, though with a thouſand terrors and anxieties, the unneceſſary ſplendour of borrowed riches.

Affectation is to be always diſtinguiſhed from hypocriſy, as being the art of counterfeiting thoſe qualities which we might, with innocence and ſafety, be known to want. Thus the man, who, to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion and exactneſs of life, is guilty of hypocriſy; and his guilt is greater, as the end, for which he puts on the falſe appearance, is more pernicious. But he that, with an awkward addreſs,

addreſs, and unpleaſing countenance, boaſts of the conqueſts made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thouſands which he might have poſſeſſed if he would have ſubmitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation. Hypocriſy is the neceſſary burthen of villany, affectation part of the choſen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finiſhes a fop. Contempt is the proper puniſhment of affectation, and deteſtation the juſt conſequence of hypocriſy.

With the hypocrite it is not at preſent my intention to expoſtulate, though even he might be taught the excellency of virtue, by the neceſſity of ſeeming to be virtuous; but the man of affectation may, perhaps, be reclaimed, by finding how little he is likely to gain by perpetual conſtraint and inceſſant vigilance, and how much more ſecurely he might make his way to eſteem, by cultivating real, than diſplaying counterfeit qualities.

Every thing future is to be eſtimated by a wiſe man, in proportion to the probability of attaining it, and its value when attained; and neither of theſe conſiderations will much contribute to the encouragement of affectation. For, if the pinnacles of fame be, at beſt, ſlippery, how unſteady muſt his footing be who ſtands upon pinnacles without foundation! If praiſe be made, by the inconſtancy and maliciouſneſs of thoſe who muſt confer it, a bleſſing which no man can promiſe himſelf from the moſt conſpicuous merit and vigorous induſtry, how faint muſt be the hope of gaining it, when the uncertainty is multiplied by the weakneſs of the pretenſions! He that purſues fame with juſt claims, truſts his happineſs to the winds; but he that

endeavours after it by falſe merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the ſtorm, but the leaks of his veſſel. Though he ſhould happen to keep above water for a time, by the help of a ſoft breeze, and a calm ſea, at the firſt guſt he muſt inevitably founder, with this melancholy reflection, that, if he would have been content with his natural ſtation, he might have eſcaped his calamity. Affectation may poſſibly ſucceed for a time, and a man may, by great attention, perſuade others, that he really has the qualities which he preſumes to boaſt; but the hour will come when he ſhould exert them, and then whatever he enjoyed in praiſe, he muſt ſuffer in reproach.

Applauſe and admiration are by no means to be counted among the neceſſaries of life, and therefore any indirect arts to obtain them have very little claim to pardon or compaſſion. There is ſcarcely any man without ſome valuable or improveable qualities, by which he might always ſecure himſelf from contempt. And perhaps exemption from ignominy is the moſt eligible reputation, as freedom from pain is, among ſome philoſophers, the definition of happineſs.

If we therefore compare the value of the praiſe obtained by fictitious excellence, even while the cheat is yet undiſcovered, with that kindneſs which every man may ſuit by his virtue, and that eſteem to which moſt men may riſe by common underſtanding ſteadily and honeſtly applied, we ſhall find that when from the adſcititious happineſs all the deductions are made by fear and caſualty, there will remain nothing equiponderant to the ſecurity of truth. The ſtate of the poſſeſſor of humble virtues, to the affecter of great excellencies, is that

of

of a small cottage of stone, to the palace raised with ice by the empress of Russia; it was for a time splendid and luminous, but the first sunshine melted it to nothing.

Numb. 21. Tuesday, *May* 29, 1750.

Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nutrit; & urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est. Ovid.

Our bane and physick the same earth bestows,
And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose.

Every man is prompted by the love of himself to imagine, that he possesses some qualities, superior, either in kind or in degree, to those which he sees allotted to the rest of the world; and, whatever apparent disadvantages he may suffer in the comparison with others, he has some invisible distinctions, some latent reserve of excellence, which he throws into the balance, and by which he generally fancies that it is turned in his favour.

The studious and speculative part of mankind always seem to consider their fraternity as placed in a state of opposition to those who are engaged in the tumult of publick business; and have pleased themselves, from age to age, with celebrating the felicity of their own condition, and with recounting the perplexity of politicks, the dangers of greatness, the anxieties of ambition, and the miseries of riches.

Among the numerous topicks of declamation, that their industry has discovered on this subject,

there is none which they preſs with greater efforts, or on which they have more copiouſly laid out their reaſon and their imagination, than the inſtability of high ſtations and the uncertainty with which the profits and honours are poſſeſſed, that muſt be acquired with ſo much hazard, vigilance, and labour.

This they appear to conſider as an irrefragable argument againſt the choice of the ſtateſman and the warriour; and ſwell with confidence of victory, thus furniſhed by the muſes with the arms which never can be blunted, and which no art or ſtrength of their adverſaries can elude or reſiſt.

It is well known by experience to the nations which employed elephants in war, that though by the terrour of their bulk, and the violence of their impreſſion, they often threw the enemy into diſorder, yet there was always danger in the uſe of them, very nearly equivalent to the advantage; for if their firſt charge could be ſupported, they were eaſily driven back upon their confederates; they then broke through the troops behind them, and made no leſs havock in the precipitation of their retreat, than in the fury of their onſet.

I know not whether thoſe, who have ſo vehemently urged the inconveniencies and danger of an active life, have not made uſe of arguments that may be retorted with equal force upon themſelves; and whether the happineſs of a candidate for literary fame be not ſubject to the ſame uncertainty with that of him who governs provinces, commands armies, preſides in the ſenate, or dictates in the cabinet.

That eminence of learning is not to be gained without labour, at leaſt equal to that which any other

other kind of greatneſs can require, will be allowed by thoſe who wiſh to elevate the character of a ſcholar; ſince they cannot but know, that every human acquiſition is valuable in proportion to the difficulty employed in its attainment. And that thoſe, who have gained the eſteem and veneration of the world, by their knowledge or their genius, are by no means exempt from the ſolicitude which any other kind of dignity produces, may be conjectured from the innumerable artifices which they make uſe of to degrade a ſuperior, to repreſs a rival, or obſtruct a follower; artifices ſo groſs and mean, as to prove evidently how much a man may excel, in learning, without being either more wiſe or more virtuous than thoſe whoſe ignorance he pities or deſpiſes.

Nothing therefore remains, by which the ſtudent can gratify his deſire of appearing to have built his happineſs on a more firm baſis than his antagoniſt, except the certainty with which his honours are enjoyed. The garlands gained by the heroes of literature muſt be gathered from ſummits equally difficult to climb with thoſe that bear the civick or triumphal wreaths; they muſt be worn with equal envy, and guarded with equal care from thoſe hands that are always employed in efforts to tear them away; the only remaining hope is, that their verdure is more laſting, and that they are leſs likely to fail by time, or leſs obnoxious to the blaſts of accident.

Even this hope will receive very little encouragement from the examination of the hiſtory of learning, or obſervation of the fate of ſcholars in the preſent age. If we look back into paſt times, we

find innumerable names of authors once in high reputation, read perhaps by the beautiful, quoted by the witty, and commented by the grave; but of whom we now know only that they once exiſted. If we conſider the diſtribution of literary fame in our own time, we ſhall find it a poſſeſſion of very uncertain tenure; ſometimes beſtowed by a ſudden caprice of the publick, and again tranſferred to a new favourite, for no other reaſon than that he is new; ſometimes refuſed to long labour and eminent deſert, and ſometimes granted to very ſlight pretenſions; loſt ſometimes by ſecurity and negligence, and ſometimes by too diligent endeavours to retain it.

A ſucceſsful author is equally in danger of the diminution of his fame, whether he continues or ceaſes to write. The regard of the publick is not to be kept but by tribute, and the remembrance of paſt ſervice will quickly languiſh unleſs ſucceſſive performances frequently revive it. Yet in every new attempt there is new hazard, and there are few who do not, at ſome unlucky time, injure their own characters by attempting to enlarge them.

There are many poſſible cauſes of that inequality which we may ſo frequently obſerve in the performances of the ſame man, from the influence of which no ability or induſtry is ſufficiently ſecured, and which have ſo often ſullied the ſplendour of genius, that the wit, as well as the conqueror, may be properly cautioned not to indulge his pride with too early triumphs, but to defer to the end of life his eſtimate of happineſs.

——*Ultima*

——— *Ultima semper*
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die. ADDISON.

Among the motives that urge an author to undertakings by which his reputation is impaired, one of the most frequent must be mentioned with tenderness, because it is not to be counted among his follies, but his miseries. It very often happens that the works of learning or of wit are performed at the direction of those by whom they are to be rewarded; the writer has not always the choice of his subject, but is compelled to accept any task which is thrown before him, without much consideration of his own convenience, and without time to prepare himself by previous studies.

Miscarriages of this kind are likewise frequently the consequence of that acquaintance with the great, which is generally considered as one of the chief privileges of literature and genius. A man who has once learned to think himself exalted by familiarity with those, whom nothing but their birth, or their fortunes, or such stations as are seldom gained by moral excellence, set above him, will not be long without submitting his understanding to their conduct; he will suffer them to prescribe the course of his studies, and employ him for their own purposes either of diversion or interest. His desire of pleasing those whose favour he has weakly made necessary to himself, will not suffer him always to consider how little he is qualified for the work imposed. Either his vanity will tempt him to conceal his deficiencies, or that cowardice,

ardice, which always encroaches fast upon such as spend their lives in the company of persons higher that themselves, will not leave him resolution to assert the liberty of choice.

But, though we suppose that a man by his fortune can avoid the necessity of dependence, and by his spirit can repel the usurpations of patronage, yet he may easily, by writing long, happen to write ill. There is a general succession of events in which contraries are produced by periodical vicissitudes; labour and care are rewarded with success, success produces confidence, confidence relaxes industry, and negligence ruins that reputation which accuracy had raised.

He that happens not to be lulled by praise into supineness, may be animated by it to undertakings above his strength, or incited to fancy himself alike qualified for every kind of composition, and able to comply with the publick taste through all its variations. By some opinion like this, many men have been engaged, at an advanced age, in attempts which they had not time to complete, and after a few weak efforts, sunk into the grave with vexation to see the rising generation gain ground upon them. From these failures the highest genius is not exempt; that judgment which appears so penetrating, when it is employed upon the works of others, very often fails where interest or passion can exert their power. We are blinded in examining our own labours by innumerable prejudices. Our juvenile compositions please us, because they bring to our minds the remembrance of youth; our later performances we are ready to esteem, because we are unwilling to think that we have made no improvement; what flows easily from the

the pen charms us, becauſe we read with pleaſure that which flatters our opinion of our own powers; what was compoſed with great ſtruggles of the mind we do not eaſily reject, becauſe we cannot bear that ſo much labour ſhould be fruitleſs. But the reader has none of theſe prepoſſeſſions, and wonders that the author is ſo unlike himſelf, without conſidering that the ſame ſoil will, with different culture, afford different products.

NUMB. 22. SATURDAY, *June* 2, 1750.

——— Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium, alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amice. HOR.

Without a genius learning ſoars in vain;
And without learning genius ſinks again;
Their force united crowns the ſprightly reign.
ELPHINSTON.

WIT and LEARNING were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; WIT was the offſpring of EUPHROSYNE, and reſembled her in cheerfulneſs and vivacity; LEARNING was born of SOPHIA, and retained her ſeriouſneſs and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual oppoſition, and all means were ſo inceſſantly employed to impreſs upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foreſaw the ill effects of their diſcord, endeavourd to ſoften them, by dividing his regard equally between them, yet his

his impartiality and kindneſs were without effect; the maternal animoſity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their firſt ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as freſh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No ſooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celeſtials, than WIT began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the ſolemnity of LEARNING, and LEARNING to divert Minerva at her loom, by expoſing the blunders and ignorance of WIT.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increaſing, by the encouragement which each received from thoſe whom their mothers had perſuaded to patroniſe and ſupport them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not ſo much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretenſions to regard, and of putting an everlaſting ſtop to the progreſs of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and falſe appearances.

At laſt the day came, when they were both, with the uſual ſolemnities, received into the claſs of ſuperior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour CONCORD loſt her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauſes of the aſſociate powers, haraſſed each other by inceſſant conteſts, with ſuch a regular viciſſitude of victory, that neither was depreſſed.

It was obſervable, that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the ſide of WIT; and that, at the firſt ſallies, the whole aſſembly ſparkled, according to Homer's expreſſion, with unextinguiſhable merriment. But LEARNING would

would reserve her strength till the burst of applause was over, and the languor, with which the violence of joy is always succeeded, began to promise more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence, and by comparing one part of her antagonist's objections with another, commonly made him confute himself; or by shewing how small a part of the question he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepossessions, and rose, at last, with great veneration for LEARNING, but with greater kindness for WIT.

Their conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. WIT was daring and adventurous; LEARNING cautious and deliberate. WIT thought nothing reproachful but dullness; LEARNING was afraid of no imputation but that of error. WIT answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; LEARNING paused, where there was no difficulty, lest any insidious sophism should lie undiscovered. WIT perplexed every debate by rapidity and confusion; LEARNIRG tired the hearers with endless distinctions, and prolonged the dispute without advantage, by proving that which never was denied. WIT, in hopes of shining, would venture to produce what he had not considered, and often succeeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought; LEARNING would reject every new notion, for fear of being intangled in consequences which she could not foresee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from

exalted notions of the bleſſing of liberty; for whether it be that they are angry to ſee with what inconſiderate eagerneſs other heedleſs females ruſh into ſlavery, or with what abſurd vanity the married ladies boaſt the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour to aſſert the natural dignity of their ſex; whether they are conſcious that like barren countries they are free, only becauſe they were never thought to deſerve the trouble of a conqueſt, or imagine that their ſincerity is not always unſuſpected when they declare their contempt of men; it is certain, that they generally appear to have ſome great and inceſſant cauſe of uneaſineſs, and that many of them have at laſt been perſuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had ſo long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they leaſt became them.

What are the real cauſes of the impatience which the ladies diſcover in a virgin ſtate, I ſhall perhaps take ſome other occaſion to examine. That it is not to be envied for its happineſs, appears from the ſolicitude with which it is avoided; from the opinion univerſally prevalent among the ſex, that no woman continues long in it but becauſe ſhe is not invited to forſake it; from the diſpoſition always ſhewn to treat old maids as the refuſe of the world; and from the willingneſs with which it is often quitted at laſt, by thoſe whoſe experience has enabled them to judge at leiſure, and decide with authority.

Yet ſuch is life, that whatever is propoſed, it is much eaſier to find reaſons for rejecting than embracing. Marriage, though a certain ſecurity from the reproach and ſolitude of antiquated virginity, has

has yet, as it is usually conducted, many disadvantages, that take away much from the pleasure which society promises, and might afford, if pleasures and pains were honestly shared, and mutual confidence inviolably preserved.

The miseries, indeed, which many ladies suffer under conjugal vexations, are to be considered with great pity, because their husbands are often not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by persuasion and importunity, equally resistless when urged by those whom they have been always accustomed to reverence and obey; and it very seldom appears, that those who are thus despotick in the disposal of their children, pay any regard to their domestick and personal felicity, or think it so much to be enquired whether they will be happy, as whether they will be rich.

It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other respect to be numbered with robbers and assassins, frequently commit, that, in their estimation, riches and happiness are equivalent terms. They have passed their lives with no other wish than that of adding acre to acre, and filling one bag after another, and imagine the advantage of a daughter sufficiently considered, when they have secured her a large jointure, and given her reasonable expectations of living in the midst of those pleasures, with which she had seen her father and mother solacing their age.

There is an œconomical oracle received among the prudential part of the world, which advises fathers *to marry their daughters lest they should marry themselves*; by which I suppose it is implied, that women, left to their own conduct, generally unite themselves

againſt them; but the forces that were ſent on thoſe expeditions frequently betrayed their truſt; and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in publick, while they ſcorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of ſuperiority on thoſe who ſtill remained in the ſervice of WIT and LEARNING.

Diſguſted with theſe deſertions, the two rivals, at the ſame time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admiſſion to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right hand, and they prepared to obey the happy ſummons. WIT readily ſpread his wings and ſoared aloft, but not being able to ſee far, was bewildered in the pathleſs immenſity of the ethereal ſpaces. LEARNING, who knew the way, ſhook her pinions; but for want of natural vigour could only take ſhort flights: ſo, after many efforts, they both ſunk again to the ground, and learned, from their mutual diſtreſs, the neceſſity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight: LEARNING was borne up by the vigour of WIT, and WIT guided by the perſpicacity of LEARNING. They ſoon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were ſo endeared to each other, that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. WIT perſuaded LEARNING to converſe with the GRACES, and LEARNING engaged WIT in the ſervice of the VIRTUES. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their preſence. They ſoon after married, at the command of Jupiter, and had a numerous progeny of ARTS and SCIENCES.

NUMB. 23. TUESDAY, *June* 5, 1750.

Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur;
Poscentur vario multum diversa palato. HOR.

Three guests I have, dissenting at my feast,
Requiring each to gratify his taste
With different food. FRANCIS.

THAT every man should regulate his actions by his own conscience, without any regard to the opinions of the rest of the world, is one of the first precepts of moral prudence; justified not only by the suffrage of reason, which declares that none of the gifts of heaven are to lie useless, but by the voice likewise of experience, which will soon inform us that, if we make the praise or blame of others the rule of our conduct, we shall be distracted by a boundless variety of irreconcileable judgments, be held in perpetual suspence between contrary impulses, and consult for ever without determination.

I know not whether, for the same reason, it is not necessary for an author to place some confidence in his own skill, and to satisfy himself in the knowledge that he has not deviated from the established laws of composition, without submitting his works to frequent examinations before he gives them to the publick, or endeavouring to secure success by a solicitous conformity to advice and criticism.

It is, indeed, quickly discoverable, that consultation and compliance can conduce little to the perfection of any literary performance; for whoever

ever is so doubtful of his own abilities as to encourage the remarks of others, will find himself every day embarrassed with new difficulties, and will harass his mind, in vain, with the hopeless labour of uniting heterogeneous ideas, digesting independent hints, and collecting into one point the several rays of borrowed light, emitted often with contrary directions.

Of all authors, those who retail their labours in periodical sheets would be most unhappy, if they were much to regard the censures or the admonitions of their readers: for, as their works are not sent into the world at once, but by small parts in gradual succession, it is always imagined, by those who think themselves qualified to give instructions, that they may yet redeem their former failings by hearkening to better judges, and supply the deficiencies of their plan, by the help of the criticisms which are so liberally afforded.

I have had occasion to observe, sometimes with vexation, and sometimes with merriment, the different temper with which the same man reads a printed and manuscript performance. When a book is once in the hands of the publick, it is considered as permanent and unalterable; and the reader, if he be free from personal prejudices, takes it up with no other intention than of pleasing or instructing himself; he accomodates his mind to the author's design; and, having no interest in refusing the amusement that is offered him, never interrupts his own tranquillity by studied cavils, or destroys his satisfaction in that which is already well, by an anxious enquiry how it might be better; but is often contented without

without pleaſure, and pleaſed without perfection.

But if the ſame man be called to conſider the merit of a production yet unpubliſhed, he brings an imagination heated with objections to paſſages, which he has yet never heard; he invokes all the powers of criticiſm, and ſtores his memory with Taſte and Grace, Purity and Delicacy, Manners and Unities, ſounds which, having been once uttered by thoſe that underſtood them, have been ſince re-echoed without meaning, and kept up to the diſturbance of the world, by a conſtant repercuſſion from one coxcomb to another. He conſiders himſelf as obliged to ſhew, by ſome proof of his abilities, that he is not conſulted to no purpoſe, and therefore watches every opening for objection, and looks round for every opportunity to propoſe ſome ſpecious alteration. Such opportunities a very ſmall degree of ſagacity will enable him to find; for in every work of imagination, the diſpoſition of parts, the inſertion of incidents, and uſe of decorations, may be varied a thouſand ways with equal propriety; and as in things nearly equal, that will always ſeem beſt to every man which he himſelf produces, the critick, whoſe buſineſs is only to propoſe, without the care of execution, can never want the ſatisfaction of believing that he has ſuggeſted very important improvements, nor the power of inforcing his advice by arguments, which as they appear convincing to himſelf, either his kindneſs or his vanity will preſs obſtinately and importunately, without ſuſpicion that he may poſſibly judge too haſtily in favour of his own advice, or enquiry whether

whether the advantage of the new ſcheme be proportionate to the labour.

It is obſerved, by the younger Pliny, that an orator ought not ſo much to ſelect the ſtrongeſt arguments which his cauſe admits, as to employ all which his imagination can afford; for, in pleading, thoſe reaſons are of moſt value, which will moſt affect the judges; and the judges, ſays he, will be always moſt touched with that which they had before conceived. Every man who is called to give his opinion of a performance, decides upon the ſame principle; he firſt ſuffers himſelf to form expectations, and then is angry at his diſappointment. He lets his imagination rove at large, and wonders that another, equally unconfined in the boundleſs ocean of poſſibility, takes a different courſe.

But, though the rule of Pliny be judiciouſly laid down, it is not applicable to the writer's cauſe, becauſe there always lies an appeal from domeſtick criticiſm to a higher judicature, and the publick, which is never corrupted, nor often deceived, is to paſs the laſt ſentence upon literary claims.

Of the great force of preconceived opinions I had many proofs, when I firſt entered upon this weekly labour. My readers having, from the performances of my predeceſſors, eſtabliſhed an idea of unconnected eſſays, to which they believed all future authors under a neceſſity of conforming, were impatient of the leaſt deviation from their ſyſtem, and numerous remonſtrances were accordingly made by each, as he found his favourite ſubject omitted or delayed. Some were angry

angry that the RAMBLER did not, like the SPECTATOR, introduce himself to the acquaintance of the publick, by an account of his own birth and studies, an enumeration of his adventures, and a description of his physiognomy. Others soon began to remark that he was a solemn, serious, dictatorial writer, without sprightliness or gaiety, and called out with vehemence for mirth and humour. Another admonished him to have a special eye upon the various clubs of this great city, and informed him that much of the Spectator's vivacity was laid out upon such assemblies. He has been censured for not imitating the politeness of his predecessors, having hitherto neglected to take the ladies under his protection, and give them rules for the just opposition of colours, and the proper dimensions of ruffles and pinners. He has been required by one to fix a particular censure upon those matrons who play at cards with spectacles. And another is very much offended whenever he meets with a speculation, in which naked precepts are comprised, without the illustration of examples and characters.

I make not the least question that all these monitors intend the promotion of my design, and the instruction of my readers; but they do not know, or do not reflect, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himself; and selects those subjects which he is best qualified to treat, by the course of his studies, or the accidents of his life; that some topics of amusement have been already treated with too much success to invite a competition; and that he who endeavours to gain many readers must try various arts of invitation, essay

every avenue of pleaſure, and make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

I cannot but conſider myſelf, amidſt this tumult of criticiſm, as a ſhip in a poetical tempeſt, impelled at the ſame time by oppoſite winds, and daſhed by the waves from every quarter, but held upright by the contrariety of the aſſailants, and ſecured, in ſome meaſure, by multiplicity of diſtreſs. Had the opinion of my cenſurers been unanimous, it might perhaps have overſet my reſolution; but ſince I find them at variance with each other, I can, without ſcruple, neglect them, and endeavour to gain the favour of the publick by following the direction of my own reaſon, and indulging the fallies of my own imagination.

NUMB. 24. SATURDAY, *June* 9, 1750.

Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere. PERSIUS.

None, none deſcends into himſelf. DRYDEN.

AMONG the precepts, or aphoriſms, admitted by general conſent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous among the maſters of ancient wiſdom, than that compendious leſſon, Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, *Be acquainted with thyſelf*; aſcribed by ſome to an oracle, and by others to Chilo of Lacedemon.

This is, indeed, a dictate which, in the whole extent of its meaning, may be ſaid to compriſe all the ſpeculation requiſite to a moral agent. For what more can be neceſſary to the regulation of

life, than the knowledge of our original, our end, our duties, and our relation to other beings?

It is however very improbable that the firſt author, whoever he was, intended to be underſtood in this unlimited and complicated ſenſe; for of the inquiries, which in ſo large an acceptation it would ſeem to recommend, ſome are too extenſive for the powers of man, and ſome require light from above, which was not yet indulged to the heathen world.

We might have had more ſatisfaction concerning the original import of this celebrated ſentence, if hiſtory had informed us, whether it was uttered as a general inſtruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to ſome private inquirer; whether it was applied to ſome ſingle occaſion, or laid down as the univerſal rule of life.

There will occur, upon the ſlighteſt conſideration, many poſſible circumſtances, in which this monition might very properly be inforced; for every error in human conduct muſt ariſe from ignorance in ourſelves, either perpetual or temporary; and happen either becauſe we do not know what is beſt and fitteſt, or becauſe our knowledge is at the time of action not preſent to the mind.

When a man employs himſelf upon remote and unneceſſary ſubjects, and waſtes his life upon queſtions which cannot be reſolved, and of which the ſolution would conduce very little to the advancement of happineſs; when he laviſhes his hours in calculating the weight of the terraqueous globe, or in adjuſting ſucceſſive ſyſtems of worlds beyond the reach of the teleſcope; he may be very properly recalled from his excurſions by this precept, and reminded, that there is a nearer being with which it

is his duty to be more acquainted; and from which his attention has hitherto been withheld by ſtudies, to which he has no other motive than vanity or curioſity.

The great praiſe of Socrates is, that he drew the wits of Greece, by his inſtruction and example, from the vain purſuit of natural philoſophy to moral inquiries, and turned their thoughts from ſtars and tides, and matter and motion, upon the various modes of virtue and relations of life. All his lectures were but commentaries upon this ſaying; if we ſuppoſe the knowledge of ourſelves recommended by Chilo, in oppoſition to other inquiries leſs ſuitable to the ſtate of man.

The great fault of men of learning is ſtill, that they offend againſt this rule, and appear willing to ſtudy any thing rather than themſelves; for which reaſon they are often deſpiſed by thoſe, with whom they imagine themſelves above compariſon; deſpiſed, as uſeleſs to common purpoſes, as unable to conduct the moſt trivial affairs, and unqualified to perform thoſe offices by which the concatenation of ſociety is preſerved, and mutual tenderneſs excited and maintained.

Gelidus is a man of great penetration, and deep reſearches. Having a mind naturally formed for the abſtruſer ſciences, he can comprehend intricate combinations without confuſion, and being of a temper naturally cool and equal, he is ſeldom interrupted by his paſſions in the purſuit of the longeſt chain of unexpected conſequences. He has, therefore, a long time indulged hopes, that the ſolution of ſome problems, by which the profeſſors of ſcience have been hitherto baffled, is reſerved for his genius and induſtry. He ſpends his time in the higheſt

room

room of his houſe, into which none of his family are ſuffered to enter; and when he comes down to his dinner, or his reſt, he walks about like a ſtranger that is there only for a day, without any tokens of regard or tenderneſs. He has totally diveſted himſelf of all human ſenſations; he has neither eye for beauty, nor ear for complaint; he neither rejoices at the good fortune of his neareſt friend, nor mourns for any publick or private calamity. Having once received a letter, and given it to his ſervant to read, he was informed, that it was written by his brother, who, being ſhipwrecked, had ſwam naked to land, and was deſtitute of neceſſaries in a foreign country. Naked and deſtitute! ſays Gelidus; reach down the laſt volume of meteorological obſervations, extract an exact account of the wind, and note it carefully in the diary of the weather.

The family of Gelidus once broke into his ſtudy, to ſhew him that a town at a ſmall diſtance was on fire, and in a few moments a ſervant came to tell him, that the flame had caught ſo many houſes on both ſides, that the inhabitants were confounded, and began to think of rather eſcaping with their lives, than ſaving their dwellings. What you tell me, ſays Gelidus, is very probable, for fire naturally acts in a circle.

Thus lives this great philoſopher, inſenſible to every ſpectacle of diſtreſs, and unmoved by the loudeſt call of ſocial nature, for want of conſidering that men are deſigned for the ſuccour and comfort of each other; that though there are hours which may be laudably ſpent upon knowledge not immediately uſeful, yet the firſt attention is due to practical virtue; and that he may be juſtly driven out from the commerce of mankind, who has ſo far

abſtracted himſelf from the ſpecies, as to partake neither of the joys nor griefs of others, but neglects the endearments of his wife, and the careſſes of his children, to count the drops of rain, note the changes of the wind, and calculate the eclipſes of the moons of Jupiter.

I ſhall reſerve to ſome future paper the religious and important meaning of this epitome of wiſdom, and only remark, that it may be applied to the gay and light, as well as to the grave and ſolemn parts of life; and that not only the philoſopher may forfeit his pretences to real learning, but the wit and the beauty may miſcarry in their ſchemes, by the want of this univerſal requiſite, the knowledge of themſelves.

It is ſurely for no other reaſon, that we ſee ſuch numbers reſolutely ſtruggling againſt nature, and contending for that which they never can attain, endeavouring to unite contradictions, and determined to excel in characters inconſiſtent with each other; that ſtock-jobbers affect dreſs, gaiety, and elegance, and mathematicians labour to be wits; that the ſoldier teaſes his acquaintance with queſtions in theology, and the academick hopes to divert the ladies by a recital of his gallantries. That abſurdity of pride could proceed only from ignorance of themſelves, by which Garth attempted criticiſm, and Congreve waved his title to dramatick reputation, and deſired to be conſidered only as a gentleman.

Euphues, with great parts and extenſive knowledge, has a clouded aſpect and ungracious form; yet it has been his ambition, from his firſt entrance into life, to diſtinguiſh himſelf by particularities in his dreſs, to outvie beaus in embroidery,

to

to import new trimmings, and to be foremoſt in the faſhion. Euphues has turned on his exterior appearance, that attention, which would always have produced eſteem had it been fixed upon his mind; and though his virtues and abilities have preſerved him from the contempt which he has ſo diligently ſolicited, he has, at leaſt, raiſed one impediment to his reputation; ſince all can judge of his dreſs, but few of his underſtanding; and many who diſcern that he is a fop, are unwilling to believe that he can be wiſe.

There is one inſtance in which the ladies are particularly unwilling to obſerve the rule of Chilo. They are deſirous to hide from themſelves the advances of age, and endeavour too frequently to ſupply the ſprightlineſs and bloom of youth by artificial beauty and forced vivacity. They hope to inflame the heart by glances which have loſt their fire, or melt it by languor which is no longer delicate; they play over the airs which pleaſed at a time when they were expected only to pleaſe, and forget that airs in time ought to give place to virtues. They continue to trifle, becauſe they could once triſle agreeably, till thoſe who ſhared their early pleaſures are withdrawn to more ſerious engagements; and are ſcarcely awakened from their dream of perpetual youth, but by the ſcorn of thoſe whom they endeavour to rival.

NUMB. 25. TUESDAY, *June* 12, 1750.

Possunt quia posse videntur. VIRGIL.

For they can conquer who believe they can. DRYDEN.

THERE are some vices and errors which, though often fatal to those in whom they are found, have yet, by the universal consent of mankind, been considered as entitled to some degree of respect, or have, at least, been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and condemned by the severest moralists with pity rather than detestation.

A constant and invariable example of this general partiality will be found in the different regard which has always been shown to rashness and cowardice, two vices, of which, though they may be conceived equally distant from the middle point, where true fortitude is placed, and may equally injure any publick or private interest, yet the one is never mentioned without some kind of veneration, and the other always considered as a topick of unlimited and licentious censure, on which all the virulence of reproach may be lawfully exerted.

The same distinction is made, by the common suffrage, between profusion and avarice, and, perhaps, between many other opposite vices; and, as I have found reason to pay great regard to the voice of the people, in cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions or deep researches, I am inclined to believe that this distribution of respect is not without some agreement with the nature of things; and that in the faults, which are thus invested with extraordinary privileges, there are generally some latent principles

principles of merit, some possibilities of future virtue, which may, by degrees, break from obstruction, and by time and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more easy to take away superfluities than to supply defects; and therefore he that is culpable, because he has passed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope, than he who fails by falling short. The one has all that perfection requires, and more, but the excess may be easily retrenched; the other wants the qualities requisite to excellence, and who can tell how he shall obtain them? We are certain that the horse may be taught to keep pace with his fellows, whose fault is that he leaves them behind. We know that a few strokes of the axe will lop a cedar; but what arts of cultivation can elevate a shrub.

To walk with circumspection and steadiness in the right path, at an equal distance between the extremes of error, ought to be the constant endeavour of every reasonable being; nor can I think those teachers of moral wisdom much to be honoured as benefactors to mankind, who are always enlarging upon the difficulty of our duties, and providing rather excuses for vice, than incentives to virtue.

But, since to most it will happen often, and to all sometimes, that there will be a deviation towards one side or the other, we ought always to employ our vigilance, with most attention, on that enemy from which there is the greatest danger, and to stray, if we must stray, towards those parts from whence we may quickly and easily return.

Among other oppoſite qualities of the mind, which may become dangerous, though in different degrees, I have often had occaſion to conſider the contrary effects of preſumption and deſpondency; of heady confidence, which promiſes victory without conteſt, and heartleſs puſillanimity, which ſhrinks back from the thought of great undertakings, confounds difficulty with impoſſibility, and conſiders all advancement towards any new attainment as irreverſibly prohibited.

Preſumption will be eaſily corrected. Every experiment will teach caution, and miſcarriages will hourly ſhew, that attempts are not always rewarded with ſucceſs. The moſt precipitate ardour will, in time, be taught the neceſſity of methodical gradation and preparatory meaſures; and the moſt daring confidence be convinced that neither merit, nor abilities, can command events.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that they are always haſtening to their own reformation; becauſe they incite us to try whether our expectations are well grounded, and therefore detect the deceits which they are apt to occaſion. But timidity is a diſeaſe of the mind more obſtinate and fatal; for a man once perſuaded, that any impediment is inſuperable, has given it, with reſpect to himſelf, that ſtrength and weight which it had not before. He can ſcarcely ſtrive with vigour and perſeverance, when he has no hope of gaining the victory; and ſince he never will try his ſtrength, can never diſcover the unreaſonableneſs of his fears.

There is often to be found in men devoted to literature, a kind of intellectual cowardice, which whoever converſes much among them, may obſerve frequently to depreſs the alacrity of enterpriſe,

priſe, and, by conſequence, to retard the improvement of ſcience. They have annexed to every ſpecies of knowledge ſome chimerical character of terror and inhibition, which they tranſmit, without much reflection, from one to another; they firſt fright themſelves, and then propagate the panick to their ſcholars and acquaintance. One ſtudy is inconſiſtent with a lively imagination, another with a ſolid judgment; one is improper in the early parts of life, another requires ſo much time, that it is not to be attempted at an advanced age; one is dry and contracts the ſentiments, another is diffuſe and overburdens the memory; one is inſufferable to taſte and delicacy, and another wears out life in the ſtudy of words, and is uſeleſs to a wiſe man, who deſires only the knowledge of things.

But of all the bugbears by which the *Infantes barbati*, boys both young and old, have been hitherto frighted from digreſſing into new tracts of learning, none has been more miſchievouſly efficacious than an opinion that every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius, or mental conſtitution, framed for the reception of ſome ideas, and the excluſion of others; and that to him whoſe genius is not adapted to the ſtudy which he proſecutes, all labour ſhall be vain and fruitleſs, vain as an endeavour to mingle oil and water, or in the language of chemiſtry to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous principles.

This opinion we may reaſonably ſuſpect to have been propagated, by vanity, beyond the truth. It is natural for thoſe who have raiſed a reputation by any ſcience, to exalt themſelves as endowed by heaven with peculiar powers, or marked out by an extraordinary deſignation for their profeſſion; and to fright competitors away by repreſenting the dif-

ficulties with which they muſt contend, and the neceſſity of qualities which are ſuppoſed to be not generally conferred, and which no man can know but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this diſcouragement it may be poſſibly anſwered, that ſince a genius, whatever it be, is like fire in the flint, only to be produced by colliſion with a proper ſubject, it is the buſineſs of every man to try whether his faculties may not happily co-operate with his deſires; and ſince they whoſe proficiency he admires, knew their own force only by the event, he needs but engage in the ſame undertaking with equal ſpirit, and may reaſonably hope for equal ſucceſs.

There is another ſpecies of falſe intelligence, given by thoſe who profeſs to ſhew the way to the ſummit of knowledge, of equal tendency to depreſs the mind with falſe diſtruſt of itſelf, and weaken it by needleſs ſolicitude and dejection. When a ſcholar whom they deſire to animate, conſults them at his entrance on ſome new ſtudy, it is common to make flattering repreſentations of its pleaſantneſs and facility. Thus they generally attain one of two ends almoſt equally deſirable; they either incite his induſtry by elevating his hopes, or produce a high opinion of their own abilities, ſince they are ſuppoſed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with no leſs eaſe than they promiſe to their followers.

The ſtudent, inflamed by this encouragement, ſets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few ſteps with great alacrity, but he ſoon finds aſperities and intricacies of which he has not been forewarned, and imagining that none ever were ſo entangled or fatigued before him, ſinks ſuddenly into deſpair, and deſiſts

deſiſts as from an expedition in which fate oppoſes him. Thus his terrors are multiplied by his hopes, and he is defeated without reſiſtance, becauſe he had no expectation of an enemy.

Of theſe treacherous inſtructors, the one deſtroys induſtry, by declaring that induſtry is vain, the other by repreſenting it as needleſs; the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raiſes it only to be blaſted. The one confines his pupil to the ſhore, by telling him that his wreck is certain, the other ſends him to ſea, without preparing him for tempeſts.

Falſe hopes and falſe terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who propoſes to grow eminent by learning, ſhould carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence, and the force of induſtry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour, and that labour, vigorouſly continued, has not often failed of its reward.

NUMB. 26. SATURDAY, *June* 14, 1750.

Ingentes dominos, et claræ nomina famæ,
Illustrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita, et long è cautus fuge; contrahe vela,
Et te littorius cymba propinqua vehat. SENECA.

Each mighty lord, big with a pompous name,
And each high house of fortune and of fame,
With caution fly; contract thy ample sails,
And near the shore improve the gentle gales. ELPHINSTON.

MR. RAMBLER.

IT is usual for men, engaged in the same pursuits, to be inquisitive after the conduct and fortune of each other; and therefore, I suppose it will not be unpleasing to you, to read an account of the various changes which have happened in part of a life devoted to literature. My narrative will not exhibit any great variety of events, or extraordinary revolutions; but may, perhaps, be not less useful, because I shall relate nothing which is not likely to happen to a thousand others.

I was born heir to a very small fortune, and left by my father, whom I cannot remember, to the care of an uncle. He having no children, always treated me as his son, and finding in me those qualities which old men easily discover in sprightly children, when they happen to love them, declared that a genius like mine should never be lost for want of cultivation. He therefore placed me, for the usual time, at a great school, and then sent me to the university, with a larger allowance than my own patrimony would have afforded, that I might not keep mean company, but learn to become my dignity when I should be made lord chancellor, which

which he often lamented, that the increaſe of his infirmities was very likely to preclude him from ſeeing.

This exuberance of money diſplayed itſelf in gaiety of appearance and wantonneſs of expence, and introduced me to the acquaintance of thoſe whom the ſame ſuperfluity of fortune betrayed to the ſame licence and oſtentation: young heirs, who pleaſed themſelves with a remark very frequent in their mouths, that though they were ſent by their fathers to the univerſity, they were not under the neceſſity of living by their learning.

Among men of this claſs I eaſily obtained the reputation of a great genius, and was perſuaded, that, with ſuch livelineſs of imagination and delicacy of ſentiment, I ſhould never be able to ſubmit to the drudgery of the law. I therefore gave myſelf wholly to the more airy and elegant parts of learning, and was often ſo much elated with my ſuperiority to the youths with whom I converſed, that I began to liſten, with great attention, to thoſe that recommended to me a wider and more conſpicuous theatre; and was particularly touched with an obſervation, made by one of my friends; That it was not by lingering in the univerſity that Prior became ambaſſador, or Addiſon ſecretary of ſtate.

This deſire was hourly increaſed by the ſolicitation of my companions, who removing one by one to London, as the caprice of their relations allowed them, or the legal diſmiſſion from the hands of their guardians put it in their power, never failed to ſend an account of the beauty and felicity of the new world, and to remonſtrate how much was loſt by every

every hour's continuance in a place of retirement and conſtraint.

My uncle in the mean time frequently haraſſed me with monitory letters, which I ſometimes neglected to open for a week after I received them, and generally read in a tavern, with ſuch comments as might ſhew how much I was ſuperior to inſtruction or advice. I could not but wonder, how a man confined to the country, and unacquainted with the preſent ſyſtem of things, ſhould imagine himſelf qualified to inſtruct a riſing genius, born to give laws to the age, refine its taſte, and multiply its pleaſures.

The poſtman, however, ſtill continued to bring me new remonſtrances; for my uncle was very little depreſſed by the ridicule and reproach which he never heard. But men of parts have quick reſentments; it was impoſſible to bear his uſurpations for ever; and I reſolved, once for all, to make him an example to thoſe who imagined themſelves wiſe becauſe they are old, and to teach young men, who are too tame under repreſentation, in what manner grey-bearded inſolence ought to be treated. I therefore one evening took my pen in hand, and after having animated myſelf with a catch, wrote a general anſwer to all his precepts, with ſuch vivacity of turn, ſuch elegance of irony, and ſuch aſperity of ſarcaſm, that I convulſed a large company with univerſal laughter, diſturbed the neighbourhood with vociferations of applauſe, and five days afterwards was anſwered, that I muſt be content to live on my own eſtate.

This contraction of my income gave me no diſturbance, for a genius like mine was out of the reach of want. I had friends that would be proud

to

to open their purſes at my call, and proſpects of ſuch advancement as would ſoon reconcile my uncle, whom, upon mature deliberation, I reſolved to receive into favour, without inſiſting on any acknowledgment of his offence, when the ſplendour of my condition ſhould induce him to wiſh for my countenance. I therefore went up to London, before I had ſhewn the alteration of my condition, by any abatement of my way of living, and was received by all my academical acquaintance with triumph and congratulation. I was immediately introduced among the wits and men of ſpirit; and in a ſhort time had diveſted myſelf of all my ſcholar's gravity, and obtained the reputation of a pretty fellow.

You will eaſily believe that I had no great knowledge of the world; yet I had been hindered, by the general diſinclination every man feels to confeſs poverty, from telling to any one the reſolution of my uncle, and for ſome time ſubſiſted upon the ſtock of money which I had brought with me, and contributed my ſhare, as before, to all our entertainments. But my pocket was ſoon emptied, and I was obliged to aſk my friends for a ſmall ſum. This was a favour, which we had often reciprocally received from one another; they ſuppoſed my wants only accidental, and therefore willingly ſupplied them. In a ſhort time I found a neceſſity of aſking again, and was again treated with the ſame civility; but the third time they began to wonder what that old rogue my uncle could mean by ſending a gentleman to town without money; and when they gave me what I aſked for, adviſed me to ſtipulate for more regular remittances.

This ſomewhat diſturbed my dream of conſtant affluence, but I was three days after completely awaked;

awaked; for entering the tavern, where we met every evening, I found the waiters remitted their complaisance, and, instead of contending to light me up stairs, suffered me to wait for some minutes by the bar. When I came to my company I found them unusually grave and formal, and one of them took a hint to turn the conversation upon the misconduct of young men, and enlarged upon the folly of frequenting the company of men of fortune, without being able to support the expence, an observation which the rest contributed either to enforce by repetition, or to illustrate by examples. Only one of them tried to divert the discourse, and endeavoured to direct my attention to remote questions and common topicks.

A man guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected. I went, however, next morning to breakfast with him who appeared ignorant of the drift of the conversation, and by a series of enquiries, drawing still nearer to the point, prevailed on him, not, perhaps, much against his will, to inform me, that Mr. *Dash*, whose father was a wealthy attorney near my native place, had, the morning before, received an account of my uncle's resentment, and communicated his intelligence with the utmost industry of grovelling insolence.

It was now no longer practicable to consort with my former friends, unless I would be content to be used as an inferior guest, who was to pay for his wine by mirth and flattery; a character which, if I could not escape it, I resolved to endure only among those who had never known me in the pride of plenty. I changed my lodgings, and frequented the coffee-houses in a different region of the town; where I was very quickly distinguished by

by ſeveral young gentlemen of high birth and large eſtates, and began again to amuſe my imagination with hopes of preferment, though not quite ſo confidently as when I had leſs experience.

The firſt great conqueſt which this new ſcene enabled me to gain over myſelf was, when I ſubmitted to confeſs to a party, who invited me to an expenſive diverſion, that my revenues were not equal to ſuch golden pleaſures; they would not ſuffer me, however, to ſtay behind, and with great reluctance I yielded to be treated. I took that opportunity of recommending myſelf to ſome office or employment, which they unanimouſly promiſed to procure me by their joint intereſt.

I had now entered into a ſtate of dependence, and had hopes, or fears, from almoſt every man I ſaw. If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his miſery who has many? I was obliged to comply with a thouſand caprices, to concur in a thouſand follies, and to countenance a thouſand errors. I endured innumerable mortifications, if not from cruelty, at leaſt from negligence, which will creep in upon the kindeſt and moſt delicate minds, when they converſe without the mutual awe of equal condition. I found the ſpirit and vigour of liberty every moment ſinking in me, and a ſervile fear of diſpleaſing, ſtealing by degrees upon all my behaviour, till no word, or look, or action, was my own. As the ſolicitude to pleaſe increaſed, the power of pleaſing grew leſs, and I was always clouded with diffidence where it was moſt my intereſt and wiſh to ſhine.

My patrons, conſidering me as belonging to the community, and, therefore, not the charge of any particular perſon, made no ſcruple of neglecting any

any opportunity of promoting me, which every one thought more properly the buſineſs of another. An account of my expectations and diſappointments, and the ſucceeding viciſſitudes of my life, I ſhall give you in my following letter, which will be, I hope, of uſe to ſhew how ill he forms his ſchemes, who expects happineſs without freedom.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 27. TUESDAY, *June* 19, 1750.

—— Pauperiem metuens potiore metallis
Libertate caret.—— HOR.

So he, who poverty with horror views,
Who ſells his freedom in exchange for gold,
(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply ſold,)
Shall make eternal ſervitude his fate,
And feel a haughty maſter's galling weight. FRANCIS.

Mr. RAMBLER,

AS it is natural for every man to think himſelf of importance, your knowledge of the world will incline you to forgive me, if I imagine your curioſity ſo much excited by the former part of my narration, as to make you deſire that I ſhould proceed without any unneceſſary arts of connection. I ſhall, therefore, not keep you longer in ſuch ſuſpence, as perhaps my performance may not compenſate.

In the gay company with which I was now united, I found thoſe allurements and delights, which the friendſhip of young men always affords; there was that openneſs which naturally produced confidence,

fidence, that affability which, in some measure, softened dependence, and that ardour of profession which incited hope. When our hearts were dilated with merriment, promises were poured out with unlimited profusion, and life and fortune were but a scanty sacrifice to friendship; but when the hour came, at which any effort was to be made, I had generally the vexation to find that my interest weighed nothing against the slightest amusement, and that every petty avocation was found a sufficient plea for continuing me in uncertainty and want. Their kindness was indeed sincere; when they promised, they had no intention to deceive; but the same juvenile warmth which kindled their benevolence, gave force in the same proportion to every other passion, and I was forgotten as soon as any new pleasure seized on their attention.

Vagario told me one evening, that all my perplexities should be soon at an end, and desired me, from that instant, to throw upon him all care of my fortune, for a post of considerable value was that day become vacant, and he knew his interest sufficient to procure it in the morning. He desired me to call on him early, that he might be dressed soon enough to wait on the minister before any other application should be made. I came as he appointed, with all the flame of gratitude, and was told by his servant, that having found at his lodgings, when he came home, an acquaintance who was going to travel, he had been persuaded to accompany him to Dover, and that they had taken post-horses two hours before day.

I was once very near to preferment, by the kindness of Charinus, who, at my request, went to beg a place, which he thought me likely to fill with great

great reputation, and in which I ſhould have many opportunities of promoting his intereſt in return; and he pleaſed himſelf with imagining the mutual benefits that we ſhould confer and the advances that we ſhould make by our united ſtrength. Away therefore he went, equally warm with friendſhip and ambition, and left me to prepare acknowledgments againſt his return. At length he came back, and told me that he had met in his way a party going to breakfaſt in the country, that the ladies importuned him too much to be refuſed, and that having paſſed the morning with them, he was come back to dreſs himſelf for a ball, to which he was invited for the evening.

I have ſuffered ſeveral diſappointments from tailors and periwig-makers, who by neglecting to perform their work withheld my patrons from court; and once failed of an eſtabliſhment for life by the delay of a ſervant, ſent to a neighbouring ſhop to repleniſh a ſnuff-box.

At laſt I thought my ſolicitude at an end, for an office fell into the gift of Hippodamus's father, who being then in the country, could not very ſpeedily fill it, and whoſe fondneſs could not have ſuffered him to refuſe his ſon a leſs reaſonable requeſt. Hippodamus therefore ſet forward with great expedition, and I expected every hour an account of his ſucceſs. A long time I waited without any intelligence, but at laſt received a letter from Newmarket, by which I was informed, that the races were begun, and I knew the vehemence of his paſſions too well to imagine that he could refuſe himſelf his favourite amuſement.

You will not wonder that I was at laſt weary of the patronage of young men, eſpecially as I found

found them not generally to promiſe much greater fidelity as they advance in life; for I obſerved that what they gained in ſteadineſs they loſt in benevolence, and grew colder to my intereſt as they became more diligent to promote their own. I was convinced that their liberality was only profuſeneſs, that, as chance directed, they were equally generous to vice and virtue, that they were warm but becauſe they were thoughtleſs, and counted the ſupport of a friend only amongſt other gratifications of paſſion.

My reſolution was now to ingratiate myſelf with men whoſe reputation was eſtabliſhed, whoſe high ſtations enabled them to prefer me, and whoſe age exempted them from ſudden changes of inclination. I was conſidered as a man of parts, and therefore eaſily found admiſſion to the table of Hilarius, the celebrated orator, renowned equally for the extent of his knowledge, the elegance of his diction, and the acuteneſs of his wit. Hilarius received me with an appearance of great ſatisfaction, produced to me all his friends, and directed to me that part of his diſcourſe in which he moſt endeavoured to diſplay his imagination. I had now learned my own intereſt enough to ſupply him opportunities for ſmart remarks and gay ſallies, which I never failed to echo and applaud. Thus I was gaining every hour on his affections, till unfortunately, when the aſſembly was more ſplendid than uſual, his deſire of admiration prompted him to turn his raillery upon me. I bore it for ſome time with great ſubmiſſion, and ſucceſs encouraged him to redouble his attacks; at laſt my vanity prevailed over my prudence, I retorted his irony with ſuch ſpirit, that Hilarius, unac-

unaccuſtomed to reſiſtance, was diſconcerted, and ſoon found means of convincing me that his purpoſe was not to encourage a rival, but to foſter a paraſite.

I was then taken into the familiarity of Argutio, a nobleman eminent for judgment and criticiſm. He had contributed to my reputation by the praiſes which he had often beſtowed upon my writings, in which he owned that there were proofs of a genius that might riſe to high degrees of excellence, when time, or information, had reduced its exuberance. He therefore required me to conſult him before the publication of any new performance, and commonly propoſed innumerable alterations, without ſufficient attention to the general deſign, or regard to my form of ſtyle and mode of imagination. But theſe corrections he never failed to preſs as indiſpenſably neceſſary, and thought the leaſt delay of compliance an act of rebellion. The pride of an author made this treatment inſufferable, and I thought any tyranny eaſier to be borne than that which took from me the uſe of my underſtanding.

My next patron was Eutyches the ſtateſman, who was wholly engaged in publick affairs, and ſeemed to have no ambition but to be powerful and rich. I found his favour more permanent than that of the others, for there was a certain price at which it might be bought; he allowed nothing to humour, or to affection, but was always ready to pay liberally for the ſervice that he required. His demands were, indeed, very often ſuch as virtue could not eaſily conſent to gratify; but virtue is not to be conſulted when men are to raiſe their fortunes by the favour of the great. His

measures were censured; I wrote in his defence, and was recompensed with a place, of which the profits were never received by me without the pangs of remembering that they were the reward of wickedness, a reward which nothing but that necessity, which the consumption of my little estate in these wild pursuits had brought upon me, hindered me from throwing back in the face of my corruptor.

At this time my uncle died without a will, and I became heir to a small fortune. I had resolution to throw off the splendour which reproached me to myself, and retire to an humbler state, in which I am now endeavouring to recover the dignity of virtue, and hope to make some reparation for my crime and follies, by informing others, who may be led after the same pageants, that they are about to engage in a course of life, in which they are to purchase by a thousand miseries, the privilege of repentance.

I am, &c.

EUBULUS.

NUMB. 28. SATURDAY, *June* 23, 1750.

Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi. SENECA.

To him, alas! to him I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear,
Who in his life, flatt'ring his senseless pride,
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go. COWLEY.

I HAVE shewn, in a late essay, to what errors men are hourly betrayed by a mistaken opinion of their own powers, and a negligent inspection of their own character. But as I then confined my observations to common occurrences and familiar scenes, I think it proper to inquire, how far a nearer acquaintance with ourselves is necessary to our preservation from crimes as well as follies, and how much the attentive study of our own minds may contribute to secure to us the approbation of that Being, to whom we are accountable for our thoughts and our actions, and whose favour must finally constitute our total happiness.

If it be reasonable to estimate the difficulty of any enterprise by frequent miscarriages, it may justly be concluded that it is not easy for a man to know himself; for whersoever we turn our view, we shall find almost all with whom we converse so nearly as to judge of their sentiments, indulging more favourable conceptions of their own virtue than they have been able to impress upon others, and congratulating themselves upon degrees of excellence, which their fondest admirers cannot allow them to have attained.

Those

Thoſe repreſentations of imaginary virtue are generally conſidered as arts of hypocriſy, and as ſnares laid for confidence and praiſe. But I believe the ſuſpicion often unjuſt; thoſe who thus propagate their own reputation, only extend the fraud by which they have been themſelves deceived; for this failing is incident to numbers, who ſeem to live without deſigns, competitions, or purſuits; it appears on occaſions which promiſe no acceſſion of honour or of profit, and to perſons from whom very little is to be hoped or feared. It is, indeed, not eaſy to tell how far we may be blinded by the love of ourſelves, when we reflect how much a ſecondary paſſion can cloud our judgment, and how few faults a man, in the firſt raptures of love, can diſcover in the perſon or conduct of his miſtreſs.

To lay open all the ſources from which error flows in upon him who contemplates his own character, would require more exact knowledge of the human heart, than, perhaps, the moſt acute and laborious obſervers have acquired. And ſince falſehood may be diverſified without end, it is not unlikely that every man admits an impoſture in ſome reſpect peculiar to himſelf, as his views have been accidentally directed, or his ideas particularly combined.

Some fallacies, however, there are, more frequently inſidious, which it may, perhaps, not be uſeleſs to detect, becauſe though they are groſs, they may be fatal, and becauſe nothing but attention is neceſſary to defeat them.

One ſophiſm by which men perſuade themſelves that they have thoſe virtues which they really want, is formed by the ſubſtitution of ſingle acts

for habits. A miser who once relieved a friend from the danger of a prison, suffers his imagination to dwell for ever upon his own heroick generosity; he yields his heart up to indignation at those who are blind to merit or insensible to misery, and who can please themselves with the enjoyment of that wealth, which they never permit others to partake. From any censures of the world, or reproaches of his conscience, he has an appeal to action and to knowledge; and though his whole life is a course of rapacity and avarice, he concludes himself to be tender and liberal, because he has once performed an act of liberality and tenderness.

As a glass which magnifies objects by the approach of one end to the eye, lessens them by the application of the other; so vices are extenuated by the inversion of that fallacy, by which virtues are augmented. Those faults which we cannot conceal from our own notice, are considered, however frequent, not as habitual corruptions or settled practices, but as casual failures, and single lapses. A man who has, from year to year, set his country to sale, either for the gratification of his ambition or resentment, confesses that the heat of party now and then betrays the severest virtue to measures that cannot be seriously defended. He that spends his days and nights in riot and debauchery, owns that his passions oftentimes overpower his resolution. But each comforts himself that his faults are not without precedent, for the best and the wisest men have given way to the violence of sudden temptations.

There are men who always confound the praise of goodness with the practice, and who believe themselves mild and moderate, charitable and faithful,

faithful, becauſe they have exerted their eloquence in commendation of mildneſs, fidelity, and other virtues. This is an error almoſt univerſal among thoſe that converſe much with dependents, with ſuch whoſe fear or intereſt diſpoſes them to a ſeeming reverence for any declamation, however enthuſiaſtick, and ſubmiſſion to any boaſt, however arrogant. Having none to recall their attention to their lives, they rate themſelves by the goodneſs of their opinions, and forget how much more eaſily men may ſhew their virtue in their talk than in their actions.

The tribe is likewiſe very numerous of thoſe who regulate their lives, not by the ſtandard of religion, but the meaſure of other men's virtue; who lull their own remorſe with the remembrance of crimes more atrocious than their own, and ſeem to believe that they are not bad while another can be found worſe.

For eſcaping theſe and a thouſand other deceits, many expedients have been propoſed. Some have recommended the frequent conſultation of a wiſe friend, admitted to intimacy, and encouraged to ſincerity. But this appears a remedy by no means adapted to general uſe: for in order to ſecure the virtue of one, it preſuppoſes more virtue in two than will generally be found. In the firſt, ſuch a deſire of rectitude and amendment, as may incline him to hear his own accuſation from the mouth of him whom he eſteems, and by whom, therefore, he will always hope that his faults are not diſcovered; and in the ſecond, ſuch zeal and honeſty, as will make him content for his friend's advantage to loſe his kindneſs.

A long life may be paſſed without finding a friend in whoſe underſtanding and virtue we can

equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and sincerity. A weak man, however honest, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counsel. Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings, because they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain, or they are interested, and fearful to offend.

These objections have inclined others to advise, that he who would know himself, should consult his enemies, remember the reproaches that are vented to his face, and listen for the censures that are uttered in private. For his great business is to know his faults, and those malignity will discover, and resentment will reveal. But this precept may be often frustrated; for it seldom happens that rivals or opponents are suffered to come near enough to know our conduct with so much exactness as that conscience should allow and reflect the accusation. The charge of an enemy is often totally false, and commonly so mingled with falsehood, that the mind takes advantage from the failure of one part to discredit the rest, and never suffers any disturbance afterward from such partial reports.

Yet it seems that enemies have been always found by experience the most faithful monitors; for adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, and this effect it must produce by withdrawing flatterers, whose business it is to hide our weaknesses from us, or by giving loose to malice, and licence to reproach; or at least by cutting off those pleasures which called us away from

from meditation on our own conduct, and repreſſing that pride which too eaſily perſuades us, that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Part of theſe benefits it is in every man's power to procure to himſelf, by aſſigning proper portions of his life to the examination of the reſt, and by putting himſelf frequently in ſuch a ſituation by retirement and abſtraction, as may weaken the influence of external objects. By this practice he may obtain the ſolitude of adverſity without its melancholy, its inſtructions without its cenſures, and its ſenſibility without its perturbations.

The neceſſity of ſetting the world at a diſtance from us, when we are to take a ſurvey of ourſelves, has ſent many from high ſtations to the ſeverities of a monaſtick life; and indeed, every man deeply engaged in buſineſs, if all regard to another ſtate be not extinguiſhed, muſt have the conviction, though, perhaps, not the reſolution of Valdeſſo, who when he ſolicited Charles the fifth to diſmiſs him, being aſked, whether he retired upon diſguſt, anſwered, that he laid down his commiſſion, for no other reaſon but becauſe *there ought to be ſome time for ſober reflection between the life of a ſoldier and his death.*

There are few conditions which do not entangle us with ſublunary hopes and fears, from which it is neceſſary to be at intervals diſencumbered, that we may place ourſelves in his preſence who views effects in their cauſes, and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expreſſes it, conſider things as if there were no other beings in the world but God and ourſelves; or, to uſe language yet more awful, *may commune with our own hearts and be ſtill.*

Death, says Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himself; and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb. *Sum* Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, *quem amaverunt bonæ musæ, suspexerunt viri probi, honestaverunt reges domini; jam scis qui sim, vel qui potius fuerim; ego vero te, hospes, noscere in tenebris nequeo, sed teipsum ut noscas rogo.* "I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers "of literature, admired by men of worth, and "dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou "knowest now who I am, or more properly who "I was. For thee, stranger, I who am in darkness cannot know thee, but I intreat thee to "know thyself."

I hope every reader of this paper will consider himself as engaged to the observation of a precept, which the wisdom and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce, a precept dictated by philosophers, inculcated by poets, and ratified by saints.

NUMB. 29. TUESDAY, *June* 26, 1750.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit deus,
Ridetque si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet —— HOR.

But God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late. DRYD.

THERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the secure possession of the present hour, and the dismission of all the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder, by importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of those delights which our condition happens to set before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always considered as the sallies of a genius, intent rather upon giving pleasure than instruction, eager to take every advantage of insinuation, and, provided the passions can be engaged on its side, very little solicitous about the suffrage of reason.

The darkness and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled to wander in the pursuit of happiness, may, indeed, be alleged as an excuse for many of their seducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder that such as had no promise of another state should eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before

them; but surely those who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity, might think it necessary to put some restraint upon their imagination, and reflect that by echoing the songs of the ancient bacchanals, and transmitting the maxims of past debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and submit to the servility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be ashamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are seldom without some radiations of understanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to pleasure are, in those authors, generally mingled with such reflections upon life, as well deserve to be considered distinctly from the purposes for which they are produced, and to be treasured up as the settled conclusions of extensive observation, acute sagacity, and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on these occasions they often warn their readers against enquiries into futurity, and solicitude about events which lie hid in causes yet unactive, and which time has not brought forward into the view of reason. An idle and thoughtless resignation to chance, without any struggle against calamity or endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reasonable being, in whose power providence has put a great part even of his present happiness; but it shews an equal ignorance of our proper sphere, to harass our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet in being. How can we regulate events, of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why should we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence?

It

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wise man is never surprised; and, perhaps, this exemption from astonishment may be imagined to proceed from such a prospect into futurity, as gave previous intimation of those evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have less foresight. But the truth is, that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of understanding; and if a wise man is not amazed at sudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but less upon futurity. He never considered things not yet existing as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized non-entities to his mind. He is not surprised because he is not disappointed, and he escapes disappointment because he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is so justly censured, is not the result of those general reflections on the variableness of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the universal insecurity of all human acquisitions, which must always be suggested by the view of the world; but such a desponding anticipation of misfortune, as fixes the mind upon scenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominate in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the same nature with jealousy in love, and suspicion in the general commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, disposes him to judge of every thing in a manner that least favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual stratagems of counteraction, wears him out in schemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and at

length, perhaps, contributes to the production of thoſe miſchiefs of which it had raiſed ſuch dreadful apprehenſions.

It has been uſual in all ages for moraliſts to repreſs the ſwellings of vain hope by repreſentations of the innumerable caſualties to which life is ſubject, and by inſtances of the unexpected defeat of the wiſeſt ſchemes of policy, and ſudden ſubverſions of the higheſt eminences of greatneſs. It has, perhaps, not been equally obſerved, that all theſe examples afford the proper antidote to fear as well as to hope, and may be applied with no leſs efficacy as conſolations to the timorous, than as reſtraints to the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the ſame degree as good, and for the reaſon that we ought not to hope too ſecurely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The ſtate of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the reſult of the next viciſſitude. Whatever is afloat in the ſtream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blaſt, which ſhall happen to croſs the general courſe of the current. The ſudden accidents by which the powerful are depreſſed, may fall upon thoſe whoſe malice we fear; and the greatneſs by which we expect to be overborne, may become another proof of the falſe flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow ſtrong before our encounter, or we may advance againſt each other without ever meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can flatter ourſelves with no hopes of eſcaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the oppoſition of rival intereſts, we may always alleviate

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the terror by considering that our persecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourselves.

The misfortunes which arise from the concurrence of unhappy incidents should never be suffered to disturb us before they happen; because, if the breast be once laid open to the dread of mere possibilities of misery, life must be given a prey to dismal solicitude, and quiet must be lost for ever.

It is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is absurd to be afraid of the natural dissolution of the body, because it must certainly happen, and can, by no caution or artifice, be avoided. Whether this sentiment be entirely just, I shall not examine: but certainly if it be improper to fear events which must happen, it is yet more evidently contrary to right reason to fear those which may never happen, and which, if they should come upon us, we cannot resist.

As we ought not to give way to fear any more than indulgence to hope, because the objects both of fear and hope are yet uncertain, so we ought not to trust the representations of one more than of the other, because they are both equally fallacious; as hope enlarges happiness, fear aggravates calamity. It is generally allowed, that no man ever found the happiness of possession proportionate to that expectation which incited his desire, and invigorated his pursuit; nor has any man found the evils of life so formidable in reality, as they were described to him by his own imagination; every species of distress brings with it some peculiar supports, some unforeseen means of resisting, or power of enduring. Taylor justly blames some pious persons, who indulge their fancies too much, set themselves, by the force of imagination, in the place of the ancient

martyrs and confeſſors, and queſtion the validity of their own faith becauſe they ſhrink at the thoughts of flames and tortures. It is, ſays he, ſufficient that you are able to encounter the temptations which now aſſault you; when God ſends trials, he may ſend ſtrength.

All fear is in itſelf painful, and when it conduces not to ſafety is painful without uſe. Every conſideration, therefore, by which groundleſs terrors may be removed, adds ſomething to human happineſs. It is likewiſe not unworthy of remark, that in proportion as our cares are employed upon the future, they are abſtracted from the preſent, from the only time which we can call our own, and of which if we neglect the duties, to make proviſion againſt viſionary attacks, we ſhall certainly counteract our own purpoſe; for he, doubtleſs, miſtakes his true intereſt, who thinks that he can increaſe his ſafety, when he impairs his virtue.

NUMB. 30. SATURDAY, *June* 30, 1750.

——Vultus ubi tuus
Affulſit populo, gratior it dies,
Et ſoles melius nitent. HOR.

Whene'er thy countenance divine
Th' attendant people cheers,
The genial ſuns more radiant ſhine,
The day more glad appears. ELPHINSTON.

MR. RAMBLER,

THERE are few taſks more ungrateful, than for perſons of modeſty to ſpeak their own praiſes. In ſome caſes, however, this muſt be done for the general good, and a generous ſpirit will

will on such occasions assert its merit, and vindicate itself with becoming warmth.

My circumstances, Sir, are very hard and peculiar. Could the world be brought to treat me as I deserve, it would be a publick benefit. This makes me apply to you, that my case being fairly stated in a paper so generally esteemed, I may suffer no longer from ignorant and childish prejudices.

My elder brother was a Jew. A very respectable person, but somewhat austere in his manner: highly and deservedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a larger society, or gaining a general acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable old age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of youth came into it, succeeding him in all his dignities, and formed, as I might reasonably flatter myself, to be the object of universal love and esteem. Joy and gladness were born with me; cheerfulness, good-humour, and benevolence always attended and endeared my infancy. That time is long past. So long, that idle imaginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled, old, and disagreeable; but, unless my looking-glass deceives me, I have not yet lost one charm, one beauty of my earliest years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body just what they chuse to think me, so that to very few I appear in my right shape; and though naturally I am the friend of human kind, to few, very few comparatively, am I useful or agreeable.

This is the more grievous, as it is utterly impossible for me to avoid being in all sorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Though I have

have as natural an antipathy to cards and dice, as ſome people have to a cat, many and many an aſſembly am I forced to endure; and though reſt and compoſure are my peculiar joy, am worn out, and haraſſed to death with journies by men and women of quality, who never take one, but when I can be of the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they ſpend at leaſt half the time I have to ſtay with them; and others are ſo monſtrouſly ill-bred as to take phyſick on purpoſe when they have reaſon to expect me. Thoſe who keep upon terms of more politeneſs with me, are generally ſo cold and conſtrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myſelf an unwelcome gueſt; and even among perſons deſerving of eſteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident that generally whenever I come I throw a dullneſs over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal ſtiff civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

How bitter muſt this kind of reception be to one formed to inſpire delight, admiration, and love! to one capable of anſwering and rewarding the greateſt warmth and delicacy of ſentiments!

I was bred up among a ſet of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmoſt honour and reſpect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and ſtrange viciſſitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in *England* there was a time when I lived according to my heart's deſire. Whenever I appeared, publick aſſemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with perſons of quality and faſhion, early dreſt as for a court, to

pay

pay me their devoirs. Cheerful hoſpitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country pariſh as a kind of ſocial bond between the 'ſquire, the parſon, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where bleſt my appearance: they do ſo ſtill, and keep their beſt clothes to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honeſt country folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head, and ſometimes an unlucky boy will drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

Even in theſe my beſt days there were perſons who thought me too demure and grave. I muſt forſooth by all means be inſtructed by foreign maſters, and taught to dance and play. This method of education was ſo contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not ſucceed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a very different ſet. They were ſo exceſſively ſcandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only to deſpoil me of the foreign fopperies, the paint and the patches that I had been tricked out with by my laſt miſjudging tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been uſed to gather in the fields and gardens; nay they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarſe and awkward. I was now obliged to ſpend my whole life in hearing ſermons; nor permitted ſo much as to ſmile upon any occaſion.

In this melancholy diſguiſe I became a perfect bugbear to all children, and young folks. Wherever I came there was a general huſh, an immediate ſtop to all pleaſantneſs of look or diſcourſe; and

and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took such a disgust to me in those tedious hours of yawning, that having transmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though it is long since I have recovered my natural form, and pleasing tone of voice. Would they but receive my visits kindly, and listen to what I could tell them—let me say it without vanity—how charming a companion should I be! to every one could I talk on the subjects most interesting and most pleasing. With the great and ambitious, I would discourse of honours and advancements, of distinctions to which the whole world should be witness, of unenvied dignities and durable preferments. To the rich I would tell of inexhaustible treasures, and the sure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the best interest, and instruct the lovers of pleasure how to secure and improve it to the highest degree. The beauty should learn of me how to preserve an everlasting bloom. To the afflicted I would administer comfort, and relaxation to the busy.

As I dare promise myself you will attest the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be desirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in short, how I wish to be received.

You must know I equally hate lazy idleness and hurry. I would every where be welcomed at a tolerable early hour with decent good-humour and gratitude. I must be attended in the great halls peculiarly appropriated to me with respect; but I do not insist upon finery: propriety of appearance,

pearance, and perfect neatneſs, is all I require. I muſt at dinner be treated with a temperate, but cheerful ſocial meal; both the neighbours and the poor ſhould be the better for me. Some time I muſt have a tête-à-tête with my kind entertainers, and the reſt of my viſit ſhould be ſpent in pleaſant walks and airings among ſets of agreeable people, in ſuch diſcourſe as I ſhall naturally dictate, or in reading ſome few ſelected out of thoſe numberleſs books that are dedicated to me, and go by my name. A name that, alas! as the world ſtands at preſent, makes them oftener thrown aſide than taken up. As thoſe converſations and books ſhould be both well-choſen, to give ſome advice on that head may poſſibly furniſh you with a future paper, and any thing you ſhall offer on my behalf will be of great ſervice to,

Good Mr. RAMBLER,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

SUNDAY.

NUMB. 31. TUESDAY, *July* 3, 1750.

Non ego mendoſos auſim defendere mores,
Falſaque pro vitiis arma tenere meis. OVID.

Corrupted manners I ſhall ne'er defend,
Nor, falſely witty, for my faults contend. ELPHINSTON.

THOUGH the fallibility of man's reaſon, and the narrowneſs of his knowledge, are very liberally confeſſed, yet the conduct of thoſe who ſo willingly admit the weakneſs of human nature, ſeems to diſcern that this acknowledgment is

is not altogether sincere; at least, that most make it with a tacit reserve in favour of themselves, and that with whatever ease they give up the claim of their neighbours, they are desirous of being thought exempt from faults in their own conduct, and from error in their opinions.

The certain and obstinate opposition, which we may observe made to confutation however clear, and to reproof however tender, is an undoubted argument, that some dormant privilege is thought to be attacked; for as no man can lose what he neither possesses, nor imagines himself to possess, or be defrauded of that to which he has no right, it is reasonable to suppose that those who break out into fury at the softest contradiction, or the slightest censure, since they apparently conclude themselves injured must fancy some ancient immunity violated, or some natural prerogative invaded. To be mistaken, if they thought themselves liable to mistake, could not be considered as either shameful or wonderful, and they would not receive with so much emotion intelligence which only informed them of what they knew before, nor struggle with such earnestness against an attack that deprived them of nothing to which they held themselves entitled.

It is related of one of the philosophers, that when an account was brought him of his son's death, he received it only with this reflection, *I knew that my son was mortal.* He that is convinced of an error, if he had the same knowledge of his own weakness, would, instead of straining for artifices, and brooding malignity, only regard such oversights as the appendages of humanity, and

and pacify himself with considering that he had always known man to be a fallible being.

If it be true that most of our passions are excited by the novelty of objects, there is little reason for doubting that to be considered as subject to fallacies of ratiocination, or imperfection of knowledge, is to a great part of mankind entirely new; for it is impossible to fall into any company where there is not some regular and established subordination, without finding rage and vehemence produced only by difference of sentiments about things in which neither of the disputants have any other interest than what proceeds from their mutual unwillingness to give way to any opinion that may bring upon them the disgrace of being wrong.

I have heard of one that having advanced some erroneous doctrines in philosophy, refused to see the experiments by which they were confuted: and the observation of every day will give new proofs with how much industry subterfuges and evasions are sought to decline the pressure of resistless arguments, how often the state of the question is altered, how often the antagonist is wilfully misrepresented, and in how much perplexity the clearest positions are involved by those whom they happen to oppose.

Of all mortals none seem to have been more infected with this species of vanity, than the race of writers, whose reputation arising solely from their understanding, gives them a very delicate sensibility of any violence attempted on their literary honour. It is not unpleasing to remark with what solicitude men of acknowledged abilities will endeavour to palliate absurdities and reconcile

concile contradictions, only to obviate criticisms to which all human performances must ever be exposed, and from which they can never suffer, but when they teach the world by a vain and ridiculous impatience to think them of importance.

DRYDEN, whose warmth of fancy, and haste of composition, very frequently hurried him into inaccuracies, heard himself sometimes exposed to ridicule for having said in one of his tragedies,

I follow fate, which does too fast pursue.

That no man could at once follow and be followed was, it may be thought, too plain to be long disputed; and the truth is, that DRYDEN was apparently betrayed into the blunder by the double meaning of the word FATE, to which in the former part of the verse he had annexed the idea of FORTUNE, and in the latter that of DEATH; so that the sense only was, *though pursued by* DEATH, *I will not resign myself to despair, but will follow* FORTUNE, *and do and suffer what is appointed.* This, however, was not completely expressed, and DRYDEN being determined not to give way to his critics, never confessed that he had been surprised by an ambiguity; but finding luckily in *Virgil* an account of a man moving in a circle, with this expression, *Et se sequiturque fugitque*, "Here, says he, "is the passage in imitation of which I wrote the "line that my critics were pleased to condemn as "nonsense; not but I may sometimes write non-"sense, though they have not the fortune to find "it."

Every one sees the folly of such mean doublings to escape the pursuit of criticism; nor is there a single

ſingle reader of this poet, who would not have paid him greater veneration, had he ſhewn conſciouſneſs enough of his own ſuperiority to ſet ſuch cavils at defiance, and owned that he ſometimes ſlipped into errors by the tumult of his imagination, and the multitude of his ideas.

It is happy when this temper diſcovers itſelf only in little things, which may be right or wrong without any influence on the virtue or happineſs of mankind. We may, with very little inquietude, ſee a man perſiſt in a project, which he has found to be impracticable, live in an inconvenient houſe becauſe it was contrived by himſelf, or wear a coat of a particular cut, in hopes by perſeverance to bring it into faſhion. Theſe are indeed follies, but they are only follies, and, however wild or ridiculous, can very little affect others.

But ſuch pride, once indulged, too frequently operates upon more important objects, and inclines men not only to vindicate their errors, but their vices; to perſiſt in practices which their own hearts condemn, only leſt they ſhould ſeem to feel reproaches, or be made wiſer by the advice of others; or to ſearch for ſophiſms tending to the confuſion of all principles, and the evacuation of all duties, that they may not appear to act what they are not able to defend.

Let every man, who finds vanity ſo far predominant, as to betray him to the danger of this laſt degree of corruption, pauſe a moment to conſider what will be the conſequences of the plea which he is about to offer for a practice to which he knows himſelf not led at firſt by reaſon, but impelled by the violence of deſire, ſurpriſed by the ſuddenneſs of paſſion, or ſeduced by the ſoft approaches of tempta-

temptation, and by imperceptible gradations of guilt. Let him consider what he is going to commit by forcing his understanding to patronise those appetites, which it is its chief business to hinder and reform.

The cause of virtue requires so little art to defend it, and good and evil, when they have been once shewn, are so easily distinguished, that such apologists seldom gain proselytes to their party, nor have their fallacies power to deceive any but those whose desires have clouded their discernment. All that the best faculties thus employed can perform is, to persuade the hearers that the man is hopeless whom they only thought vicious, that corruption has passed from his manners to his principles, that all endeavours for his recovery are without prospect of success, and that nothing remains but to avoid him as infectious, or hunt him down as destructive.

But if it be supposed that he may impose on his audience by partial representations of consequences, intricate deductions of remote causes, or perplexed combinations of ideas, which having various relations appear different as viewed on different sides; that he may sometimes puzzle the weak and well-meaning, and now and then seduce, by the admiration of his abilities, a young mind still fluctuating in unsettled notions, and neither fortified by instruction nor enlightened by experience; yet what must be the event of such a triumph? A man cannot spend all this life in frolick: age, or disease, or solitude will bring some hours of serious consideration, and it will then afford no comfort to think, that he has extended the dominion of vice, that he has loaded himself with the

the crimes of others, and can never know the extent of his own wickedneſs, or make reparation for the miſchief that he has cauſed. There is not perhaps in all the ſtores of ideal anguiſh, a thought more painful, than the conſciouſneſs of having propagated corruption by vitiating principles, of having not only drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they ſhould return, of having blinded them to every beauty but the paint of pleaſure, and deafened them to every call but the alluring voice of the ſyrens of deſtruction.

There is yet another danger in this practice: men who cannot deceive others, are very often ſucceſsful in deceiving themſelves; they weave their ſophiſtry till their own reaſon is entangled, and repeat their poſitions till they are credited by themſelves; by often contending they grow ſincere in the cauſe, and by long wiſhing for demonſtrative arguments, they at laſt bring themſelves to fancy that they have found them. They are then at the uttermoſt verge of wickedneſs, and may die without having that light rekindled in their minds, which their own pride and contumacy have extinguiſhed.

The men who can be charged with feweſt failings, either with reſpect to abilities or virtue, are generally moſt ready to allow them; for not to dwell on things of ſolemn and awful conſideration, the humility of confeſſors, the tears of ſaints, and the dying terrors of perſons eminent for piety and innocence, it is well known that Cæſar wrote an account of the errors committed by him in his wars of Gaul, and that Hippocrates, whoſe name is perhaps in rational eſtimation greater than Cæſar's,

warned

warned posterity against a mistake into which he had fallen. *So much*, says Celsus, *does the open and artless confession of an error become a man conscious that he has enough remaining to support his character.*

As all error is meanness, it is incumbent on every man who consults his own dignity, to retract it as soon as he discovers it, without fearing any censure so much as that of his own mind. As justice requires that all injuries should be repaired, it is the duty of him who has seduced others by bad practices, or false notions, to endeavour that such as have adopted his errors should know his retraction, and that those who have learned vice by his example, should by his example be taught amendment.

NUMB. 32. SATURDAY, *July* 7, 1750.

Ὅσσά τε δαιμονίοισι τύχαις βροτοὶ ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν,
Ὧν ἄν μοῖραν ἔχῃς, πρᾴως φέρε, μηδ' ἀγανάκτει·
Ἰᾶσθαι δὲ πρέπει κάθοσον δυνῇ. PYTHAG.

Of all the woes that load the mortal state,
Whate'er thy portion, mildly meet thy fate;
But ease it as thou can'st —— ELPHINSTON.

SO large a part of human life passes in a state contrary to our natural desires, that one of the principal topicks of moral instruction is the art of bearing calamities. And such is the certainty of evil, that it is the duty of every man to furnish his mind with those principles that may enable him to act under it with decency and propriety.

The sect of ancient philosophers, that boasted to have carried this necessary science to the highest perfection, were the Stoicks, or the scholars of Zeno, whose wild enthusiastick virtue pretended to an exemption from the sensibilities of unenlightened mortals, and who proclaimed themselves exalted, by the doctrines of their sect, above the reach of those miseries which embitter life to the rest of the world. They therefore removed pain, poverty, loss of friends, exile, and violent death, from the catalogue of evils; and passed, in their haughty style, a kind of irreversible decree, by which they forbad them to be counted any longer among the objects of terror or anxiety, or to give any disturbance to the tranquillity of a wise man.

This edict was, I think, not universally observed; for though one of the more resolute, when he was tortured by a violent disease, cried out, that let pain harass him to its utmost power, it should never force him to consider it as other than indifferent and neutral; yet all had not stubbornness to hold out against their senses: for a weaker pupil of Zeno is recorded to have confessed in the anguish of the gout, that *he now found pain to be an evil.*

It may however be questioned, whether these philosophers can be very properly numbered among the teachers of patience; for if pain be not an evil, there seems no instruction requisite how it may be borne; and therefore, when they endeavour to arm their followers with arguments against it, they may be thought to have given up their first position. But such inconsistencies are to be expected from the greatest understandings, when they endeavour to grow eminent by singularity,

and employ their ſtrength in eſtabliſhing opinions oppoſite to nature.

The controverſy about the reality of external evils is now at an end. That life has many miſeries, and that thoſe miſeries are, ſometimes at leaſt, equal to all the powers of fortitude, is now univerſally confeſſed; and therefore it is uſeful to conſider not only how we may eſcape them, but by what means thoſe which either the accidents of affairs, or the infirmities of nature, muſt bring upon us, may be mitigated and lightened, and how we may make thoſe hours leſs wretched, which the condition of our preſent exiſtence will not allow to be very happy.

The cure for the greateſt part of human miſeries is not radical, but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts therefore to decline it wholly are uſeleſs and vain: the armies of pain ſend their arrows againſt us on every ſide, the choice is only between thoſe which are more or leſs ſharp, or tinged with poiſon of greater or leſs malignity; and the ſtrongeſt armour which reaſon can ſupply, will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them.

The great remedy which heaven has put in our hands is patience, by which, though we cannot leſſen the torments of the body, we can in a great meaſure preſerve the peace of the mind, and ſhall ſuffer only the natural and genuine force of an evil, without heightening its acrimony, or prolonging its effects.

There is indeed nothing more unſuitable to the nature of man in any calamity than rage and turbulence, which, without examining whether they are

are not sometimes impious, are at least always offensive, and incline others rather to hate and despise than to pity and assist us. If what we suffer has been brought upon us by ourselves, it is observed by an ancient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, since no one should be angry at feeling that which he has deserved.

Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare ferendum est.

Let pain deserv'd without complaint be borne.

And surely, if we are conscious that we have not contributed to our own sufferings, if punishment falls upon innocence, or disappointment happens to industry and prudence, patience, whether more necessary or not, is much easier, since our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterness of remorse to add to the asperity of misfortune.

In those evils which are allotted to us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of any of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect, but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those by whose conversation or advice we might be amused or helped; and that with regard to futurity it is yet less to be justified, since, without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he by whom it is inflicted will confer upon them that bear it well.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, that, if properly applied, might remove the cause. Turenne, among the acknowledgments which he used to pay in conver-

fation to the memory of thoſe by whom he had been inſtructed in the art of war, mentioned one with honour, who taught him not to ſpend his time in regretting any miſtake which he had made, but to ſet himſelf immediately and vigorouſly to repair it.

Patience and ſubmiſſion are very carefully to be diſtinguiſhed from cowardice and indolence. We are not to repine, but we may lawfully ſtruggle; for the calamities of life, like the neceſſities of nature, are calls to labour and exerciſes of diligence. When we feel any preſſures of diſtreſs, we are not to conclude that we can only obey the will of heaven by languiſhing under it, any more than when we perceive the pain of thirſt, we are to imagine that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never can be certainly known whether, as proceeding from the hand of GOD, it is an act of favour, or of puniſhment: but ſince all the ordinary diſpenſations of Providence are to be interpreted according to the general analogy of things, we may conclude that we have a right to remove one inconvenience as well as another; that we are only to take care leſt we purchaſe eaſe with guilt; and that our Maker's purpoſe, whether of reward or ſeverity, will be anſwered by the labours which he lays us under the neceſſity of performing.

This duty is not more difficult in any ſtate than in diſeaſes intenſely painful, which may indeed ſuffer ſuch exacerbations as ſeem to ſtrain the powers of life to their utmoſt ſtretch, and leave very little of the attention vacant to precept or reproof. In this ſtate the nature of man requires ſome indulgence, and every extravagance but impiety may be eaſily forgiven him. Yet, leſt we ſhould think

ourſelves

ourſelves too ſoon entitled to the mournful privileges of irreſiſtible miſery, it is proper to reflect, that the utmoſt anguiſh which human wit can contrive, or human malice can inflict, has been borne with conſtancy; and that if the pains of diſeaſe be, as I believe they are, ſometimes greater than thoſe of artificial torture, they are therefore in their own nature ſhorter, the vital frame is quickly broken, or the union between ſoul and body is for a time ſuſpended by inſenſibility, and we ſoon ceaſe to feel our maladies when they once become too violent to be borne. I think there is ſome reaſon for queſtioning whether the body and mind are not ſo proportioned, that the one can bear all that can be inflicted on the other, whether virtue cannot ſtand its ground as long as life, and whether a ſoul well-principled will not be ſeparated ſooner than ſubdued.

In calamities which operate chiefly on our paſſions, ſuch as diminution of fortune, loſs of friends, or declenſion of character, the chief danger of impatience is upon the firſt attack, and many expedients have been contrived, by which the blow may be broken. Of theſe the moſt general precept is, not to take pleaſure in any thing, of which it is not in our power to ſecure the poſſeſſion to ourſelves. This counſel, when we conſider the enjoyment of any terreſtrial advantage, as oppoſite to a conſtant and habitual ſolicitude for future felicity, is undoubtedly juſt, and delivered by that authority which cannot be diſputed; but in any other ſenſe, is it not like advice, not to walk leſt we ſhould ſtumble, or not to ſee leſt our eyes ſhould light upon deformity? It ſeems to me reaſonable to enjoy bleſſings with confidence as well

as to resign them with submission, and to hope for the continuance of good which we possess without insolence or voluptuousness, as for the restitution of that which we lose without despondency or murmurs.

The chief security against the fruitless anguish of impatience, must arise from frequent reflection on the wisdom and goodness of the GOD of nature, in whose hands are riches and poverty, honour and disgrace, pleasure and pain, and life and death. A settled conviction of the tendency of every thing to our good, and of the possibility of turning miseries into happiness, by receiving them rightly, will incline us to *bless the name of the* LORD *whether he gives or takes away.*

NUMB. 33. TUESDAY, *July* 10, 1750.

Quod caret alterná requie durabile non est. OVID.

Alternate rest and labour long endure.

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure, and constant plenty, under the protection of REST; a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars nor sacrifices, and whose rites were only performed by prostrations upon turfs of flowers in shades of jasmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring, eat the fruits,

fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and ſlept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds ſinging over their heads, and the beaſts ſporting about them. But by degrees they began to loſe their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was deſirous of appropriating part to himſelf. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new ſtandard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themſelves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to conſider themſelves as poor, when they beheld their own poſſeſſions exceeded by thoſe of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, becauſe only one could have moſt, and that one was always in danger, leſt the ſame arts by which he had ſupplanted others ſhould be practiſed upon himſelf.

Amidſt the prevalence of this corruption, the ſtate of the earth was changed; the year was divided into ſeaſons; part of the ground became barren, and the reſt yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The ſummer and autumn indeed furniſhed a coarſe and inelegant ſufficiency, but winter was without any relief; FAMINE, with a thouſand diſeaſes, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havock among men, and there appeared to be danger leſt they ſhould be deſtroyed before they were reformed.

To oppoſe the devaſtations of FAMINE, who ſcattered the ground every where with carcaſſes, LABOUR came down upon earth. LABOUR was the ſon of NECESSITY, the nurſeling of HOPE,

and the pupil of ART; he had the ſtrength of his mother, the ſpirit of his nurſe, and the dexterity of his governeſs. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and ſwarthy with the ſun; he had the implements of huſbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raiſed walls and towers at his pleaſure. He called out with a rough voice, "Mortals! ſee here the power to whom you are "conſigned, and from whom you are to hope for "all your pleaſures, and all your ſafety. You "have long languiſhed under the dominion of "REST, an impotent and deceitful goddeſs, who "can neither protect nor relieve you, but reſigns "you to the firſt attacks of either FAMINE or "DISEASE, and ſuffers her ſhades to be invaded "by every enemy, and deſtroyed by every acci-"dent.

"Awake therefore to the call of LABOUR. I "will teach you to remedy the ſterility of the "earth, and the ſeverity of the ſky; I will com-"pel ſummer to find proviſions for the winter; I "will force the waters to give you their fiſh, the "air its fowls, and the foreſt its beaſts; I will "teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth, "and bring out from the caverns of the moun-"tains metals which ſhall give ſtrength to your "hands, and ſecurity to your bodies, by which "you may be covered from the aſſaults of the "fierceſt beaſts, and with which you ſhall fell the "oak, and divide rocks, and ſubject all nature to "your uſe and pleaſure."

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe conſidered LABOUR as their only friend, and haſted to his command. He led

led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was seen but heaps of grain, and baskets of fruit, full tables, and crowded storehouses.

Thus LABOUR and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw FAMINE gradually dispossessed of his dominions; till at last, amidst their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approach of LASSITUDE, who was known by her sunk eyes and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her lost their courage, their nerves slackened, their hands shook, and the instruments of labour fell from their grasp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the solicitations of LABOUR, and began to wish again for the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of REST, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. REST had not left the world; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which LABOUR had procured them.

REST therefore took leave of the groves and vallies, which she had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down,

and the ſummer in artificial grottos with caſcades playing before her. There was indeed always ſomething wanting to complete her felicity, and ſhe could never lull her returning fugitives to that ſerenity, which they knew before their engagements with LABOUR: Nor was her dominion entirely without controul, for ſhe was obliged to ſhare it with LUXURY, though ſhe always looked upon her as a falſe friend, by whom her influence was in reality deſtroyed, while it ſeemed to be promoted.

The two ſoft aſſociates, however, reigned for ſome time without viſible diſagreement, till at laſt LUXURY betrayed her charge, and let in DISEASE to ſeize upon her worſhippers. REST then flew away, and left the place to the uſurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themſelves in their poſſeſſion, and to ſtrengthen the intereſt of each other.

REST had not always the ſame enemy: in ſome places ſhe eſcaped the incurſions of DISEASE; but had her reſidence invaded by a more ſlow and ſubtle intruder, for very frequently when every thing was compoſed and quiet, when there was neither pain within, not danger without, when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, SATIETY would enter with a languiſhing and repining look, and throw herſelf upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of REST. No ſooner was ſhe ſeated than a general gloom ſpread itſelf on every ſide, the groves immediately loſt their verdure, and their inhabitants deſiſted from their melody, the breeze ſunk in ſighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves and ſhut up their odours. Nothing

was

was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

REST had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; some of them united themselves more closely to LUXURY, who promised by her arts to drive SATIETY away; and others that were more wise, or had more fortitude, went back again to LABOUR, by whom they were indeed protected from SATIETY, but delivered up in time to LASSITUDE, and forced by her to the bowers of REST.

Thus REST and LABOUR equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful, and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. LABOUR saw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to REST, and REST found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of LABOUR. They, therefore, at last determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promised to guard the frontiers of each other, so that, whenever hostilities were attempted, SATIETY should be intercepted by LABOUR, and LASSITUDE expelled by REST. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased, and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, REST afterwards became pregnant by LABOUR, and was delivered of HEALTH, a benevolent Goddess, who

conſolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular viciſſitudes of their reign, by diſpenſing her gifts to thoſe only who ſhared their lives in juſt proportions between REST and LABOUR.

NUMB. 34. SATURDAY, *July* 14, 1750.

——— *Non ſine vano*
Aurarum et ſiluæ metu. ——— HOR.

Alarm'd with ev'ry riſing gale,
In ev'ry wood, in ev'ry vale. ELPHINSTON.

I HAVE been cenſured for having hitherto dedicated ſo few of my ſpeculations to the ladies; and indeed the moraliſt, whoſe inſtructions are accommodated only to one half of the human ſpecies, muſt be confeſſed not ſufficiently to have extended his views. Yet it is to be conſidered, that ma ſuline duties afford more room for counſels and obſervations, as they are leſs uniform, and connected with things more ſubject to viciſſitude and accident; we therefore find that in philoſophical diſcourſes which teach by precept, or hiſtorical narratives that inſtruct by example, the peculiar virtues or faults of women fill but a ſmall part; perhaps generally too ſmall, for ſo much of our domeſtick happineſs is in their hands, and their influence is ſo great upon our earlieſt years, that the univerſal intereſt of the world requires them to be well inſtructed in their province; nor can it be thought proper that the qualities by which ſo much pain or pleaſure may be given, ſhould be left to the direction of chance.

I have

I have, therefore, willingly given a place in my paper to a letter, which perhaps may not be wholly uſeleſs to them whoſe chief ambition is to pleaſe, as it ſhews how certainly the end is miſſed by abſurd and injudicious endeavours at diſtinction.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM a young gentleman at my own diſpoſal, with a conſiderable eſtate; and having paſſed through the common forms of education, ſpent ſome time in foreign countries, and made myſelf diſtinguiſhed ſince my return in the politeſt company, I am now arrived at that part of life in which every man is expected to ſettle, and provide for the continuation of his lineage. I withſtood for ſome time the ſolicitations and remonſtrances of my aunts and uncles, but at laſt was perſuaded to viſit *Anthea*, an heireſs, whoſe land lies contiguous to mine, and whoſe birth and beauty are without objection. Our friends declared that we were born for each other, all thoſe on both ſides who had no intereſt in hindering our union, contributed to promote it, and were conſpiring to hurry us into matrimony, before we had an opportunity of knowing one another. I was, however, too old to be given away without my own conſent, and having happened to pick up an opinion, which to many of my relations ſeemed extremely odd, that a man might be unhappy with a large eſtate, determined to obtain a nearer knowledge of the perſon with whom I was to paſs the remainder of my time. To protract the courtſhip was by no means difficult, for *Anthea* had a wonderful facility of evading queſtions which I ſeldom

repeated, and of barring approaches which I had no great eagerneſs to preſs.

Thus the time paſſed away in viſits and civilities, without any ardent profeſſions of love, or formal offers of ſettlements. I often attended her to publick places, in which, as is well known, all behaviour is ſo much regulated by cuſtom that very little inſight can be gained into the private character, and therefore I was not yet able to inform myſelf of her humour and inclinations.

At laſt I ventured to propoſe to her to make one of a ſmall party, and ſpend a day in viewing a ſeat and gardens a few miles diſtant; and having upon her compliance, collected the reſt of the company, I brought, at the hour, a coach which I had borrowed from an acquaintance, having delayed to buy one myſelf, till I ſhould have an opportunity of taking the lady's opinion for whoſe uſe it was intended. *Anthea* came down, but as ſhe was going to ſtep into the coach, ſtarted back with great appearance of terror, and told us that ſhe durſt not enter, for the ſhocking colour of the lining had ſo much the air of the mourning coach, in which ſhe followed her aunt's funeral three years before, that ſhe ſhould never have her poor dear aunt out of her head.

I knew that it was not for lovers to argue with their miſtreſſes; I therefore ſent back the coach, and got another more gay. Into this we all entered, the coachman began to drive, and we were amuſing ourſelves with the expectation of what we ſhould ſee, when, upon a ſmall inclination of the carriage, *Anthea* ſcreamed out, that we were overthrown. We were obliged to fix all our attention upon her, which ſhe took care to keep up

by

by renewing her outcries, at every corner where we had occaſion to turn: at intervals ſhe entertained us with fretful complaints of the uneaſineſs of the coach, and obliged me to call ſeveral times on the coachman to take care and drive without jolting. The poor fellow endeavoured to pleaſe us, and therefore moved very ſlowly, till *Anthea* found out that this pace would only keep us longer on the ſtones, and deſired that I would order him to make more ſpeed. He whipped his horſes, the coach jolted again, and *Anthea* very complaiſantly told us how much ſhe repented that ſhe made one of our company.

At laſt we got into the ſmooth road, and began to think our difficulties at an end, when, on a ſudden, *Anthea* ſaw a brook before us, which ſhe could not venture to paſs. We were, therefore, obliged to alight, that we might walk over the bridge; but when we came to it, we found it ſo narrow that *Anthea* durſt not ſet her foot upon it. and was content, after long conſultation, to call the coach back, and with innumerable precautions, terrors, and lamentations, croſſed the brook.

It was neceſſary after this delay to amend our pace, and directions were accordingly given to the coachman, when *Anthea* informed us, that it was common for the axle to catch fire with a quick motion, and begged of me to look out every minute. leſt we ſhould all be conſumed. I was forced to obey, and gave her from time to time the moſt ſolemn declarations that all was ſafe, and that I hoped we ſhould reach the place without loſing our lives either by fire or water.

Thus we paſſed on, over ways ſoft and hard, with more or with leſs ſpeed, but always with new

vicif-

viciſſitudes of anxiety. If the ground was hard, we were jolted, if ſoft, we were ſinking. If we went faſt, we ſhould be overturned, if ſlowly, we ſhould never reach the place. At length ſhe ſaw ſomething which ſhe called a cloud, and began to conſider that at that time of the year it frequently thundered. This ſeemed to be the capital terror, for after that the coach was ſuffered to move on; and no danger was thought too dreadful to be encountered, provided ſhe could get into a houſe before the thunder.

Thus our whole converſation paſſed in dangers, and cares, and fears, and conſolations, and ſtories of ladies dragged in the mire, forced to ſpend all the night on a heath, drowned in rivers, or burnt with lightning; and no ſooner had a hairbreadth eſcape ſet us free from one calamity, but we were threatened with another.

At length we reached the houſe where we intended to regale ourſelves, and I propoſed to *Anthea* the choice of a great number of diſhes, which the place, being well provided for entertainment, happened to afford. She made ſome objection to every thing that was offered; one thing ſhe hated at that time of the year, another ſhe could not bear ſince ſhe had ſeen it ſpoiled at lady *Feedwell*'s table; another ſhe was ſure they could not dreſs at this houſe, and another ſhe could not touch without French ſauce. At laſt ſhe fixed her mind upon ſalmon, but there was no ſalmon in the houſe. It was however procured with great expedition, and when it came to the table ſhe found that her fright had taken away her ſtomach, which indeed ſhe thought no great loſs, for ſhe could never believe that any thing at an inn could be cleanly got.

Dinner

Dinner was now over, and the company propoſed, for I was now paſt the condition of making overtures, that we ſhould purſue our original deſign of viſiting the gardens. *Anthea* declared that ſhe could not imagine what pleaſure we expected from the ſight of a few green trees and a little gravel, and two or three pits of clear water; that for her part ſhe hated walking till the cool of the evening, and thought it very likely to rain; and again wiſhed that ſhe had ſtayed at home. We then reconciled ourſelves to our diſappointment, and began to talk on common ſubjects, when *Anthea* told us, that ſince we came to ſee gardens, ſhe would not hinder our ſatisfaction. We all roſe, and walked through the incloſures for ſome time, with no other trouble than the neceſſity of watching leſt a frog ſhould hop acroſs the way, which *Anthea* told us would certainly kill her, if ſhe ſhould happen to ſee him.

Frogs, as it fell out, there were none; but when we were within a furlong of the gardens, *Anthea* ſaw ſome ſheep, and heard the wether clink his bell, which ſhe was certain was not hung upon him for nothing, and therefore no aſſurances nor intreaties ſhould prevail upon her to go a ſtep farther; ſhe was ſorry to diſappoint the company, but her life was dearer to her than ceremony.

We came back to the inn, and *Anthea* now diſcovered that there was no time to be loſt in returning, for the night would come upon us, and a thouſand misfortunes might happen in the dark. The horſes were immediately harneſſed, and *Anthea* having wondered what could ſeduce her to ſtay ſo long, was eager to ſet out. But we had now a new ſcene of terror, every man we ſaw was

was a robber, and we were ordered sometimes to drive hard, lest a traveller whom we saw behind should overtake us; and sometimes to stop, lest we should come up to him who was passing before us. She alarmed many an honest man, by begging him to spare her life as he passed by the coach, and drew me into fifteen quarrels with persons who encreased her fright, by kindly stopping to inquire whether they could assist us. At last we came home, and she told her company next day what a pleasant ride she had been taking.

I suppose, Sir, I need not inquire of you what deductions may be made from this narrative, nor what happiness can arise from the society of that woman who mistakes cowardice for elegance, and imagines all delicacy to consist in refusing to be pleased.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 35. TUESDAY, *July* 17, 1750.

——*Non pronuba* Juno,
Non Hymenæus *adest*, *non illi* Gratia *lecto*. OVID.

Without connubial *Juno*'s aid they wed;
Nor *Hymen* nor the *Graces* bless the bed. ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you have hitherto delayed the performance of the promise, by which you gave us reason to hope for another paper upon matrimony, I imagine you desirous of collecting more materials than your own experience, or observation, can supply; and I shall therefore lay candidly before you an account of my own entrance into the conjugal state.

I was

I was about eight and twenty years old, when, having tried the diverſions of the town till I began to be weary, and being awakened into attention to more ſerious buſineſs, by the failure of an attorney to whom I had implicitly truſted the conduct of my fortune, I reſolved to take my eſtate into my own care, and methodiſe my own life according to the ſtricteſt rules of economical prudence.

In purſuance of this ſcheme, I took leave of my acquaintance, who diſmiſſed me with numberleſs jeſts upon my new ſyſtem; having firſt endeavoured to divert me from a deſign ſo little worthy of a man of wit, by ridiculous accounts of the ignorance and ruſticity into which many had ſunk in their retirement, after having diſtinguiſhed themſelves in taverns and playhouſes, and given hopes of riſing to uncommon eminence among the gay part of mankind.

When I came firſt into the country, which, by a neglect not uncommon among young heirs, I had never ſeen ſince the death of my father, I found every thing in ſuch confuſion, that, being utterly without practice in buſineſs, I had great difficulties to encounter in diſentangling the perplexities of my circumſtances; they however gave way to diligent application, and I perceived that the advantage of keeping my own accounts would very much overbalance the time which they could require.

I had now viſited my tenants, ſurveyed my land, and repaired the old houſe, which, for ſome years, had been running to decay. Theſe proofs of pecuniary wiſdom began to recommend me, as a ſober, judicious, thriving gentleman, to all my graver neighbours of the country, who never failed to celebrate

celebrate my management in opposition to *Thriftless* and *Latterwit*, two smart fellows, who had estates in the same part of the kingdom, which they visited now and then in a frolick, to take up their rents beforehand, debauch a milk-maid, make a feast for the village, and tell stories of their own intrigues, and then rode post back to town to spend their money.

It was doubtful, however, for some time, whether I should be able to hold my resolution; but a short perseverance removed all suspicions. I rose every day in reputation, by the decency of my conversation, and the regularity of my conduct, and was mentioned with great regard at the assizes, as a man very fit to be put in commission for the peace.

During the confusion of my affairs, and the daily necessity of visiting farms, adjusting contracts, letting leases, and superintending repairs, I found very little vacuity in my life, and therefore had not many thoughts of marriage; but, in a little while, the tumult of business subsided, and the exact method which I had established enabled me to dispatch my accounts with great facility. I had, therefore, now upon my hands, the task of finding means to spend my time, without falling back into the poor amusements which I had hitherto indulged, or changing them for the sports of the field, which I saw pursued with so much eagerness, by the gentlemen of the country, that they were indeed the only pleasures in which I could promise myself any partaker.

The inconvenience of this situation naturally disposed me to wish for a companion, and the known value of my estate, with my reputation for frugality

lity and prudence, easily gained me admission into every family; for I soon found that no inquiry was made after any other virtue, nor any testimonial necessary, but of my freedom from incumbrances, and my care of what they termed the *main chance*. I saw, not without indignation, the eagerness with which the daughters, wherever I came, were set out to show; nor could I consider them in a state much different from prostitution, when I found them ordered to play their airs before me, and to exhibit by some seeming chance, specimens of their musick, their work, or their housewifery. No sooner was I placed at table, than the young lady was called upon to pay me some civility or other; nor could I find means of escaping, from either father or mother, some account of their daughter's excellencies, with a declaration that they were now leaving the world, and had no business on this side the grave, but to see their children happily disposed of; that she whom I had been pleased to compliment at table, was indeed the chief pleasure of their age, so good, so dutiful, so great a relief to her mamma in the care of the house, and so much her papa's favourite for her cheerfulness and wit, that it would be with the last reluctance that they should part; but to a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom they might often visit, they would not so far consult their own gratification, as to refuse her; and their tenderness should be shewn in her fortune, whenever a suitable settlement was proposed.

As I knew these overtures not to proceed from any preference of me before another equally rich, I could not but look with pity on young persons condemned

condemned to be set to auction, and made cheap by injudicious commendations; for how could they know themselves offered and rejected a hundred times, without some loss of that soft elevation, and maiden dignity, so necessary to the completion of female excellence?

I shall not trouble you with a history of the stratagems practised upon my judgment, or the allurements tried upon my heart, which, if you have, in any part of your life, been acquainted with rural politicks, you will easily conceive. Their arts have no great variety, they think nothing worth their care but money, and supposing its influence the same upon all the world, seldom endeavour to deceive by any other means than false computations.

I will not deny that, by hearing myself loudly commended for my discretion, I began to set some value upon my character, and was unwilling to lose my credit by marrying for love. I therefore resolved to know the fortune of the lady whom I should address, before I inquired after her wit, delicacy, or beauty.

This determination led me to Mitissa, the daughter of Chrysopolus, whose person was at least without deformity, and whose manners were free from reproach, as she had been bred up at a distance from all common temptations. To Mitissa therefore I obtained leave from her parents to pay my court, and was referred by her again to her father, whose direction she was resolved to follow. The question then was, only, what should be settled. The old gentleman made an enormous demand, with which I refused to comply. Mitissa was ordered to exert her power; she told me, that if I

could refuse her papa, I had no love for her; that she was an unhappy creature, and that I was a perfidious man; then she burst into tears, and fell into fits. All this, as I was no passionate lover, had little effect. She next refused to see me, and because I thought myself obliged to write in terms of distress, they had once hopes of starving me into measures; but finding me inflexible, the father complied with my proposal, and told me he liked me the more for being so good at a bargain.

I was now married to Mitissa, and was to experience the happiness of a match made without passion. Mitissa soon discovered, that she was equally prudent with myself, and had taken a husband only to be at her own command, and to have a chariot at her own call. She brought with her an old maid recommended by her mother, who taught her all the arts of domestick management, and was, on every occasion, her chief agent and directress. They soon invented one reason or other, to quarrel with all my servants, and either prevailed on me to turn them away, or treated them so ill, that they left me of themselves, and always supplied their places with some brought from my wife's relations. Thus they established a family, over which I had no authority, and which was in a perpetual conspiracy against me; for Mitissa considered herself as having a separate interest, and thought nothing her own, but what she laid up without my knowledge. For this reason she brought me false accounts of the expences of the house, joined with my tenants in complaints of hard times, and by means of a steward of her own, took rewards for soliciting abatements of the rent. Her great hope is to outlive me, that she may

may enjoy what she has thus accumulated, and therefore she is always contriving some improvements of her jointure land, and once tried to procure an injunction to hinder me from felling timber upon it for repairs. Her father and mother assist her in her projects, and are frequently hinting that she is ill used, and reproaching me with the presents that other ladies receive from their husbands.

Such, Sir, was my situation for seven years, till at last my patience was exhausted, and having one day invited her father to my house, I laid the state of my affairs before him, detected my wife in several of her frauds, turned out her steward, charged a constable with her maid, took my business in my own hands, reduced her to a settled allowance, and now write this account to warn others against marrying those whom they have no reason to esteem.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 36. SATURDAY, *July* 21, 1750.

Ἀμ' ἕποντο νομῆες
Τερπόμενοι σύριγξι. δόλον δ' ἐτὶ προνόησαν. HOMER.

——Piping on their reeds, the ſhepherds go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe. POPE.

THERE is ſcarcely any ſpecies of poetry that has allured more readers, or excited more writers, than the paſtoral. It is generally pleaſing, becauſe it entertains the mind with repreſentations of ſcenes familiar to almoſt every imagination, and of which all can equally judge whether they are well deſcribed. It exhibits a life, to which we have been always accuſtomed to aſſociate peace, and leiſure, and innocence: and therefore we readily ſet open the heart, for the admiſſion of its images, which contribute to drive away cares and perturbations, and ſuffer ourſelves, without reſiſtance, to be tranſported to elyſian regions, where we are to meet with nothing but joy, and plenty, and contentment; where every gale whiſpers pleaſure, and every ſhade promiſes repoſe.

It has been maintained by ſome, who love to talk of what they do not know, that paſtoral is the moſt ancient poetry; and indeed, ſince it is probable that poetry is nearly of the ſame antiquity with rational nature, and ſince the life of the firſt men was certainly rural, we may reaſonably conjecture, that, as their ideas would neceſſarily be borrowed from thoſe objects with which they were acquainted, their compoſures, being filled chiefly with ſuch thoughts on the viſible creation as muſt occur to

the firſt obſervers, were paſtoral hymns, like thoſe which *Milton* introduces the original pair ſinging, in the day of innocence, to the praiſe of their Maker.

For the ſame reaſon that paſtoral poetry was the firſt employment of the human imagination, it is generally the firſt literary amuſement of our minds. We have ſeen fields, and meadows, and groves, from the time that our eyes opened upon life; and are pleaſed with birds, and brooks, and breezes, much earlier than we engage among the actions and paſſions of mankind. We are therefore delighted with rural pictures, becauſe we know the original at an age when our curioſity can be very little awakened, by deſcriptions of courts which we never beheld, or repreſentations of paſſion which we never felt.

The ſatisfaction received from this kind of writing not only begins early, but laſts long; we do not as we advance into the intellectual world, throw it away among other childiſh amuſements and paſtimes, but willingly return to it in any hour of indolence and relaxation. The images of true paſtoral have always the power of exciting delight, becauſe the works of nature, from which they are drawn, have always the ſame order and beauty, and continue to force themſelves upon our thoughts, being at once obvious to the moſt careleſs regard, and more than adequate to the ſtrongeſt reaſon and ſevereſt contemplation. Our inclination to ſtillneſs and tranquillity is ſeldom much leſſened by long knowledge of the buſy and tumultuary part of the world. In childhood we turn our thoughts to the country, as to the region of pleaſure; we recur to it in old age as a port of

of reſt, and perhaps with that ſecondary and adventitious gladneſs, which every man feels on reviewing thoſe places, or recollecting thoſe occurrences, that contributed to his youthful enjoyments, and bring him back to the prime of life, when the world was gay with the bloom of novelty, when mirth wantoned at his ſide, and hope ſparkled before him.

The ſenſe of this univerſal pleaſure has invited *numbers without number* to try their ſkill in paſtoral performances, in which they have generally ſucceeded after the manner of other imitators, tranſmitting the ſame images in the ſame combination from one to another, till he that reads the title of a poem, may gueſs at the whole ſeries of the compoſition; nor will a man, after the peruſal of thouſands of theſe performances, find his knowledge enlarged with a ſingle view of nature not produced before, or his imagination amuſed with any new application of thoſe views to moral purpoſes.

The range of paſtoral is indeed narrow, for though nature itſelf, philoſophically conſidered, be inexhauſtible, yet its general effects on the eye and on the ear are uniform, and incapable of much variety of deſcription. Poetry cannot dwell upon the minuter diſtinctions, by which one ſpecies differs from another, without departing from that ſimplicity of grandeur which fills the imagination; nor diſſect the latent qualities of things, without loſing its general power of gratifying every mind by recalling its conceptions. However, as each age makes ſome diſcoveries, and thoſe diſcoveries are by degrees generally known, as new plants or modes of culture are introduced,

and by little and little become common, paſtoral might receive, from time to time, ſmall augmentations, and exhibit once in a century a ſcene ſomewhat varied.

But paſtoral ſubjects have been often, like others, taken into the hands of thoſe that were not qualified to adorn them, men to whom the face of nature was ſo little known, that they have drawn it only after their own imagination, and changed or diſtorted her features, that their portraits might appear ſomething more than ſervile copies from their predeceſſors.

Not only the images of rural life, but the occaſions on which they can be properly produced, are few and general. The ſtate of a man confined to the employments and pleaſures of the country, is ſo little diverſified, and expoſed to ſo few of thoſe accidents which produce perplexities, terrors, and ſurpriſes, in more complicated tranſactions, that he can be ſhewn but ſeldom in ſuch circumſtances as attract curioſity. His ambition is without policy, and his love without intrigue. He has no complaints to make of his rival, but that he is richer than himſelf; nor any diſaſters to lament, but a cruel miſtreſs, or a bad harveſt.

The conviction of the neceſſity of ſome new ſource of pleaſure induced *Sannazarius* to remove the ſcene from the fields to the ſea, to ſubſtitute fiſhermen for ſhepherds, and derive his ſentiments from the piſcatory life; for which he has been cenſured by ſucceeding criticks, becauſe the ſea is an object of terror, and by no means proper to amuſe the mind and lay the paſſions aſleep. Againſt this objection he might be defended by the eſtabliſhed maxim, that the poet has a right

to

to ſelect his images, and is no more obliged to ſhew the ſea in a ſtorm, than the land under an inundation; but may diſplay all the pleaſures, and conceal the dangers of the water, as he may lay his ſhepherd under a ſhady beech, without giving him an ague, or letting a wild beaſt looſe upon him.

There are, however, two defects in the piſcatory eclogue, which perhaps cannot be ſupplied. The ſea, though in hot countries it is conſidered by thoſe who live like *Sannazarius*, upon the coaſt, as a place of pleaſure and diverſion, has notwithſtanding much leſs variety than the land, and therefore will be ſooner exhauſted by a deſcriptive writer. When he has once ſhewn the ſun riſing or ſetting upon it, curled its waters with the vernal breeze, rolled the waves in gentle ſucceſſion to the ſhore, and enumerated the fiſh ſporting in the ſhallows, he has nothing remaining but what is common to all other poetry, the complaint of a nymph for a drowned lover, or the indignation of a fiſher that his oyſters are refuſed, and Mycon's accepted.

Another obſtacle to the general reception of this kind of poetry, is the ignorance of maritime pleaſures, in which the greater part of mankind muſt always live. To all the inland inhabitants of every region, the ſea is only known as an immenſe diffuſion of waters, over which men paſs from one country to another, and in which life is frequently loſt. They have, therefore, no opportunity of tracing in their own thoughts, the deſcriptions of winding ſhores and calm bays, nor can look on the poem in which they are mentioned, with other ſenſations

than on a ſea chart, or the metrical geography of *Dionyſius*.

This defect *Sannazarius* was hindered from perceiving, by writing in a learned language to readers generally acquainted with the works of nature; but if he had made his attempt in any vulgar tongue, he would ſoon have diſcovered how vainly he had endeavoured to make that loved, which was not underſtood.

I am afraid it will not be found eaſy to improve the paſtorals of antiquity, by any great additions or diverſifications. Our deſcriptions may indeed differ from thoſe of Virgil, as an Engliſh from an Italian ſummer, and, in ſome reſpects, as modern from ancient life; but as nature is in both countries nearly the ſame, and as poetry has to do rather with the paſſions of men, which are uniform, than their cuſtoms, which are changeable, the varieties, which time or place can furniſh, will be inconſiderable: and I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, in the next paper, how little the latter ages have contributed to the improvement of the ruſtick muſe.

NUMB. 37. TUESDAY, *July* 24, 1750.

Canto quæ ſolitus, ſi quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion Dircæus. VIRG.

Such ſtrains I ſing as once *Amphion* play'd,
When liſt'ning flocks the powerful call obey'd.
ELPHINSTON.

IN writing or judging of paſtoral poetry, neither the authors nor criticks of latter times ſeem to have paid ſufficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity, but have entangled themſelves with unneceſſary difficulties by advancing principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a ſpecies of compoſition, in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.

It is therefore neceſſary to enquire after ſome more diſtinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, I think, be eaſily found in the paſtorals of Virgil, from whoſe opinion it will not appear very ſafe to depart, if we conſider that every advantage of nature, and of fortune, concurred to complete his productions; that he was born with great accuracy and ſeverity of judgment, enlightened with all the learning of one of the brighteſt ages, and embelliſhed with the elegance of the Roman court; that he employed his powers rather in improving, than inventing, and therefore muſt have endeavoured to recompenſe the want of novelty by exactneſs; that taking Theocritus for his original, he found paſtoral far advanced towards perfection, and that having ſo great a rival, he muſt have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we search the writings of Virgil, for the true definition of a pastoral, it will be found *a poem in which any action or passion is represented by its effects upon a country life.* Whatsoever therefore may, according to the common course of things, happen in the country, may afford a subject for a pastoral poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur to those who are versed in the writings of the modern criticks, that there is no mention of the golden age. I cannot indeed easily discover why it is thought necessary to refer descriptions of a rural state to remote times, nor can I perceive that any writer has consistently preserved the Arcadian manners and sentiments. The only reason, that I have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that, according to the customs of modern life, it is improbable that shepherds should be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate sentiments; and therefore the reader must exalt his ideas of the pastoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of herds and flocks was the employment of the wisest and greatest men.

These reasoners seem to have been led into their hypothesis, by considering pastoral, not in general, as a representation of rural nature, and consequently as exhibiting the ideas and sentiments of those, whoever they are, to whom the country affords pleasure or employment, but simply as a dialogue, or narrative of men actually tending sheep, and busied in the lowest and most laborious offices; from whence they very readily concluded, since characters must necessarily be preserved, that either the sentiments must sink to the level of the

speakers,

ſpeakers, or the ſpeakers muſt be raiſed to the height of the ſentiments.

In conſequence of theſe original errors, a thouſand precepts have been given, which have only contributed to perplex and confound. Some have thought it neceſſary that the imaginary manners of the golden age ſhould be univerſally preſerved, and have therefore believed, that nothing more could be admitted in paſtoral, than lilies and roſes, and rocks and ſtreams, among which are heard the gentle whiſpers of chaſte fondneſs, or the ſoft complaints of amorous impatience. In paſtoral, as in other writings, chaſtity of ſentiment ought doubtleſs to be obſerved, and purity of manners to be repreſented; not becauſe the poet is confined to the images of the golden age, but becauſe, having the ſubject in his own choice, he ought always to conſult the intereſt of virtue.

Theſe advocates for the golden age lay down other principles, not very conſiſtent with their general plan; for they tell us, that, to ſupport the character of the ſhepherd, it is proper that all refinement ſhould be avoided, and that ſome ſlight inſtances of ignorance ſhould be interſperſed. Thus the ſhepherd in Virgil is ſuppoſed to have forgot the name of Anaximander, and in Pope the term Zodiack is too hard for a ruſtick apprehenſion. But if we place our ſhepherds in their primitive condition, we may give them learning among their other qualifications; and if we ſuffer them to allude at all to things of latter exiſtence, which, perhaps, cannot with any great propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making them ſpeak with too much accuracy, ſince they converſed with divi-

nities, and tranſmitted to ſucceeding ages the arts of life.

Other writers, having the mean and deſpicable condition of a ſhepherd always before them, conceive it neceſſary to degrade the language of paſtoral, by obſolete terms and ruſtick words, which they very learnedly call Dorick, without reflecting, that they thus become authors of a mangled dialect, which no human being ever could have ſpoken, that they may as well refine the ſpeech as the ſentiments of their perſonage, and that none of the inconſiſtencies which they endeavour to avoid, is greater than that of joining elegance of thought with coarſeneſs of diction. Spencer begins one of his paſtorals with ſtudied barbarity;

Diggon Davie, *I bid her good-day:*
Or, Diggon *her is, or I miſſay.*
Dig. *Her was her while it was day-light,*
But now her is a moſt wretched wight.

What will the reader imagine to be the ſubject on which ſpeakers like theſe exerciſe their eloquence? Will he not be ſomewhat diſappointed, when he finds them met together to condemn the corruptions of the church of Rome? Surely, at the ſame time that a ſhepherd learns theology, he may gain ſome acquaintance with his native language.

Paſtoral admits of all ranks of perſons, becauſe perſons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not, therefore, on account of the characters neceſſary to be introduced, any elevation or delicacy of ſentiment; thoſe ideas only are improper, which, not owing their original to rural objects, are

are not paſtoral. Such is the exclamation in Virgil,

Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor, duris in cautibus illum
Iſmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec generis noſtri puerum, nec ſanguinis, edunt.

I know thee, Love, in deſarts thou wert bred,
And at the dugs of ſavage tygers fed;
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains. DRYDEN.

which Pope endeavouring to copy, was carried to ſtill greater impropriety:

I know thee, Love, wild as the raging main,
More fierce than tygers on the Libyan plain;
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn;
Begot in tempeſts, and in thunders born!

Sentiments like theſe, as they have no ground in nature, are indeed of little value in any poem; but in paſtoral they are particularly liable to cenſure, becauſe it wants that exaltation above common life, which in tragick or heroick writings often reconciles us to bold flights and daring figures.

Paſtoral being the *repreſentation of an action or paſſion, by its effects upon a country life*, has nothing peculiar but its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceaſes to be paſtoral. This is its true characteriſtick, and this it cannot loſe by any dignity of ſentiment, or beauty of diction. The Pollio of Virgil, with all its elevation, is a compoſition truly bucolick, though rejected by the criticks; for all the images are either taken from the country, or from the religion of the age common to all parts of the empire.

The Silenus is indeed of a more diſputable kind, becauſe though the ſcene lies in the country,

the ſong being religious and hiſtorical, had been no leſs adapted to any other audience or place. Neither can it well be defended as a fiction, for the introduction of a god ſeems to imply the golden age, and yet he alludes to many ſubſequent tranſactions, and mentions Gallus the poet's contemporary.

It ſeems neceſſary to the perfection of this poem, that the occaſion which is ſuppoſed to produce it, be at leaſt not inconſiſtent with a country life, or leſs likely to intereſt thoſe who have retired into places of ſolitude and quiet, than the more buſy part of mankind. It is therefore improper to give the title of a paſtoral to verſes, in which the ſpeakers, after the ſlight mention of their flocks, fall to complaints of errors in the church, and corruptions in the government, or to lamentations of the death of ſome illuſtrious perſon, whom when once the poet has called a ſhepherd, he has no longer any labour upon his hands, but can make the clouds weep, and lilies wither, and the ſheep hang their heads, without art or learning, genius or ſtudy.

It is part of Claudian's character of his ruſtick, that he computes his time not by the ſucceſſion of conſuls, but of harveſts. Thoſe who paſs their days in retreats diſtant from the theatres of buſineſs, are always leaſt likely to hurry their imagination with publick affairs.

The facility of treating actions or events in the paſtoral ſtyle, has incited many writers, from whom more judgment might have been expected, to put the ſorrow or the joy which the occaſion required into the mouth of Daphne or of Thyrſis; and as one abſurdity muſt naturally be expected to make way

way for another, they have written with an utter disregard both of life and nature, and filled their productions with mythological allusions, with incredible fictions, and with sentiments which neither passion nor reason could have dictated, since the change which religion has made in the whole system of the world.

NUMB. 38. SATURDAY, *July* 28, 1750.

Aurea quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ. HOR.

The man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell;
And in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state. FRANCIS.

AMONG many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed that happiness, as well as virtue, consists in mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is necessary, even to him who has no other care than to pass through the present state with ease and safety; and that the middle path is the road of security, on either side of which are not only the pitfals of vice, but the precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, μέτρον ἄριστον, *Mediocrity is best*, has been long considered as an universal principle, extended through the whole compass of life and nature. The experience

rience of every age seems to have given it new confirmation, and to shew that nothing, however specious or alluring, is pursued with propriety, or enjoyed with safety, beyond certain limits.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be considered as the most solid and durable of all terrestrial advantages, are found, when they exceed the middle point, to draw the possessor into many calamities, easily avoided by others that have been less bountifully enriched or adorned. We see every day women perish with infamy, by having been too willing to set their beauty to shew; and others, though not with equal guilt or misery, yet with very sharp remorse, languishing in decay, neglect, and obscurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And, indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deserve much regard, very few sighs would be vented for eminent and superlative elegance of form; "for beautiful women," says he, "are seldom of any great accomplishments, because "they, for the most part, study behaviour rather "than virtue."

Health and vigour, and a happy constitution of the corporeal frame, are of absolute necessity to the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties of life, and requisite in yet a greater measure to the accomplishment of any thing illustrious or distinguished; yet even these, if we can judge by their apparent consequences, are sometimes not very beneficial to those on whom they are most liberally bestowed. They that frequent the chambers of the sick, will generally find the sharpest pains, and most stubborn maladies, among them whom confidence of the force of nature formerly betrayed to negligence and irregularity; and

and that ſuperfluity of ſtrength, which was at once their boaſt and their ſnare, has often, in the latter part of life, no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguiſh.

Theſe gifts of nature are, however, always bleſſings in themſelves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; ſince they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive of happineſs, and prove pernicious only by voluntary corruption or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of purſuing them with too much ardour or anxiety, becauſe no ſkill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repreſs the diſcontent and envy to which the want of them often gives occaſion in thoſe who do not enough ſuſpect their own frailty, nor conſider how much leſs is the calamity of not poſſeſſing great powers, than of not uſing them aright.

Of all thoſe things that make us ſuperior to others, there is none ſo much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or conſtantly deſired. Poverty is an evil always in our view, an evil complicated with ſo many circumſtances of uneaſineſs and vexation, that every man is ſtudious to avoid it. Some degree of riches is therefore required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of neceſſity; when this purpoſe is once attained, we naturally wiſh for more, that the evil which is regarded with ſo much horror, may be yet at a greater diſtance from us; as he that has once felt or dreaded the paw of a ſavage, will not be at reſt till they are parted by ſome barrier, which may take away all poſſibility of a ſecond attack.

To

To this point, if fear be not unreaſonably indulged, Cleobulus would, perhaps, not refuſe to extend his mediocrity. But it almoſt always happens, that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, ſtates his wants by ſome new meaſure, and from flying the enemy that purſued him, bends his endeavours to overtake thoſe whom he ſees before him. The power of gratifying his appetites encreaſes their demands: a thouſand wiſhes crowd in upon him, importunate to be ſatisfied, and vanity and ambition open proſpects to deſire, which ſtill grow wider, as they are more contemplated.

Thus in time want is enlarged without bounds; an eagerneſs for increaſe of poſſeſſions deluges the ſoul, and we ſink into the gulphs of inſatiability, only becauſe we do not ſufficiently conſider, that all real need is very ſoon ſupplied, and all real danger of its invaſion eaſily precluded; that the claims of vanity, being without limits, muſt be denied at laſt; and that the pain of repreſſing them is leſs pungent before they have been long accuſtomed to compliance.

Whoſoever ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition ſuch as that he ſhould hazard his quiet, and much leſs his virtue to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker ſucceſſion of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuouſneſs.

There is one reaſon ſeldom remarked which makes riches leſs deſirable. Too much wealth is very frequently the occaſion of poverty. He whom the

the wantonneſs of abundance has once ſoftened, eaſily ſinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will ſoon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render unſurmountable; he will fly for help to thoſe whoſe intereſt it is that he ſhould be more diſtreſſed, and will be at laſt torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raſchid, two neighbouring ſhepherds, faint with thirſt, ſtood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of diſtreſs prayed for water. On a ſudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceaſed to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and ſaw a being of mighty ſtature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach to be the Genius of diſtribution. In one hand he held the ſheaves of plenty, and in the other the ſabre of deſtruction. The ſhepherds ſtood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he call to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the ſpices of Sabæa; "Fly not from your benefactor, children of the "duſt! I am come to offer you gifts, which only "your own folly can make vain. You here pray "for water, and water I will beſtow; let me know "with how much you will be ſatisfied: ſpeak not "raſhly; conſider, that of whatever can be enjoyed "by the body, exceſs is no leſs dangerous than "ſcarcity. When you remember the pain of "thirſt, do not forget the danger of ſuffocation. "Now, Hamet, tell me your requeſt."

"O Being,

"O Being, kind and beneficent," says Hamet, "let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a "little brook, which in summer shall never be dry, "and in winter never overflow." "It is granted," replies the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, and a fountain bubbling up under their feet scattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

Then turning to Raschid, the Genius invited him likewise to offer his petition. "I request," says Raschid, "that thou wilt turn the Ganges through "my grounds, with all his waters, and all their in-"habitants." Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbour's sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the same petition before him; when the Genius spoke, "Rash man, "be not insatiable! remember, to thee that is no-"thing which thou canst not use; and how are thy "wants greater than the wants of Hamet?" Raschid repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event. As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

Numb. 39. Tuesday, *July* 31, 1750.

Infelix——nulli bene nupta marito. Ausonius.

Unbleſt, ſtill doom'd to wed with miſery.

THE condition of the female ſex has been frequently the ſubject of compaſſion to medical writers, becauſe their conſtitution of body is ſuch, that every ſtate of life brings its peculiar diſeaſes: they are placed according to the proverb between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable; and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a ſingle life, are expoſed, in conſequence of their choice, to ſickneſs, miſery, and death.

It were to be wiſhed that ſo great a degree of natural infelicity might not be increaſed by adventitious and artificial miſeries; and that beings whoſe beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whoſe delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderneſs, might be ſuffered to enjoy every alleviation of their ſorrows. But, however it has happened, the cuſtom of the world ſeems to have been formed in a kind of conſpiracy againſt them, though it does not appear but they had themſelves an equal ſhare in its eſtabliſhment; and preſcriptions which, by whomſoever they were begun, are now of long continuance, and by conſequence of great authority, ſeem to have almoſt excluded them from content, in whatſoever condition they ſhall paſs their lives.

If they refuſe the ſociety of men, and continue in that ſtate which is reaſonably ſuppoſed to place happineſs moſt in their own power, they ſeldom give thoſe that frequent their converſation any exalted

exalted notions of the bleſſing of liberty; for whether it be that they are angry to ſee with what inconſiderate eagerneſs other heedleſs females ruſh into ſlavery, or with what abſurd vanity the married ladies boaſt the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour to aſſert the natural dignity of their ſex; whether they are conſcious that like barren countries they are free, only becauſe they were never thought to deſerve the trouble of a conqueſt, or imagine that their ſincerity is not always unſuſpected when they declare their contempt of men; it is certain, that they generally appear to have ſome great and inceſſant cauſe of uneaſineſs, and that many of them have at laſt been perſuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had ſo long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they leaſt became them.

What are the real cauſes of the impatience which the ladies diſcover in a virgin ſtate, I ſhall perhaps take ſome other occaſion to examine. That it is not to be envied for its happineſs, appears from the ſolicitude with which it is avoided; from the opinion univerſally prevalent among the ſex, that no woman continues long in it but becauſe ſhe is not invited to forſake it; from the diſpoſition always ſhewn to treat old maids as the refuſe of the world; and from the willingneſs with which it is often quitted at laſt, by thoſe whoſe experience has enabled them to judge at leiſure, and decide with authority.

Yet ſuch is life, that whatever is propoſed, it is much eaſier to find reaſons for rejecting than embracing. Marriage, though a certain ſecurity from the reproach and ſolitude of antiquated virginity, has

has yet, as it is usually conducted, many disadvantages, that take away much from the pleasure which society promises, and might afford, if pleasures and pains were honestly shared, and mutual confidence inviolably preserved.

The miseries, indeed, which many ladies suffer under conjugal vexations, are to be considered with great pity, because their husbands are often not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by persuasion and importunity, equally resistless when urged by those whom they have been always accustomed to reverence and obey; and it very seldom appears, that those who are thus despotick in the disposal of their children, pay any regard to their domestick and personal felicity, or think it so much to be enquired whether they will be happy, as whether they will be rich.

It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other respect to be numbered with robbers and assassins, frequently commit, that, in their estimation, riches and happiness are equivalent terms. They have passed their lives with no other wish than that of adding acre to acre, and filling one bag after another, and imagine the advantage of a daughter sufficiently considered, when they have secured her a large jointure, and given her reasonable expectations of living in the midst of those pleasures, with which she had seen her father and mother solacing their age.

There is an œconomical oracle received among the prudential part of the world, which advises fathers *to marry their daughters lest they should marry themselves*; by which I suppose it is implied, that women, left to their own conduct, generally unite themselves

themſelves with ſuch partners as can contribute very little to their felicity. Who was the author of this maxim, or with what intention it was originally uttered, I have not yet diſcovered; but imagine that however ſolemnly it may be tranſmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied, it cannot licenſe Titius to be unjuſt, leſt Caia ſhould be imprudent; nor give right to impriſon for life, leſt liberty ſhould be ill employed.

That the ladies have ſometimes incurred imputations which might naturally produce edicts not much in their favour, muſt be confeſſed by their warmeſt advocates; and I have indeed ſeldom obſerved, that when the tenderneſs or virtue of their parents has preſerved them from forced marriage, and left them at large to chuſe their own path in the labyrinth of life, they have made any great advantage of their liberty: they commonly take the opportunity of independence to trifle away youth and loſe their bloom in a hurry of diverſions, recurring in a ſucceſſion too quick to leave room for any ſettled reflection; they ſee the world without gaining experience, and at laſt regulate their choice by motives, trifling as thoſe of a girl, or mercenary as thoſe of a miſer.

Melanthia came to town upon the death of her father, with a very large fortune, and with the reputation of a much larger; ſhe was therefore followed and careſſed by many men of rank, and by ſome of underſtanding; but having an inſatiable deſire of pleaſure, ſhe was not at leiſure, from the park, the gardens, the theatres, viſits, aſſemblies, and maſquerades, to attend ſeriouſly to any propoſal, but was ſtill impatient for a new flatterer,

flatterer, and neglected marriage as always in her power; till in time her admirers fell away, wearied with expence, disgusted at her folly, or offended by her inconstancy; she heard of concerts to which she was not invited, and was more than once forced to sit still at an assembly for want of a partner. In this distress, chance threw in her way Philotryphus, a man vain, glittering, and thoughtless as herself, who had spent a small fortune in equipage and dress, and was shining in the last suit for which his taylor would give him credit. He had been long endeavouring to retrieve his extravagance by marriage, and therefore soon paid his court to Melanthia, who after some weeks of insensibility saw him at a ball, and was wholly overcome by his performance in a minuet. They married; but a man cannot always dance, and Philotryphus had no other method of pleasing: however, as neither was in any great degree vicious, they live together with no other unhappiness, than vacuity of mind, and that tasteleſsness of life, which proceeds from a satiety of juvenile pleasures, and an utter inability to fill their place by nobler employments. As they have known the fashionable world at the same time, they agree in their notions of all those subjects on which they ever speak, and being able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, are not much inclined to conversation, but very often join in one wish, "That they could sleep more, "and think less."

Argyris, after having refused a thousand offers, at last consented to marry Cotylus, the younger brother of a duke, a man without elegance of mien, beauty of person, or force of understanding; who, while he courted her, could not always forbear

alluſions to her birth, and hints how cheaply ſhe would purchaſe an alliance to ſo illuſtrious a family. His conduct from the hour of his marriage has been inſufferably tyrannical, nor has he any other regard to her than what ariſes from his deſire that her appearance may not diſgrace him. Upon this principle, however, he always orders that ſhe ſhould be gaily dreſſed and ſplendidly attended; and ſhe has, among all her mortifications, the happineſs to take place of her eldeſt ſiſter.

NUMB. 40. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 4, 1750.

——— *Nec dicet, cur ego amicum*
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum ſemel. HOR.

Nor ſay, for trifles why ſhould I diſpleaſe
The man I love? For trifles ſuch as theſe
To ſerious miſchiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove. FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, that authors are *genus irritabile* a *generation very eaſily put out of temper*, and that they ſeldom fail of giving proofs of their iraſcibility, upon the ſlighteſt attack of criticiſm, or the moſt gentle or modeſt offer of advice and information.

Writers being beſt acquainted with one another, have repreſented this character as prevailing among men of literature, which a more extenſive view of the world would have ſhewn them to be diffuſed through all human nature, to mingle itſelf with every ſpecies of ambition and deſire of praiſe, and to diſcover its effects with greater or leſs re-

ſtraint, and under diſguiſes more or leſs artful, in all places and all conditions.

The quarrels of writers, indeed, are more obſerved, becauſe they neceſſarily appeal to the deciſion of the publick. Their enmities are incited by applauſes from their parties, and prolonged by treacherous encouragement for general diverſion; and when the conteſt happens to riſe high between men of genius and learning, its memory is continued for the ſame reaſon as its vehemence was at firſt promoted, becauſe it gratifies the malevolence or curioſity of readers, and relieves the vacancies of life with amuſement and laughter. The perſonal diſputes, therefore, of rivals in wit are ſometimes tranſmitted to poſterity, when the grudges and heart-burnings of men leſs conſpicuous, though carried on with equal bitterneſs, and productive of greater evils, are expoſed to the knowledge of thoſe only whom they nearly affect, and ſuffered to paſs off and be forgotten among common and caſual tranſactions.

The reſentment which the diſcovery of a fault or folly produces, muſt bear a certain proportion to our pride, and will regularly be more acrimonious as pride is more immediately the principle of action. In whatever therefore we wiſh or imagine ourſelves to excel, we ſhall always be diſpleaſed to have our claims to reputation diſputed, and more diſpleaſed, if the accompliſhment be ſuch as can expect reputation only for its reward. For this reaſon it is common to find men break out into rage at any inſinuations to the diſadvantage of their wit, who have borne with great patience reflections on their morals; and of women it has

been always known, that no cenſure wounds ſo deeply, or rankles ſo long, as that which charges them with want of beauty.

As men frequently fill their imaginations with trifling purſuits, and pleaſe themſelves moſt with things of ſmall importance, I have often known very ſevere and laſting malevolence excited by unlucky cenſures, which would have fallen without any effect, had they not happened to wound a part remarkably tender. Guſtulus, who valued himſelf upon the nicety of his palate, diſinherited his eldeſt ſon for telling him that the wine, which he was then commending, was the ſame which he had ſent away the day before not fit to be drank. Proculus withdrew his kindneſs from a nephew, whom he had always conſidered as the moſt promiſing genius of the age, for happening to praiſe in his preſence the graceful horſemanſhip of Marius. And Fortunio, when he was privy counſellor, procured a clerk to be dimiſſed from one of the publick offices, in which he was eminent for his ſkill and aſſiduity, becauſe he had been heard to ſay, that there was another man in the kingdom on whoſe ſkill at billiards he would lay his money againſt Fortunio's.

Felicia and Floretta had been bred up in one houſe, and ſhared all the pleaſures and endearments of infancy together. They entered upon life at the ſame time, and continued their confidence and friendſhip; conſulted each other in every change of their dreſs, and every admiſſion of a new lover; thought every diverſion more entertaining whenever it happened that both were preſent, and when ſeparated juſtified the conduct, and celebrated the excellencies,

excellencies, of one another. Such was their intimacy, and such their fidelity; till a birth-night approached, when Floretta took one morning an opportunity, as they were consulting upon new clothes, to advise her friend not to dance at the ball, and informed her that her performance the year before had not answered the expectation which her other accomplishments had raised. Felicia commended her sincerity, and thanked her for the caution; but told her that she danced to please herself, and was in very little concern what the men might take the liberty of saying, but that if her appearance gave her dear Floretta any uneasiness she would stay away. Floretta had now nothing left but to make new protestations of sincerity and affection, with which Felicia was so well satisfied, that they parted with more than usual fondness. They still continued to visit, with this only difference, that Felicia was more punctual than before, and often declared how high a value she put upon sincerity, how much she thought that goodness to be esteemed which would venture to admonish a friend of an error, and with what gratitude advice was to be received, even when it might happen to proceed from mistake.

In a few months Felicia, with great seriousness, told Floretta, that though her beauty was such as gave charms to whatever she did, and her qualifications so extensive, that she could not fail of excellence in any attempt, yet she thought herself obliged by the duties of friendship to inform her, that if ever she betrayed want of judgment, it was by too frequent compliance with solicitations to sing, for that her manner was somewhat ungraceful, and her voice had no great compass. It is true, says Floretta, when I sung three nights ago

at lady Sprightly's, I was hoarſe with a cold; but I ſing for my own ſatisfaction, and am not in the leaſt pain whether I am liked. However, my dear Felicia's kindneſs is not the leſs, and I ſhall always think myſelf happy in ſo true a friend.

From this time they never ſaw each other without mutual profeſſions of eſteem, and declarations of confidence, but went ſoon after into the country to viſit their relations. When they came back, they were prevailed on, by the importunity of new acquaintance, to take lodgings in different parts of the town, and had frequent occaſion when they met, to bewail the diſtance at which they were placed, and the uncertainty which each experienced of finding the other at home.

Thus are the fondeſt and firmeſt friendſhips diſſolved, by ſuch openneſs, and ſincerity, as interrupt our enjoyment of our own approbation, or recal us to the remembrance of thoſe failings, which we are more willing to indulge than to correct.

It is by no means neceſſary to imagine, that he who is offended at advice, was ignorant of the fault, and reſents the admonition as a falſe charge; for perhaps it is moſt natural to be enraged, when there is the ſtrongeſt conviction of our own guilt. While we can eaſily defend our character, we are no more diſturbed at an accuſation, than we are alarmed by an enemy whom we are ſure to conquer; and whoſe attack, therefore, will bring us honour without danger. But when a man feels the reprehenſion of a friend ſeconded by his own heart, he is eaſily heated into reſentment and revenge, either becauſe he hoped that the fault of which he was conſcious had eſcaped the notice of others;

others; or that his friend had looked upon it with tenderneſs and extenuation, and excuſed it for the ſake of his other virtues; or had conſidered him as too wiſe to need advice, or too delicate to be ſhocked with reproach. or, becauſe we cannot feel without pain thoſe reflections rouſed, which we have been endeavouring to lay aſleep; and when pain has produced anger, who would not willingly believe, that it ought to be diſcharged on others, rather than on himſelf?

The reſentment produced by ſincerity, whatever be its immediate cauſe, is ſo certain, and generally ſo keen, that very few have magnanimity ſufficient for the practice of a duty, which, above moſt others, expoſes its votaries to hardſhips and perſecutions; yet friendſhip without it is of a very little value, ſince the great uſe of ſo cloſe an intimacy is that our virtues may be guarded and encouraged, and our vices repreſſed in their firſt appearance by timely detection and ſalutary remonſtrances.

It is decreed by providence, that nothing truly valuable ſhall be obtained in our preſent ſtate, but with difficulty and danger. He that hopes for that advantage which is to be gained from unreſtrained communication, muſt ſometimes hazard, by unpleaſing truths, that friendſhip which he aſpires to merit. The chief rule to be obſerved in the exerciſe of this dangerous office, is to preſerve it pure from all mixture of intereſt or vanity; to forbear admonition or reproof, when our conſciences tell us that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the deſire of ſhewing our diſcernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain

that the moſt refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the moſt zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment, by which they are detected; but he who endeavours only the happineſs of him whom he reproves, will always either have the ſatisfaction of obtaining or deſerving kindneſs; if he ſucceeds, he benefits his friend, and if he fails, he has at leaſt the conſciouſneſs that he ſuffers for only doing well.

NUMB. 41. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1750.

Nulla recordanti lux eſt ingrata graviſque,
Nulla fuit cujus non meminiſſe velit.
Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus, hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui. MART.

No day's remembrance ſhall the good regret,
Nor wiſh one bitter moment to forget;
They ſtretch the limits of this narrow ſpan,
And, by enjoying, live paſt life again. F. LEWIS.

SO few of the hours of life are filled up with objects adequate to the mind of man, and ſo frequently are we in want of preſent pleaſure or employment, that we are forced to have recourſe every moment to the paſt and future for ſupplemental ſatisfactions, and relieve the vacuities of our being, by recollection of former paſſages, or anticipation of events to come.

I cannot but conſider this neceſſity of ſearching on every ſide for matter on which the attention may be employed, as a ſtrong proof of the ſuperior and celeſtial nature of the ſoul of man. We have no

no reaſon to believe that other creatures have higher faculties, or more extenſive capacities, than the preſervation of themſelves, or their ſpecies, requires; they ſeem always to be fully employed, or to be completely at eaſe without employment, to feel few intellectual miſeries or pleaſures, and to have no exuberance of underſtanding to lay out upon curioſity or caprice, but to have their minds exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other ideas than ſuch as corporal pain or pleaſure impreſs upon them.

Of memory, which makes ſo large a part of the excellence of the human ſoul, and which has ſo much influence upon all its other powers, but a ſmall portion has been allotted to the animal world. We do not find the grief, with which the dams lament the loſs of their young, proportionate to the tenderneſs with which they careſs, the aſſiduity with which they feed, or the vehemence with which they defend them. Their regard for their offſpring, when it is before their eyes, is not, in appearance, leſs than that of a human parent; but when it is taken away, it is very ſoon forgotten, and, after a ſhort abſence, if brought again, wholly diſregarded.

That they have very little remembrance of any thing once out of the reach of their ſenſes, and ſcarce any power of comparing the preſent with the paſt, and regulating their concluſions from experience, may be gathered from this, that their intellects are produced in their full perfection. The ſparrow that was hatched laſt ſpring makes her firſt neſt the enſuing ſeaſon, of the ſame materials, and with the ſame art, as in any following year; and the hen conducts and ſhelters her

first brood of chickens with all the prudence that she ever attains.

It has been asked by men who love to perplex any thing that is plain to common understandings, how reason differs from instinct; and Prior has with no great propriety made Solomon himself declare, that, to distinguish them, is *the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.* To give an accurate answer to a question, of which the terms are not completely understood, is impossible; we do not know in what either reason or instinct consist, and therefore cannot tell with exactness how they differ; but surely he that contemplates a ship and a bird's nest, will not be long without finding out, that the idea of the one was impressed at once, and continued through all the progressive descents of the species, without variation or improvement; and that the other is the result of experiments compared with experiments, has grown, by accumulated observation, from less to greater excellence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of different ages and various professions.

Memory is the purveyor of reason, the power which places those images before the mind upon which the judgment is to be exercised, and which treasures up the determinations that are once passed, as the rules of future action, or grounds of subsequent conclusions.

It is, indeed, the faculty of remembrance, which may be said to place us in the class of moral agents. If we were to act only in consequence of some immediate impulse, and receive no direction from internal motives of choice, we should be pushed forward by an invincible fatality, without power or reason for the most part to prefer one thing to another,

another, becauſe we could make no compariſon but of objects which might both happen to be preſent.

We owe to memory not only the increaſe of our knowledge, and our progreſs in rational enquiries, but many other intellectual pleaſures. Indeed, almoſt all that we can be ſaid to enjoy is paſt or future; the preſent is in perpetual motion, leaves us as ſoon as it arrives, ceaſes to be preſent before its preſence is well perceived, and is only known to have exiſted by the effects which it leaves behind. The greateſt part of our ideas ariſes, therefore, from the view before or behind us, and we are happy or miſerable, according as we are affected by the ſurvey of our life, or our proſpect of future exiſtence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at ſuch a diſtance from us, that we cannot take the whole concatenation into our view, we have generally power enough over our imagination to turn it upon pleaſing ſcenes, and can promiſe ourſelves riches, honours, and delights, without intermingling thoſe vexations and anxieties, with which all human enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks in on one ſide, and alarms us with dangers and diſappointments, we can call in hope on the other, to ſolace us with rewards, and eſcapes, and victories; ſo that we are ſeldom without means of palliating remote evils, and can generally ſooth ourſelves to tranquillity, whenever any troubleſome preſage happens to attack us.

It is, therefore, I believe, much more common for the ſolitary and thoughtful, to amuſe themſelves with ſchemes of the future, than reviews of the paſt.

For the future is pliant and ductile, and will be eaſily moulded by a ſtrong fancy into any form. But the images which memory preſents are of a ſtubborn and untractable nature, the objects of remembrance have already exiſted, and left their ſignature behind them impreſſed upon the mind, ſo as to defy all attempts of raſure or of change.

As the ſatisfactions, therefore, ariſing from memory are leſs arbitrary, they are more ſolid, and are, indeed, the only joys which we can call our own. Whatever we have once repoſited, as Dryden expreſſes it, *in the ſacred treaſure of the paſt*, is out of the reach of accident, or violence, nor can be loſt either by our own weakneſs, or another's malice:

—— Non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro eſt efficiet, neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugies ſemel hora vexit.

Be fair or foul, or rain or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd in ſpite of fate are mine.
Not heav'n itſelf upon the paſt has pow'r,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

DRYDEN.

There is certainly no greater happineſs than to be able to look back on a life uſefully and virtuouſly employed, to trace our own progreſs in exiſtence, by ſuch tokens as excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. Life, in which nothing has been done or ſuffered to diſtinguiſh one day from another, is to him that has paſſed it, as if it had never been, except that he is conſcious how ill he has huſbanded the great depoſit of his Creator.

Life, made memorable by crimes, and diverſified through its ſeveral periods by wickedneſs, is indeed eaſily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorſe.

The great conſideration which ought to influence us in the uſe of the preſent moment, is to ariſe from the effect, which, as well or ill applied, it muſt have upon the time to come; for though its actual exiſtence be inconceivably ſhort, yet its effects are unlimited; and there is not the ſmalleſt point of time but may extend its conſequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reaſon to remember it for ever, with anguiſh or exultation.

The time of life, in which memory ſeems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall eaſily into recitals of paſt tranſactions, and accounts of perſons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave it is more eminently true;

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Life's ſpan forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And ſtretch thy hopes beyond thy years. CREECH.

We have no longer any poſſibility of great viciſſitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and thoſe who have no hope before them, and to whom their preſent ſtate is painful and irkſome, muſt of neceſſity turn their thoughts back to try what retroſpect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of thoſe who wiſh to paſs the laſt

hours with comfort, to lay up such a treasure of pleasing ideas, as shall support the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

——— *Petite hinc, juvenesque senesque*
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.

Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind;
Here suff'ring age, a bless'd provision find. ELPHINSTON.

In youth, however unhappy, we solace ourselves with the hope of better fortune, and however vicious, appease our consciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at last, in which life has no more to promise, in which happiness can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleasure.

NUMB. 42. SATURDAY, *August* 11, 1750.

Mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora. HOR.

How heavily my time revolves along. ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

I AM no great admirer of grave writings, and therefore very frequently lay your papers aside before I have read them through; yet I cannot but confess that, by slow degrees, you have raised my opinion of your understanding, and that, though I believe it will be long before I can be prevailed

prevailed upon to regard you with much kindneſs, you have, however, more of my eſteem than thoſe whom I ſometimes make happy with opportunities to fill my tea-pot, or pick up my fan. I ſhall therefore chuſe you for the confident of my diſtreſſes, and aſk your counſel with regard to the means of conquering or eſcaping them, though I never expect from you any of that ſoftneſs and pliancy, which conſtitutes the perfection of a companion for the ladies: as, in the place where I now am, I have recourſe to the maſtiff for protection, though I have no intention of making him a lap-dog.

My mamma is a very fine lady, who has more numerous and more frequent aſſemblies at her houſe, than any other perſon in the ſame quarter of the town. I was bred from my earlieſt infancy in a perpetual tumult of pleaſure, and remember to have heard little elſe than meſſages, viſits, play-houſes, and balls; of the awkwardneſs of one woman, and the coquetry of another; the charming convenience of ſome riſing faſhion, the difficulty of playing a new game, the incidents of a maſquerade, and the dreſſes of a court-night. I knew before I was ten years old all the rules of paying and receiving viſits, and to how much civility every one of my acquaintance was entitled; and was able to return, with the proper degree of reſerve or of vivacity, the ſtated and eſtabliſhed anſwer to every compliment; ſo that I was very ſoon celebrated as a wit and a beauty, and had heard before I was thirteen all that is ever ſaid to a young lady. My mother was generous to ſo uncommon a degree as to be pleaſed with my advance into life, and allowed me without envy or

reproof, to enjoy the ſame happineſs with herſelf; though moſt women about her own age were very angry to ſee young girls ſo forward, and many fine gentlemen told her how cruel it was to throw new chains upon mankind, and to tyrannize over them at the ſame time with her own charms, and thoſe of her daughter.

I have now lived two and twenty years, and have paſſed of each year nine months in town, and three at Richmond; ſo that my time has been ſpent uniformly in the ſame company, and the ſame amuſements, except as faſhion has introduced new diverſions, or the revolutions of the gay world have afforded new ſucceſſions of wits and beaus. However, my mother is ſo good an economiſt of pleaſure, that I have no ſpare hours upon my hands; for every morning brings ſome new appointment, and every night is hurried away by the neceſſity of making our appearance at different places, and of being with one lady at the opera, and with another at the card-table.

When the time came of ſettling our ſcheme of felicity for the ſummer, it was determined that I ſhould pay a viſit to a rich aunt in a remote county. As you know the chief converſation of all tea-tables in the ſpring, ariſes from a communication of the manner in which time is to be paſſed till winter, it was a great relief to the barrenneſs of our topicks, to relate the pleaſures that were in ſtore for me, to deſcribe my uncle's ſeat, with the park and gardens, the charming walks and beautiful waterfalls; and every one told me how much ſhe envied me, and what ſatisfaction

tisfaction she had once enjoyed in a situation of the same kind.

As we are all credulous in our own favour, and willing to imagine some latent satisfaction in any thing which we have not experienced, I will confess to you, without restraint, that I had suffered my head to be filled with expectations of some nameless pleasure in a rural life, and that I hoped for the happy hour that should set me free from noise, and flutter, and ceremony, dismiss me to the peaceful shade, and lull me in content and tranquillity. To solace myself under the misery of delay, I sometimes heard a studious lady of my acquaintance read pastorals; I was delighted with scarce any talk but of leaving the town, and never went to bed without dreaming of groves, and meadows, and frisking lambs.

At length I had all my clothes in a trunk, and saw the coach at the door; I sprung in with ecstacy, quarrelled with my maid for being too long in taking leave of the other servants, and rejoiced as the ground grew less which lay between me and the completion of my wishes. A few days brought me to a large old house, encompassed on three sides with woody hills, and looking from the front on a gentle river, the sight of which renewed all my expectations of pleasure, and gave me some regret for having lived so long without the enjoyment which these delightful scenes were now to afford me. My aunt came out to receive me, but in a dress so far removed from the present fashion, that I could scarcely look upon her without laughter, which would have been no kind requital for the trouble which she had taken to make herself fine against my arrival.

arrival. The night and the next morning were driven along with enquiries about our family; my aunt then explained our pedigree, and told me ſtories of my great grandfather's bravery in the civil wars, nor was it leſs than three days before I could perſuade her to leave me to myſelf.

At laſt economy prevailed; ſhe went in the uſual manner about her own affairs, and I was at liberty to range in the wilderneſs, and ſit by the caſcade. The novelty of the objects about me pleaſed me for a while, but after a few days they were new no longer, and I ſoon began to perceive that the country was not my element; that ſhades, and flowers, and lawns, and waters, had very ſoon exhauſted all their power of pleaſing, and that I had not in myſelf any fund of ſatisfaction with which I could ſupply the loſs of my cuſtomary amuſements.

I unhappily told my aunt, in the firſt warmth of our embraces, that I had leave to ſtay with her ten weeks. Six only are yet gone, and how ſhall I live through the remaining four? I go out and return; I pluck a flower, and throw it away; I catch an inſect, and when I have examined its colours, ſet it at liberty; I fling a pebble into the water, and ſee one circle ſpread after another. When it chances to rain, I walk in the great hall, and watch the minute-hand upon the dial, or play with a litter of kittens, which the cat happens to have brought in a lucky time.

My aunt is afraid I ſhall grow melancholy, and therefore encourages the neighbouring gentry to viſit us. They came at firſt with great eagerneſs to ſee the fine lady from London, but when we

we met, we had no common topick on which we could converſe; they had no curioſity after plays, operas, or muſick; and I find as little ſatisfaction from their accounts of the quarrels or alliances of families, whoſe names, when once I can eſcape, I ſhall never hear. The women have now ſeen me, and know how my gown is made, and are ſatisfied; the men are generally afraid of me, and ſay little, becauſe they think themſelves not at liberty to talk rudely.

Thus am I condemned to ſolitude; the day moves ſlowly forward, and I ſee the dawn with uneaſineſs, becauſe I conſider that night is at a great diſtance. I have tried to ſleep by a brook, but find its murmurs ineffectual; ſo that I am forced to be awake at leaſt twelve hours without viſits, without cards, without laughter, and without flattery. I walk becauſe I am diſguſted with ſitting ſtill, and ſit down becauſe I am weary with walking. I have no motive to action, nor any object of love, or hate, or fear, or inclination. I cannot dreſs with ſpirit, for I have neither rival nor admirer. I cannot dance without a partner, nor be kind, or cruel, without a lover.

Such is the life of Euphelia, and ſuch it is likely to continue for a month to come. I have not yet declared againſt exiſtence, nor called upon the deſtinies to cut my thread; but I have ſincerely reſolved not to condemn myſelf to ſuch another ſummer, nor too haſtily to flatter myſelf with happineſs. Yet I have heard, Mr. Rambler, of thoſe who never thought themſelves ſo much at eaſe as in ſolitude, and cannot but ſuſpect it to be ſome way or other my own fault, that, without great pain, either of mind or body, I am thus

weary

weary of myſelf: that the current of youth ſtagnates, and that I am languiſhing in a dead calm, for want of ſome external impulſe. I ſhall therefore think you a benefactor to our ſex, if you will teach me the art of living alone; for I am confident that a thouſand and a thouſand and a thouſand ladies, who affect to talk with ecſtacies of the pleaſures of the country, are in reality, like me, longing for the winter, and wiſhing to be delivered from themſelves by company and diverſion.

I am, Sir, Yours,

EUPHELIA.

NUMB. 43. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 14, 1750.

Flumine perpetuo torrens ſolet acrius ire,
Sed tamen hæc brevis eſt, illa perennis aqua. OVID.

In courſe impetuous ſoon the torrent dries;
The brook a conſtant peaceful ſtream ſupplies. F. LEWIS.

IT is obſerved by thoſe who have written on the conſtitution of the human body, and the original of thoſe diſeaſes by which it is afflicted, that every man comes into the world morbid, that there is no temperature ſo exactly regulated but that ſome humour is fatally predominant, and that we are generally impregnated, in our firſt entrance upon life, with the ſeeds of that malady, which, in time, ſhall bring us to the grave.

This remark has been extended by others to the intellectual faculties. Some that imagine themſelves to have looked with more than common penetration

penetration into human nature, have endeavoured to perſuade us that each man is born with a mind formed peculiarly for certain purpoſes, and with deſires unalterably determined to particular objects; from which the attention cannot be long diverted, and which alone, as they are well or ill purſued, muſt produce the praiſe or blame, the happineſs or miſery, of his future life.

This poſition has not, indeed, been hitherto proved with ſtrength proportionate to the aſſurance with which it has been advanced, and, perhaps, will never gain much prevalence by a cloſe examination.

If the doctrine of innate ideas be itſelf diſputable, there ſeems to be little hope of eſtabliſhing an opinion, which ſuppoſes that even complications of ideas have been given us at our birth, and that we are made by nature ambitious, or covetous, before we know the meaning of either power or money.

Yet as every ſtep in the progreſſion of exiſtence changes our poſition with reſpect to the things about us, ſo as to lay us open to new aſſaults and particular dangers, and ſubjects us to inconveniencies from which any other ſituation is exempt; as a publick or a private life, youth and age, wealth and poverty, have all ſome evil cloſely adherent, which cannot wholly be eſcaped but by quitting the ſtate to which it is annexed, and ſubmitting to the incumbrances of ſome other condition; ſo it cannot be denied that every difference in the ſtructure of the mind has its advantages and its wants; and that failures and defects being inſeparable from humanity, however the powers of underſtanding be extended or contracted, there will

will on one ſide or the other always be an avenue to error and miſcarriage.

There ſeem to be ſome ſouls ſuited to great, and others to little employments; ſome formed to ſoar aloft, and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow ſphere. Of theſe the one is always in danger of becoming uſeleſs by a daring negligence, the other by a ſcrupulous ſolicitude; the one collects many ideas, but confuſed and indiſtinct; the other is buſied in minute accuracy, but without compaſs and without dignity.

The general error of thoſe who poſſeſs powerful and elevated underſtandings, is, that they form ſchemes of too great extent, and flatter themſelves too haſtily with ſucceſs; they feel their own force to be great, and, by the complaceney with which every man ſurveys himſelf, imagine it ſtill greater: they therefore look out for undertakings worthy of their abilities, and engage in them with very little precaution, for they imagine that, without premeditated meaſures, they ſhall be able to find expedients in all difficulties. They are naturally apt to conſider all prudential maxims as below their regard, to treat with contempt thoſe ſecurities and reſources which others know themſelves obliged to provide, and diſdain to accompliſh their purpoſes by eſtabliſhed means, and common gradations.

Precipitation thus incited by the pride of intellectual ſuperiority, is very fatal to great deſigns. The reſolution of the combat is ſeldom equal to the vehemence of the charge. He that meets with an oppoſition which he did not expect, loſes his courage. The violence of his firſt onſet is ſucceeded

ceeded by a lasting and unconquerable languor; miscarriage makes him fearful of giving way to new hopes; and the contemplation of an attempt, in which he has fallen below his own expectations, is painful and vexatious; he therefore naturally turns his attention to more pleasing objects, and habituates his imagination to other entertainments, till, by slow degrees, he quits his first pursuit, and suffers some other project to take possession of his thoughts, in which the same ardour of mind promises him again certain success, and which disappointments of the same kind compel him to abandon.

Thus too much vigour in the beginning of an undertaking, often intercepts and prevents the steadiness and perseverance always necessary in the conduct of a complicated scheme, where many interests are to be connected, many movements to be adjusted, and the joint effort of distinct and independent powers to be directed to a single point. In all important events which have been suddenly brought to pass, chance has been the agent rather than reason; and, therefore, however those, who seemed to preside in the transaction, may have been celebrated by such as loved or feared them, succeeding times have commonly considered them as fortunate rather than prudent. Every design in which the connection is regularly traced from the first motion to the last, must be formed and executed by calm intrepidity, and requires not only courage which danger cannot turn aside, but constancy which fatigues cannot weary, and contrivance which impediments cannot exhaust.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the

the reſiſtleſs force of perſeverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that diſtant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a ſingle ſtroke of the pick-ax, or of one impreſſion of the ſpade, with the general deſign and laſt reſult, he would be overwhelmed by the ſenſe of their diſproportion; yet thoſe petty operations, inceſſantly continued, in time ſurmount the greateſt difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the ſlender force of human beings.

It is therefore of the utmoſt importance that thoſe who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation ſuperior to names hourly ſwept away by time among the refuſe of fame, ſhould add to their reaſon, and their ſpirit, the power of perſiſting in their purpoſes; acquire the art of ſapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquiſhing obſtinate reſiſtance by obſtinate attacks.

The ſtudent who would build his knowledge on ſolid foundations, and proceed by juſt degrees to the pinnacles of truth, is directed by the great philoſopher of France to begin by doubting of his own exiſtence. In like manner, whoever would complete any arduous and intricate enterpriſe, ſhould, as ſoon as his imagination can cool after the firſt blaze of hope, place before his own eyes every poſſible embarraſſment that may retard or defeat him. He ſhould firſt queſtion the probability of ſucceſs, and then endeavour to remove the objections that he has raiſed. It is proper, ſays old Markham, to exerciſe your horſe on the more inconvenient ſide of the courſe, that if he ſhould, in the race, be forced upon it, he may not be diſcouraged; and

and Horace adviſes his poetical friend to conſider every day as the laſt which he ſhall enjoy, becauſe that will always give pleaſure which we receive beyond our hopes. If we alarm ourſelves beforehand with more difficulties than we really find, we ſhall be animated by unexpected facility with double ſpirit; and if we find our cautions and fears juſtified by the conſequence, there will however happen nothing againſt which proviſion has not been made, no ſudden ſhock will be received, nor will the main ſcheme be diſconcerted.

There is, indeed, ſome danger leſt he that too ſcrupulouſly balances probabilities, and too perſpicaciouſly foreſees obſtacles, ſhould remain always in a ſtate of inaction, without venturing upon attempts on which he may perhaps ſpend his labour without advantage. But previous deſpondence is not the fault of thoſe for whom this eſſay is deſigned; they who require to be warned againſt precipitation, will not ſuffer more fear to intrude into their contemplations than is neceſſary to allay the effervescence of an agitated fancy. As *Des Cartes* has kindly ſhewn how a man may prove to himſelf his own exiſtence, if once he can be prevailed upon to queſtion it, ſo the ardent and adventurous will not be long without finding ſome plauſible extenuation of the greateſt difficulties. Such, indeed, is the uncertainty of all human affairs, that ſecurity and deſpair are equal follies, and as it is preſumption and arrogance to anticipate triumphs, it is weakneſs and cowardice to prognoſticate miſcarriages. The numbers that have been ſtopped in their career of happineſs are ſufficient to ſhew the uncertainty of human foreſight; but there are not wanting contrary inſtances of ſuch ſucceſs obtained againſt

againſt all appearances, as may warrant the boldeſt flights of genius, if they are ſupported by unſhaken perſeverance.

NUMB. 44. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 18, 1750.

Ὄναρ ἐν Διός ἐστι. HOMER.

——Dreams deſcend from *Jove*. POPE.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows:

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation, when on a ſudden I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſt in black, her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles, her eyes deep ſunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeverity, and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions. As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bid me follow her. I obeyed, and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed the fading verdure withered

withered beneath her ſteps; her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun, and involved the fair face of heaven in univerſal gloom. Diſmal howlings reſounded through the foreſt, from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the proſpect was filled with deſolation and horror. In the midſt of this tremendous ſcene my execrable guide addreſſed me in the following manner:

"Retire with me, O raſh unthinking mortal, "from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, "and learn that pleaſure was not deſigned the "portion of human life. Man was born to mourn "and to be wretched; this is the condition of all "below the ſtars, and whoever endeavours to op-"poſe it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. "Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth "and ſocial delight, and here conſecrate the ſolitary "hours to lamentation and woe. Miſery is the "duty of all ſublunary beings, and every enjoy-"ment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be "worſhipped only by the mortification of every "ſenſe of pleaſure, and the everlaſting exerciſe of "ſighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ſpirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myſelf beneath a blaſted yeugh, where the winds blew cold and diſmal round my head, and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my heart. Here I reſolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an end to the miſeries of a life ſo deplorably wretched. In this ſad ſituation I ſpied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whoſe heavy waves rolled on in ſlow ſullen murmurs. Here I deter-

mined to plunge, and was juſt upon the brink, when I found myſelf ſuddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was ſurpriſed by the ſight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The moſt engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her forms; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and their awful ſplendours were ſoftened by the gentleſt looks of compaſſion and peace. At her approach the frightful ſpectre, who had before tormented me, vaniſhed away, and with her all the horrors ſhe had cauſed. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful ſunſhine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite tranſported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleaſure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine inſtructions:

"My name is RELIGION. I am the offſpring "of TRUTH and LOVE, and the parent of BE- "NEVOLENCE, HOPE, and JOY. That monſter "from whoſe power I have freed you is called "SUPERSTITION, ſhe is the child of DISCON- "TENT, and her followers are FEAR and SOR- "ROW. Thus different as we are, ſhe has often "the inſolence to aſſume my name and character, "and ſeduces unhappy mortals to think us the "ſame, till ſhe, at length, drives them to the bor- "ders of DESPAIR, that dreadful abyſs into which "you were juſt going to ſink.

"Look round and ſurvey the various beauties of "the globe, which heaven has deſtined for the "ſeat of the human race, and conſider whether a "world thus exquiſitely framed could be meant

" for the abode of misery and pain. For what " end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused " such innumerable objects of delight, but that " all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, " and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent " Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he " has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject " them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable " ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite " goodness is the source of created existence; the " proper tendency of every rational being, from " the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the " meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from " lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have " each faculties assigned them for various orders of " delights."

" What," cried I, " is this the language of RELI- " GION? Does she lead her votaries through " flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious " life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the " mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exer- " cises of saints and heroes?"

" The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she mildly, " do not consist in unbounded " indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of " passions, the languor of indolence, or the flut- " ter of light amusements. Yielding to immo- " ral pleasure corrupts the mind, living to animal " and trifling ones debases it; both in their degree " disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign " it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be " really happy must make the diligent and re- " gular exercise of his superior powers his chief " attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, " expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, cul-

" tivating inward rectitude. To his lower facul-
" ties he must allow such gratifications as will, by
" refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits.
" In the regions inhabited by angelick nature,
" unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows
" there with a perpetual and abundant stream,
" nor needs there any mound to check its course.
" Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally
" diseased, as all the human race has cause to be,
" must use the regimen of a stricter self-govern-
" ment. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary
" excesses must patiently submit both to the painful
" workings of nature, and needful severities of me-
" dicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled
" to a moderate share of whatever alleviating ac-
" commodations this fair mansion of his merciful
" Parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And
" in proportion as this recovery advances, the live-
" liest joy will spring from his secret sense of an
" amended and improving heart.—So far from the
" horrors of despair is the condition even of the
" guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought
" of the gulph into which thou wast but now going
" to plunge.

" While the most faulty have every encourage-
" ment to amend, the more innocent soul will be
" supported with still greater consolations under
" all its experience of human infirmities; sup-
" ported by the gladdening assurances that every
" sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be
" assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one
" the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep laid
" foundation for the most elevated hopes; since
" they who faithfully examine and acknowledge
" what they are, shall be enabled under my con-

duct

" duct to become what they desire. The christ-
" ian and the hero are inseparable; and to aspir-
" ings of unassuming trust, and filial confidence,
" are set no bounds. To him who is animated with
" a view of obtaining approbation from the Sove-
" reign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmount-
" able. Secure in this pursuit of every needful
" aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials,
" is little more than the vigorous exercises of a
" mind in health. His patient dependence on that
" Providence which looks through all eternity, his
" silent resignation, his ready accommodation of
" his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways,
" is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial,
" and a source of the most exalted transports. So-
" ciety is the true sphere of human virtue. In
" social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be
" met with; restraints of many kinds will be neces-
" sary; and studying to behave right in respect of
" these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to
" others and improving to itself. Suffering is no
" duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or
" to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it
" strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or
" lessens the generous activity of virtue. The hap-
" piness allotted to man in his present state, is in-
" deed faint and low, compared with his immortal
" prospects, and noble capacities; but yet what-
" ever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven
" offers to each individual, is a needful support
" and refreshment for the present moment, so far
" as it may not hinder the attaining of his final
" destination.

" Return then with me from continual misery
" to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity.

"Return from the contracted views of solitude to "the proper duties of a relative and dependent be- "ing. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, "nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are "the gloomy doctrines of SUPERSTITION, by "which she endeavours to break those chains of "benevolence and social affection, that link the "welfare of every particular with that of the whole. "Remember that the greatest honour you can pay "to the Author of your being is by such a cheerful "behaviour, as discovers a mind satisfied with his "dispensations."

Here my preceptress paused, and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

I am, yours, &c.

NUMB. 45. TUESDAY, *August* 21, 1750.

"Ηστις μεγίστη γίγνεται σωτηρία,
"Όταν γύνη πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ δίχα ξαίνῃ,
Νῦν δ' ἐκθεὰ πάντα——— EURIP.

This is the chief felicity of life,
That concord smile on the connubial bed;
But now 'tis hatred all———

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH, in the dissertations which you have given us on marriage, very just cautions are laid down against the common causes of infelicity, and the necessity of having, in that important choice, the first regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated; yet I cannot think the subject so much exhausted, but that a little reflection would present to the mind many questions, in the discussion of which great numbers are interested, and many precepts which deserve to be more particularly and forcibly impressed.

You seem, like most of the writers that have gone before you, to have allowed, as an uncontested principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy*: but I know not whether a man who professes to think for himself and concludes from his own observations, does not depart from his character when he follows the crowd thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination, especially when they comprise so wide a circuit of life, and include such variety of circumstances. As I have an equal right with others to

give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that state which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be restrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwise than as life is unhappy: and that most of those who complain of connubial miseries, have as much satisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both sexes repine at their change, relate the happiness of their earlier years, blame the folly and rashness of their own choice, and warn those whom they see coming into the world against the same precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that the days which they so much wish to call back, are the days not only of celibacy but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightness of heart. It is not easy to surround life with any circumstances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That they censure themselves for the indiscretion of their choice, is not a sufficient proof that they have chosen ill, since we see the same discontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. Converse with almost any man, grown old in a profession, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into some different

course,

courſe, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he diſcovers that wealth and honour are more eaſily attained. "The merchant," ſays Horace, "envies the ſoldier, and the ſoldier "recounts the felicity of the merchant; the law-"yer, when his clients haraſs him, calls out for "the quiet of the countryman; and the country-"man, when buſineſs calls him to town, proclaims "that there is no happineſs but amidſt opulence "and crowds." Every man recounts the inconveniences of his own ſtation, and thinks thoſe of any other leſs, becauſe he has not felt them. Thus the married praiſe the eaſe and freedom of a ſingle ſtate, and the ſingle fly to marriage from the wearineſs of ſolitude. From all our obſervations we may collect with certainty, that miſery is the lot of man, but cannot diſcover in what particular condition it will find moſt alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we uſe them, the cauſes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for eaſe from change of poſture; he changes it, and finds himſelf equally tormented: and of the ſame kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude thoſe uneaſineſſes, to which mortality will always be ſubject. It is not likely that the married ſtate is eminently miſerable, ſince we ſee ſuch numbers, whom the death of their partners has ſet free from it, entering it again.

Wives and huſbands are, indeed, inceſſantly complaining of each other; and there would be reaſon for imagining that almoſt every houſe was infeſted with perverſeneſs or oppreſſion beyond human ſufferance, did we not know upon how ſmall occaſions ſome minds burſt out into lamentations and re-

proaches, and how naturally every animal revenges his pain upon those who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cause. We are always willing to fancy ourselves within a little of happiness, and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, persuade ourselves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, since, if we could find any other obstacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomists have often remarked, that though our diseases are sufficiently numerous and severe, yet when we enquire into the structure of the body, the tenderness of some parts, the minuteness of others, and the immense multiplicity of animal functions that must concur to the healthful and vigorous exercise of all our powers, there appears reason to wonder rather that we are preserved so long, than that we perish so soon; and that our frame subsists for a single day, or hour, without disorder, rather than that it should be broken or obstructed by violence of accidents, or length of time.

The same reflection arises in my mind, upon observation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted. When I see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables, and their beds, without any enquiry, but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected

where

where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them, some because they squander their own money, some because their houses are pestered with company, some because they will live like other people, and some only because they are sick of themselves, I am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find its pleasures so great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.

By the ancient custom of the Muscovites, the men and women never saw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be suspected that by this method many unsuitable matches were produced, and many tempers associated that were not qualified to give pleasure to each other. Yet, perhaps among a people so little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpose its objections, there was not much danger of capricious dislike, and while they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another.

Amongst us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requisite to secure tranquillity; and yet if we observe the manner in which those converse, who have singled out each other for marriage, we shall perhaps, not think that the Russians lost much by their restraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtship, is to hinder them-

themſelves from being known, and to diſguiſe their natural temper, and real deſires, in hypocritical imitation, ſtudied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither ſees the other but in a maſk, and the cheat is managed often on both ſides with ſo much art, and diſcovered afterwards with ſo much abruptneſs, that each has reaſon to ſuſpect that ſome transformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that by a ſtrange impoſture one has been courted, and another married.

I deſire you, therefore, Mr. RAMBLER, to queſtion all who ſhall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtſhip, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in diſappointment.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 46. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 25, 1750.

—— Genus, et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco. OVID.

Nought from my birth or anceſtors I claim;
All is my own, my honour and my ſhame.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

SINCE I find that you have paid ſo much regard to my complaints as to publiſh them, I am inclined by vanity, or gratitude, to continue our correſpondence; and indeed, without either of

of these motives, am glad of an opportunity to write, for I am not accustomed to keep in any thing that swells my heart, and have here none with whom I can freely converse. While I am thus employed, some tedious hours will slip away, and when I return to watch the clock, I shall find that I have disburdened myself of part of the day.

You perceive that I do not pretend to write with much consideration of any thing but my own convenience; and, not to conceal from you my real sentiments, the little time which I have spent, against my will, in solitary meditation, has not much contributed to my veneration for authors. I have now sufficient reason to suspect that, with all your splendid professions of wisdom, and seeming regard for truth, you have very little sincerity; that you either write what you do not think, and willingly impose upon mankind, or that you take no care to think right, but while you set up yourselves as guides, mislead your followers by credulity, or negligence; That you produce to the publick whatever notions you can speciously maintain, or elegantly express, without enquiring whether they are just; and transcribe hereditary falsehoods from old authors perhaps as ignorant and careless as yourselves.

You may perhaps wonder that I express myself with so much acrimony on a question in which women are supposed to have very little interest; and you are likely enough, for I have seen many instances of the saucineſs of scholars, to tell me, that I am more properly employed in playing with my kittens, than in giving myself airs of criticism, and censuring the learned. But you are mistaken, if you imagine that I am to be intimidated by your contempt, or silenced by your reproofs. As I read,

I have a right to judge; as I am injured, I have a right to complain; and these privileges, which I have purchased at so dear a rate, I shall not easily be persuaded to resign.

To read has, indeed, never been my business, but as there are hours of leisure in the most active life, I have passed the superfluities of time, which the diversions of the town left upon my hands, in turning over a large collection of tragedies and romances, where, amongst other sentiments, common to all authors of this class, I have found almost every page filled with the charms and happiness of a country life; that life to which every statesman in the highest elevation of his prosperity is contriving to retire; that life to which every tragick heroine in some scene or other wishes to have been born, and which is represented as a certain refuge from folly, from anxiety, from passion, and from guilt.

It was impossible to read so many passionate exclamations, and soothing descriptions, without feeling some desire to enjoy the state in which all this felicity was to be enjoyed; and therefore I received with raptures the invitation of my good aunt, and expected that by some unknown influence I should find all hopes and fears, jealousies and competitions, vanish from my heart upon my first arrival at the seats of innocence and tranquillity; that I should sleep in halcyon bowers, and wander in elysian gardens, where I should meet with nothing but the softness of benevolence, the candour of simplicity, and the cheerfulness of content; where I should see reason exerting her sovereignty over life, without any interruption from envy, avarice, or ambition, and every day passing in such a manner as the severest wisdom should approve.

This,

This, Mr. RAMBLER, I tell you I expected, and this I had by an hundred authors been taught to expect. By this expectation I was led hither, and here I live in perpetual uneasiness, without any other comfort than that of hoping to return to London.

Having, since I wrote my former letter, been driven, by the mere necessity of escaping from absolute inactivity, to make myself more acquainted with the affairs and inhabitants of this place, I am now no longer an absolute stranger to rural conversation and employments, but am far from discovering in them more innocence or wisdom, than in the sentiments or conduct of those with whom I have passed more cheerful and more fashionable hours.

It is common to reproach the tea-table, and the park, with giving opportunities and encouragement to scandal. I cannot wholly clear them from the charge; but must, however, observe in favour of the modish prattlers, that, if not by principle, we are at least by accident, less guilty of defamation than the country ladies. For having greater numbers to observe and censure, we are commonly content to charge them only with their own faults or follies, and seldom give way to malevolence, but such as arises from some injury or affront, real or imaginary, offered to ourselves. But in these distant provinces where the same families inhabit the same houses from age to age, they transmit and recount the faults of a whole succession. I have been informed how every estate in the neighbourhood was originally got, and find, if I may credit the accounts given me, that there is not a single acre in the hands of the right owner. I have been told of intrigues between beaus and toasts that have been now three centuries in their quiet graves, and am often entertained

tained with traditional scandal on persons of whose names there would have been no remembrance, had they not committed somewhat that might disgrace their descendents.

In one of my visits I happened to commend the air and dignity of a young lady who had just left the company; upon which two grave matrons looked with great slineſs at each other, and the elder asked me whether I had ever seen the picture of Henry the eighth. You may imagine that I did not immediately perceive the propriety of the question; but after having waited awhile for information, I was told that the lady's grandmother had a great grandmother that was an attendant on Anna Bullen, and supposed to have been too much a favourite of the king.

If once there happens a quarrel between the principal persons of two families, the malignity is continued without end, and it is common for old maids to fall out about some election, in which their grandfathers were competitors; the heart-burnings of the civil war are not yet extinguished; there are two families in the neighbourhood who have destroyed each other's game from the time of Philip and Mary; and when an account came of an inundation, which had injured the plantations of a worthy gentleman, one of the hearers remarked, with exultation, that he might now have some notion of the ravages committed by his ancestors in their retreat from Bosworth.

Thus malice and hatred descend here with an inheritance, and it is necessary to be well versed in history, that the various factions of this country may be understood. You cannot expect to be on good terms with families who are resolved to love nothing in common; and in selecting your intimates, you are perhaps to consider which party you most

favour

favour in the baron's wars. I have often loſt the good opinion of my aunt's viſitants by confounding the intereſts of York and Lancaſter, and was once cenſured for ſitting ſilent when William Rufus was called a tyrant. I have, however, now thrown aſide all pretences to circumſpection, for I find it impoſſible in leſs than ſeven years to learn all the requiſite cautions. At London, if you know your company, and their parents, you are ſafe; but you are here ſuſpected of alluding to the ſlips of great-grandmothers, and of reviving conteſts which were decided in armour by the redoubted knights of ancient times. I hope therefore that you will not condemn my impatience, if I am weary of attending where nothing can be learned, and of quarrelling where there is nothing to conteſt, and that you will contribute to divert me while I ſtay here by ſome facetious performance.

I am, SIR,

EUPHELIA.

NUMB. 47. TUESDAY, *August* 28, 1750.

Quanquam his solatiis acquiescam, debilitor & frangor eodem illa humanitate quæ mi, hoc ipsum permitterem, induxit, non ideo tamen velim durior fieri: nec ignoro alios hujusmodi casus nihil amplius vocare quam damnum; eosque sibi magnos homines & sapientes videri. Qui an magni sapientesque sint, nescio: homines non sunt. Hominis est enim affici dolore, sentire: resistere tamen, & solatia admittere; non solatiis non egere. PLIN.

These proceedings have afforded me some comfort in my distress; notwithstanding which, I am still dispirited, and unhinged by the same motives of humanity that induced me to grant such indulgences. However, I by no means wish to become less susceptible of tenderness. I know these kind of misfortunes would be estimated by other persons only as common losses, and from such sensations they would conceive themselves great and wise men. I shall not determine either their greatness or their wisdom; but I am certain they have no humanity. It is the part of a man to be affected with grief; to feel sorrow, at the same time that he is to resist it, and to admit of comfort. Earl of ORRERY.

OF the passions with which the mind of man is agitated, it may be observed, that they naturally hasten towards their own extinction, by inciting and quickening the attainment of their objects. Thus fear urges our flight, and desire animates our progress; and if there are some which perhaps may be indulged till they outgrow the good appropriated to their satisfaction, as it is frequently observed of avarice and ambition, yet their immediate tendency is to some means of happiness really existing, and generally within the prospect. The miser always imagines that there is a certain sum that will fill his heart to the brim; and every ambitious man, like king Pyrrhus, has an acquisition in his thoughts that is to terminate

terminate his labours, after which he shall pass the rest of his life in ease or gaiety, in repose or devotion.

Sorrow is perhaps the only affection of the breast that can be excepted from this general remark, and it therefore deserves the particular attention of those who have assumed the arduous province of preserving the balance of the mental constitution. The other passions are diseases indeed, but they necessarily direct us to their proper cure. A man at once feels the pain, and knows the medicine, to which he is carried with greater haste as the evil which requires it is more excruciating, and cures himself by unerring instinct, as the wounded stags of Crete are related by Ælian to have recourse to vulnerary herbs. But for sorrow there is no remedy provided by nature; it is often occasioned by accidents irreparable, and dwells upon objects that have lost or changed their existence; it requires what it cannot hope, that the laws of the universe should be repealed; that the dead should return, or the past should be recalled.

Sorrow is not that regret for negligence or error which may animate us to future care or activity, or that repentance of crimes for which, however irrevocable, our Creator has promised to accept it as an atonement; the pain which arises from these causes has very salutary effects, and is every hour extenuating itself by the reparation of those miscarriages that produce it. Sorrow is properly that state of the mind in which our desires are fixed upon the past, without looking forward to the future, an incessant wish that something were otherwise than it has been, a tormenting and harassing want of some enjoyment or possession which we have lost, and which no endeavours can possibly regain. Into such anguish many have sunk upon some sudden diminution of their

their fortune, an unexpected blaſt of their reputation, or the loſs of children and friends. They have ſuffered all ſenſibility of pleaſure to be deſtroyed by a ſingle blow, have given up for ever the hopes of ſubſtituting any other object in the room of that which they lament, reſigned their lives to gloom and deſpondency, and worn themſelves out in unavailing miſery.

Yet ſo much is this paſſion the natural conſequence of tenderneſs and endearment, that however painful and however uſeleſs, it is juſtly reproachful not to feel it on ſome occaſions; and ſo widely and conſtantly has it always prevailed, that the laws of ſome nations, and the cuſtoms of others, have limited a time for the external appearances of grief cauſed by the diſſolution of cloſe alliances, and the breach of domeſtick union.

It ſeems determined, by the general ſuffrage of mankind, that ſorrow is to a certain point laudable, as the offspring of love, or at leaſt pardonable as the effect of weakneſs; but that it ought not to be ſuffered to increaſe by indulgence, but muſt give way, after a ſtated time, to ſocial duties, and the common avocations of life. It is at firſt unavoidable, and therefore muſt be allowed, whether with or without our choice; it may afterwards be admitted as a decent and affectionate teſtimony of kindneſs and eſteem; ſomething will be extorted by nature, and ſomething may be given to the world. But all beyond the burſts of paſſion, or the forms of ſolemnity, is not only uſeleſs, but culpable; for we have no right to ſacrifice, to the vain longings of affection, that time which providence allows us for the taſk of our ſtation.

Yet it too often happens that ſorrow, thus lawfully entering, gains ſuch a firm poſſeſſion of the mind,

mind, that it is not afterwards to be ejected; the mournful ideas, first violently impressed, and afterwards willingly received, so much engross the attention, as to predominate in every thought, to darken gaiety, and perplex ratiocination. An habitual sadness seizes upon the soul, and the faculties are chained to a single object, which can never be contemplated but with hopeless uneasiness.

From this state of dejection it is very difficult to rise to cheerfulness and alacrity, and therefore many who have laid down rules of intellectual health, think preservatives easier than remedies, and teach us not to trust ourselves with favourite enjoyments, not to indulge the luxury of fondness, but to keep our minds always suspended in such indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion.

An exact compliance with this rule might, perhaps, contribute to tranquillity, but surely it would never produce happiness. He that regards none so much as to be afraid of losing them, must live for ever without the gentle pleasures of sympathy and confidence; he must feel no melting fondness, no warmth of benevolence, nor any of those honest joys which nature annexes to the power of pleasing. And as no man can justly claim more tenderness than he pays, he must forfeit his share in that officious and watchful kindness which love only can dictate, and those lenient endearments by which love only can soften life. He may justly be overlooked and neglected by such as have more warmth in their heart; for who would be the friend of him, whom, with whatever assiduity he may be courted, and with whatever services obliged, his principles will not suffer to make equal returns, and who, when you have exhausted all the instances of good will, can only be prevailed on not to be an enemy?

An

An attempt to preſerve life in a ſtate of neutrality and indifference, is unreaſonable and vain. If by excluding joy we could ſhut out grief, the ſcheme would deſerve very ſerious attention; but ſince, however we may debar ourſelves from happineſs, miſery will find its way at many inlets, and the aſſaults of pain will force her regard, though we may withhold it from the invitations of pleaſure, we may ſurely endeavour to raiſe life above the middle point of apathy at one time, ſince it will neceſſarily ſink below it at another.

But though it cannot be reaſonable not to gain happineſs for fear of loſing it, yet it muſt be confeſſed, that in proportion to the pleaſure of poſſeſſion, will be for ſome time our ſorrow for the loſs; it is therefore the province of the moraliſt to enquire whether ſuch pains may not quickly give way to mitigation. Some have thought that the moſt certain way to clear the heart from its embarraſſment, is to drag it by force into ſcenes of merriment. Others imagine, that ſuch a tranſition is too violent, and recommend rather to ſoothe it into tranquillity, by making it acquainted with miſeries more dreadful and afflictive, and diverting to the calamities of others the regard which we are inclined to fix too cloſely upon our own misfortunes.

It may be doubted whether either of thoſe remedies will be ſufficiently powerful. The efficacy of mirth it is not always eaſy to try, and the indulgence of melancholy may be ſuſpected to be one of thoſe medicines, which will deſtroy, if it happens not to cure.

The ſafe and general antidote againſt ſorrow, is employment. It is commonly obſerved, that among ſoldiers and ſeamen, though there is much kindneſs, there is little grief; they ſee their friend fall without

any

any of that lamentation which is indulged in security and idleneſs, becauſe they have no leiſure to ſpare from the care of themſelves; and whoever ſhall keep his thoughts equally buſy, will find himſelf equally unaffected with irretrievable loſſes.

Time is obſerved generally to wear out ſorrow, and its effects might doubtleſs be accelerated by quickening the ſucceſſion, and enlarging the variety of objects.

Si tempore longo
Leniri poterit luctus, tu ſperne morari,
Qui ſapiet ſibi tempus erit. —— GROTIUS.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;
To wiſdom fly, ſhe quickly brings relief. F. LEWIS.

Sorrow is a kind of ruſt of the ſoul, which every new idea contributes in its paſſage to ſcour away. It is the putrefaction of ſtagnant life, and is remedied by exerciſe and motion.

Numb. 48. Saturday, *Sept.* 1, 1750.

Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita. Mart.

For life is not to live, but to be well. Elphinston.

AMONG the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth repentance and remorſe for the ſucceeding part of our lives, there is ſcarce any againſt which warnings are of leſs efficacy, than the neglect of health. When the ſprings of motion are yet elaſtick, when the heart bounds with vigour, and the eye ſparkles with ſpirit, it is with difficulty that we are taught to conceive the imbecility that every hour is bringing upon us, or to imagine that the nerves which are now braced with ſo much ſtrength, and the limbs which play with ſo much activity, will loſe all their power under the gripe of time, relax with numbneſs, and totter with debility.

To the arguments which have been uſed againſt complaints under the miſeries of life, the philoſophers have, I think, forgot to add the incredulity of thoſe to whom we recount our ſufferings. But if the purpoſe of lamentation be to excite pity, it is ſurely ſuperfluous for age and weakneſs to tell their plaintive ſtories; for pity preſuppoſes ſympathy, and a little attention will ſhew them, that thoſe who do not feel pain, ſeldom think that it is felt; and a ſhort recollection will inform almoſt every man, that he is only repaid the inſult which he has given, ſince he may remember how often he has mocked infirmity, laughed at its cautions, and cenſured its impatience.

The

The valetudinarian race have made the care of health ridiculous by ſuffering it to prevail over all other conſiderations, as the miſer has brought frugality into contempt, by permitting the love of money not to ſhare, but to engroſs his mind: they both err alike, by confounding the means with the end; they graſp at health only to be well, as at money only to be rich; and forget that every terreſtrial advantage is chiefly valuable, as it furniſhes abilities for the exerciſe of virtue.

Health is indeed ſo neceſſary to all the duties, as well as pleaſures of life, that the crime of ſquandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a ſhort gratification brings weakneſs and diſeaſes upon himſelf, and for the pleaſure of a few years paſſed in the tumults of diverſion and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be juſtly reproached, not only as a ſpendthrift of his own happineſs, but as a robber of the publick; as a wretch that has voluntarily diſqualified himſelf for the buſineſs of his ſtation, and refuſed that part which Providence aſſigns him in the general taſk of human nature.

There are perhaps very few conditions more to be pitied than that of an active and elevated mind, labouring under the weight of a diſtempered body; the time of ſuch a man is always ſpent in forming ſchemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing, his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleaſes his ambition with the fame he ſhall acquire, or his benevolence with the good he ſhall confer. But in the night the ſkies are overcaſt, the

temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience, and diſtraction, and has no longer any wiſh but for eaſe, nor any attention but to miſery. It may be ſaid that diſeaſe generally begins that equality which death completes; the diſtinctions which ſet one man ſo much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a ſick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or inſtruction from the wiſe; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reaſoner perplexed, and the hero ſubdued; where the higheſt and brighteſt of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the conſciouſneſs of innocence.

There is among the fragments of the Greek poets a ſhort hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happineſs of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to poſſeſſion, is inculcated with ſo much force and beauty, that no one, who has ever languiſhed under the diſcomforts and infirmities of a lingering diſeaſe, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wiſh, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture. The particular occaſion of this little compoſition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been ſick, and in the firſt raptures of returning vigour addreſſed Health in the following manner:

Ὑγίεια πρεσβίστα Μακάρων,
Μετὰ σὲ ναίοιμι
Τὸ λιπόμενον βιοτᾶς·

Σὺ

Σὺ δέ μοι πρόφρων ζύνοιχο εἴης·
Ἐι γάρ τις ἢ πλῆτε χάρις ἢ τεκέων,
Τᾶς εὐδαίμονός τ' ἀνθρώποις
Βασιλήδο ἀρχᾶς, ἢ πόθων,
Οὺς κρυφίοις Αφροδίτης ἄρκυσιν θηρεύομεν,
Ἢ ἔι τις ἄλλα θεόθεν ἀνθρώποις τέρψις,
Ἢ πόνων νάμπνοὰ πέφανται·
Μετὰ ζεῖο μακαρία Ὑγίεια,
Τέθηλε πάντα, καὶ λάμπει χαρίτων ἔαρ·
Σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς, εὐθεὶς εὐδαίμων πέλει.

Health, moſt venerable of the powers of heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be paſſed, nor do thou refuſe to bleſs me with thy reſidence. For whatever there is of beauty or of pleaſure in wealth, in deſcendants, or in ſovereign command, the higheſt ſummit of human enjoyment, or in thoſe objects of deſire which we endeavour to chaſe into the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever ſolace is granted by the celeſtials, to ſoften our fatigues, in thy preſence, thou parent of happineſs, all thoſe joys ſpread out and flouriſh; in thy preſence blooms the ſpring of pleaſure, and without thee no man is happy.

Such is the power of health, that without its co-operation every other comfort is torpid and lifeleſs, as the powers of vegetation without the ſun. And yet this bliſs is commonly thrown away in thoughtleſs negligence, or in fooliſh experiments on our own ſtrength; we let it periſh without remembering its value, or waſte it to ſhew how much we have to ſpare; it is ſometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and ſometimes ſold for the applauſe of jollity and debauchery.

Health is equally neglected, and with equal impropriety, by the votaries of buſineſs and the followers of pleaſure. Some men ruin the fabrick of their bodies by inceſſant revels, and others by intemperate ſtudies; ſome batter it by exceſs, and others ſap it by inactivity. To the noiſy route of bacchanalian rioters, it will be to little purpoſe that advice is offered, though it requires no great abilities to prove, that he loſes pleaſure who loſes health; their clamours are too loud for the whiſpers of caution, and they run the courſe of life with too much precipitance to ſtop at the call of wiſdom. Nor perhaps will they that are buſied in adding thouſands to thouſands, pay much regard to him that ſhall direct them to haſten more ſlowly to their wiſhes. Yet ſince lovers of money are generally cool, deliberate, and thoughtful, they might ſurely conſider, that the greater good ought not to be ſacrificed to the leſs. Health is certainly more valuable than money, becauſe it is by health that money is procured; but thouſands and millions are of ſmall avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of ſenſe, or reſuſcitate the powers of digeſtion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take ſhelter in the arms of ſickneſs.

— Projecere animam! quàm vellent æthere in alto
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores!

For healthful indigence in vain they pray,
In queſt of wealth who throw their lives away.

Thoſe who loſe their health in an irregular and impetuous purſuit of literary accompliſhments are

yet leſs to be excuſed; for they ought to know that the body is not forced beyond its ſtrength, but with the loſs of more vigour than is proportionate to the effect produced. Whoever takes up life beforehand, by depriving himſelf of reſt and refreſhment, muſt not only pay back the hours, but pay them back with uſury; and for the gain of a few months but half enjoyed, muſt give up years to the liſtleſſneſs of languor, and the implacability of pain. They whoſe endeavour is mental excellence, will learn perhaps too late, how much it is endangered by diſeaſes of the body, and find, that knowledge may eaſily be loſt in the ſtarts of melancholy, the ſlights of impatience, and the peeviſhneſs of decrepitude.

NUMB. 49. TUESDAY, *September* 4, 1750.

Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam, uſque ego poſterâ
Creſcam laude recens. HOR.

Whole *Horace* ſhall not die; his ſongs ſhall ſave
The greateſt portion from the greedy grave. CREECH.

THE firſt motives of human actions are thoſe appetites which Providence has given to man in common with the reſt of the inhabitants of the earth. Immediately after our birth, thirſt and hunger incline us to the breaſt, which we draw by inſtinct, like other young creatures, and when we are ſatisfied, we expreſs our uneaſineſs by importunate and inceſſant cries, till we have obtained a place or poſture proper for repoſe.

The next call that rouſes us from a ſtate of inactivity, is that of our paſſions; we quickly begin to be ſenſible of hope and fear, love and hatred, deſire and averſion; theſe ariſing from the power of compariſon and reflection, extend their range wider, as our reaſon ſtrengthens, and our knowledge enlarges. At firſt we have no thought of pain, but when we actually feel it; we afterwards begin to fear it, yet not before it approaches us very nearly; but by degrees we diſcover it at a greater diſtance, and find it lurking in remote conſequences. Our terror in time improves into caution, and we learn to look round with vigilance and ſolicitude, to ſtop all the avenues at which miſery can enter, and to perform or endure many things in themſelves toilſome and unpleaſing, becauſe we know by reaſon, or by experience, that our labour will be overbalanced by the reward, that it will either procure ſome poſitive good, or avert ſome evil greater than itſelf.

But as the ſoul advances to a fuller exerciſe of its powers, the animal appetites, and the paſſions immediately ariſing from them, are not ſufficient to find it employment; the wants of nature are ſoon ſupplied, the fear of their return is eaſily precluded, and ſomething more is neceſſary to relieve the long intervals of inactivity, and to give thoſe faculties, which cannot lie wholly quieſcent, ſome particular direction. For this reaſon, new deſires and artificial paſſions are by degrees produced; and, from having wiſhes only in conſequence of our wants, we begin to feel wants in conſequence of our wiſhes; we perſuade ourſelves to ſet a value upon things which are of on uſe, but becauſe we have agreed to value them; things which can neither

neither satisfy hunger nor mitigate pain, nor secure us from any real calamity, and which, therefore, we find of no esteem among those nations whose artless and barbarous manners keep them always anxious for the necessaries of life.

This is the original of avarice, vanity, ambition, and generally of all those desires which arise from the comparison of our condition with that of others. He that thinks himself poor, because his neighbour is richer; he that, like Cæsar, would rather be the first man of a village, than the second in the capital of the world, has apparently kindled in himself desires which he never received from nature, and acts upon principles established only by the authority of custom.

Of those adscititious passions, some, as avarice and envy, are universally condemned; some, as friendship and curiosity, generally praised; but there are others about which the suffrages of the wise are divided, and of which it is doubted, whether they tend most to promote the happiness, or increase the miseries of mankind.

Of this ambiguous and disputable kind is the love of fame, a desire of filling the minds of others with admiration, and of being celebrated by generations to come with praises which we shall not hear. This ardour has been considered by some, as nothing better than splendid madness, as a flame kindled by pride, and fanned by folly; for what, say they, can be more remote from wisdom, than to direct all our actions by the hope of that which is not to exist till we ourselves are in the grave? To pant after that which can never be possessed, and of which the value thus wildly put upon it, arises from this particular condition, that,

during life, it is not to be obtained? To gain the favour, and hear the applauſes of our contemporaries, is indeed equally deſirable with any other prerogative of ſuperiority, becauſe fame may be of uſe to ſmooth the paths of life, to terrify oppoſition, and fortify tranquillity; but to what end ſhall we be the darlings of mankind, when we can no longer receive any benefits from their favour? It is more reaſonable to wiſh for reputation, while it may yet be enjoyed, as Anacreon calls upon his companions to give him for preſent uſe the wine and garlands which they purpoſe to beſtow upon his tomb.

The advocates for the love of fame allege in its vindication, that it is a paſſion natural and univerſal; a flame lighted by heaven, and always burning with greateſt vigour in the moſt enlarged and elevated minds. That the deſire of being praiſed by poſterity implies a reſolution to deſerve their praiſes, and that the folly charged upon it, is only a noble and diſintereſted generoſity, which is not felt, and therefore not underſtood, by thoſe who have been always accuſtomed to refer every thing to themſelves, and whoſe ſelfiſhneſs has contracted their underſtandings. That the ſoul of man, formed for eternal life, naturally ſprings forward beyond the limits of corporeal exiſtence, and rejoices to conſider herſelf as co-operating with future ages, and as co-extended with endleſs duration. That the reproach urged with ſo much petulance, the reproach of labouring for what cannot be enjoyed, is founded on an opinion which may with great probability be doubted; for ſince we ſuppoſe the powers of the ſoul to be enlarged by its ſeparation, why ſhould we conclude that its knowledge

knowledge of ſublunary tranſactions is contracted or extinguiſhed?

Upon an attentive and impartial review of the argument, it will appear that the love of fame is to be regulated rather than extinguiſhed; and that men ſhould be taught not to be wholly careleſs about their memory, but to endeavour that they may be remembered chiefly for their virtues, ſince no other reputation will be able to tranſmit any pleaſure beyond the grave.

It is evident that fame, conſidered merely as the immortality of a name, is not leſs likely to be the reward of bad actions than of good; he therefore has no certain principle for the regulation of his conduct, whoſe ſingle aim is not to be forgotten. And hiſtory will inform us, that this blind and undiſtinguiſhed appetite of renown has always been uncertain in its effects, and directed by accident or opportunity, indifferently to the benefit or devaſtation of the world. When Themiſtocles complained that the trophies of Miltiades hindered him from ſleep, he was animated by them to perform the ſame ſervices in the ſame cauſe. But Cæſar, when he wept at the ſight of Alexander's picture, having no honeſt opportunities of action, let his ambition break out to the ruin of his country.

If, therefore, the love of fame is ſo far indulged by the mind as to become independent and predominant, it is dangerous and irregular; but it may be uſefully employed as an inferior and ſecondary motive, and will ſerve ſometimes to revive our activity, when we begin to languiſh and loſe ſight of that more certain, more valuable, and more durable reward, which ought always to be our firſt hope and our laſt. But it muſt be ſtrongly im-

preſſed upon our minds, that virtue is not to be purſued as one of the means to fame, but fame to be accepted as the only recompenſe which mortals can beſtow on virtue; to be accepted with complacence, but not ſought with eagerneſs. Simply to be remembered, is no advantage; it is a privilege which ſatire as well as panegyrick can confer, and is not more enjoyed by Titus or Conſtantine, than by Timocreon of Rhodes, of whom we only know from his epitaph, *that he had eaten many a meal, drank many a flaggon, and uttered many a reproach.*

Πολλὰ φαγὼν, καὶ πολλὰ πιὼν, καὶ πολλὰ κακ' εἰπὼν
Ἀνθρώπους, κεῖμαι Τιμοκρέων Ῥόδιος.

The true ſatisfaction which is to be drawn from the conſciouſneſs that we ſhall ſhare the attention of future times, muſt ariſe from the hope, that, with our name, our virtues will be propagated; and that thoſe whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive inſtruction from our examples, and incitement from our renown.

Numb. 50. Saturday, *Sept.* 8, 1750.

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat, atque
Barbato cuicunque puer, licet ipse videret
Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos. Juv.

And had not men the hoary head rever'd,
And boys paid rev'rence when a man appear'd,
Both must have died, tho' richer skins they wore,
And saw more heaps of acorns in their store. Creech.

I HAVE always thought it the business of those who turn their speculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues, as well as to expose the faults of their contemporaries, and to confute a false as well as to support a just accusation; not only because it is peculiarly the business of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, lest those who can once charge him with partiality, should indulge themselves afterwards in disbelieving him at pleasure; but because he may find real crimes sufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without distracting the mind by needless scruples and vain solicitudes.

There are certain fixed and stated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly transmitted through continued successions, and which he that has once suffered them is certain to use with the same undistinguishing vehemence, when he has changed his station, and gained the prescriptive right of inflicting on others, what he had formerly endured himself.

To these hereditary imputations, of which no man sees the justice, till it becomes his interest to see it, very little regard is to be shewn; since it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of instantaneous contagion, and supported rather by willingness to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of those who are desirous to believe themselves made venerable by length of time, to censure the new comers into life, for want of respect to grey hairs and sage experience, for heady confidence in their own understandings, for hasty conclusions upon partial views, for disregard of counsels, which their fathers and grandsires are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that subordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as necessary to its security from evils into which it would be otherwise precipitated by the rashness of passion, and the blindness of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and insolence of the rising generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the discipline and sobriety of the age in which his youth was passed; a happy age which is now no more to be expected, since confusion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not sufficiently considered how much he assumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining: for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full share of the miseries of life, he is inclined to consider all clamorous uneasiness as a proof

proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to aſk, What merit has this man to ſhow, by which he has acquired a right to repine at the diſtributions of nature? Or, why does he imagine that exemptions ſhould be granted him from the general condition of man? We find ourſelves excited rather to captiouſneſs than pity, and inſtead of being in haſte to ſooth his complaints by ſympathy and tenderneſs, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation; and whether, ſuppoſing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly rather than calamity.

The querulouſneſs and indignation which is obſerved ſo often to disfigure the laſt ſcene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like theſe. For ſurely it will be thought at the firſt view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, inſulted and neglected, the crime muſt at leaſt be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of eſtabliſhing their authority over minds ductile and unreſiſting, they who have been the protectors of helpleſſneſs and the inſtructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth and the dignity of command, muſt defeat their influence by their own miſconduct, and make uſe of all theſe advantages with very little ſkill, if they cannot ſecure to themſelves an appearance of reſpect, and ward off open mockery and declared contempt.

The general ſtory of mankind will evince, that lawful and ſettled authority is very ſeldom reſiſted when it is well employed. Groſs corruption, or evident imbecility, is neceſſary to the ſuppreſſion of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on thoſe whom

whom they ſee ſurrounded by ſplendour and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their paſſions into forgetfulneſs of inviſible rewards and puniſhments, yet they are eaſily kept obedient to thoſe who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is diſſipated by ſuch wickedneſs and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may, therefore, very reaſonably be ſuſpected that the old draw upon themſelves the greateſt part of thoſe inſults, which they ſo much lament, and that age is rarely deſpiſed but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that exceſs of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the conſequence of long life however idly and thoughtleſsly employed, that priority of birth will ſupply the want of ſteadineſs or honeſty, can it raiſe much wonder that their hopes are diſappointed, and that they ſee their poſterity rather willing to truſt their own eyes in their progreſs into life, than enliſt themſelves under guides who have loſt their way?

There are, indeed, many truths which time neceſſarily and certainly teaches, and which might by thoſe who have learned them from experience, be communicated to their ſucceſſors at a cheaper rate: but dictates, though liberally enough beſtowed, are generally without effect, the teacher gains few proſelytes by inſtruction which his own behaviour contradicts; and young men miſs the benefit of counſel, becauſe they are not very ready to believe that thoſe who fall below them in practice, can much excel them in theory. Thus the progreſs of knowledge is retarded, the world is kept long in the ſame ſtate, and every new race is to gain the prudence

dence of their predeceſſors by committing and redreſſing the ſame miſcarriages.

To ſecure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might ſo much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is abſolutely neceſſary that they give themſelves up to the duties of declining years; and contentedly reſign to youth its levity, its pleaſures, its frolicks, and its fopperies. It is a hopeleſs endeavour to unite the contrarieties of ſpring and winter; it is unjuſt to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wiſdom and gravity of men, whom they conſider as placed at a diſtance from them in the ranks of exiſtence, and naturally look on thoſe whom they find trifling with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in thoſe performances in which boys muſt always excel them; if they will dreſs crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavour at gaiety with faltering voices, and darken aſſemblies of pleaſure with the ghaſtlineſs of diſeaſe, they may well expect thoſe who find their diverſions obſtructed will hoot them away; and that if they deſcend to competition with youth, they muſt bear the inſolence of ſucceſsful rivals.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt.
You've had your ſhare of mirth, of meat and drink:
'Tis time to quit the ſcene—'tis time to think.
ELPHINSTON.

Another vice of age, by which the riſing generation may be alienated from it, is ſeverity and cen-

cenſorioufneſs, that gives no allowance to the failings of early life, that expects artfulneſs from childhood and conſtancy from youth, that is peremptory in every command, and inexorable to every failure. There are many who live merely to hinder happineſs, and whoſe deſcendants can only tell of long life, that it produces ſuſpicion, malignity, peeviſhneſs, and perſecution: and yet even theſe tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of the age, curſe their heirs for impatience, and wonder that young men cannot take pleaſure in their father's company.

He that would paſs the latter part of life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is young, conſider that he ſhall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he muſt lay up knowledge for his ſupport, when his powers of acting ſhall forſake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct.

NUMB. 51. TUESDAY, *Sept.* 10, 1750.

——*Stultus labor eſt ineptiarum.* MART.

How fooliſh is the toil of trifling cares! ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you have allowed a place in your paper to Euphelia's letters from the country, and appear to think no form of human life unworthy of your attention, I have reſolved, after many ſtruggles with idleneſs and diffidence, to give you ſome account of my entertainment in this ſober ſeaſon of univerſal retreat, and to deſcribe to you the employments of thoſe who look with contempt on the pleaſures and diverſions of polite life, and employ all their powers of cenſure and invective upon the uſeleſſneſs, vanity, and folly of dreſs, viſits, and converſation.

When a tireſome and vexatious journey of four days had brought me to the houſe, where invitation, regularly ſent for ſeven years together, had at laſt induced me to paſs the ſummer, I was ſurpriſed, after the civilities of my firſt reception, to find, inſtead of the leiſure and tranquillity, which a rural life always promiſes, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confuſed wildneſs of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded and every motion agitated. The old lady, who was my father's relation, was, indeed, very full of the happineſs which ſhe received from my viſit, and

d, according to the forms of obſolete breeding, inſiſted that I ſhould recompence the long delay of my company with a promiſe not to leave her till winter. But, amidſt all her kindneſs and careſſes, ſhe very frequently turned her head aſide, and whiſpered, with anxious earneſtneſs, ſome order to her daughters, which never failed to ſend them out with unpolite precipitation. Sometimes her impatience would not ſuffer her to ſtay behind; ſhe begged my pardon, ſhe muſt leave me for a moment; ſhe went, and returned and ſat down again, but was again diſturbed by ſome new care, diſmiſſed her daughters with the ſame trepidation, and followed them with the ſame countenance of buſineſs and ſolicitude.

However I was alarmed at this ſhow of eagerneſs and diſturbance, and however my curioſity was excited by ſuch buſy preparations as naturally promiſed ſome great event, I was yet too much a ſtranger to gratify myſelf with enquiries; but finding none of the family in mourning, I pleaſed myſelf with imagining that I ſhould rather ſee a wedding than a funeral.

At laſt we ſat down to ſupper, when I was informed that one of the young ladies, after whom I thought myſelf obliged to enquire, was under a neceſſity of attending ſome affair that could not be neglected: Soon afterward my relation began to talk of the regularity of her family, and the inconvenience of London hours; and at laſt let me know that they had purpoſed that night to go to bed ſooner than was uſual, becauſe they were to riſe early in the morning to make cheeſecakes. This hint ſent me to my chamber, to which I was accompanied by all the ladies, who begged

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me to excuſe ſome large ſieves of leaves and flowers that covered two thirds of the floor, for they intended to diſtil them when they were dry, and they had no other room that ſo conveniently received the riſing ſun.

The ſcent of the plants hindered me from reſt, and therefore I roſe early in the morning with a reſolution to explore my new habitation. I ſtole unperceived by my buſy couſins into the garden, where I found nothing either more great or elegant, than in the ſame number of acres cultivated for the market. Of the gardener I ſoon learned that his lady was the greateſt manager in that part of the country, and that I was come hither at the time in which I might learn to make more pickles and conſerves, than could be ſeen at any other houſe a hundred miles round.

It was not long before her ladyſhip gave me ſufficient opportunities of knowing her character, for ſhe was too much pleaſed with her own accompliſhments to conceal them, and took occaſion, from ſome ſweetmeats which ſhe ſet next day upon the table, to diſcourſe for two long hours upon robs and jellies; laid down the beſt methods of conſerving, reſerving, and preſerving all ſorts of fruit; told us with great contempt of the London lady in the neighbourhood, by whom theſe terms were very often confounded; and hinted how much ſhe ſhould be aſhamed to ſet before company, at her own houſe, ſweetmeats of ſo dark a colour as ſhe had often ſeen at miſtreſs Sprightly's.

It is, indeed, the great buſineſs of her life, to watch the ſkillet on the fire, to ſee it ſimmer with the due degree of heat, and to ſnatch it off

at

at the moment of projection; and the employments to which she has bred her daughters, are to turn rose-leaves in the shade, to pick out the seeds of currants with a quill, to gather fruit without bruising it, and to extract bean-flower water for the skin. Such are the tasks with which every day, since I came hither, has begun and ended, to which the early hours of life are sacrificed, and in which that time is passing away which never shall return.

But to reason or expostulate are hopeless attempts. The lady has settled her opinions, and maintains the dignity of her own performances with all the firmness of stupidity accustomed to be flattered. Her daughters having never seen any house but their own, believe their mother's excellence on her own word. Her husband is a mere sportsman, who is pleased to see his table well furnished, and thinks the day sufficiently successful, in which he brings home a leash of hares to be potted by his wife.

After a few days I pretended to want books, but my lady soon told me that none of her books would suit my taste; for her part she never loved to see young women give their minds to such follies, by which they would only learn to use hard words; she bred up her daughters to understand a house, and whoever should marry them, if they knew any thing of good cookery, would never repent it.

There are, however, some things in the culinary sciences too sublime for youthful intellects, mysteries into which they must not be initiated till the years of serious maturity, and which are referred to the day of marriage, as the supreme qualification

qualification for connubial life. She makes an orange pudding, which is the envy of all the neighbourhood, and which she has hitherto found means of mixing and baking with such secrecy, that the ingredient to which it owes its flavour has never been discovered. She indeed, conducts this great affair with all the caution that human policy can suggest. It is never known beforehand when this pudding will be produced; she takes the ingredients privately into her own closet, employs her maids and daughters in different parts of the house, orders the oven to be heated for a pie, and places the pudding in it with her own hands; the mouth of the oven is then stopped, and all enquiries are vain.

The composition of the pudding she has, however, promised Clarinda, that if she pleases her in marriage, she shall be told without reserve. But the art of making English capers she has not yet persuaded herself to discover, but seems resolved that secret shall perish with her, as some alchymists have obstinately suppressed the art of transmuting metals.

I once ventured to lay my fingers on her book of receipts, which she left upon the table, having intelligence that a vessel of gooseberry wine had burst the hoops. But though the importance of the event sufficiently engrossed her care, to prevent any recollection of the danger to which her secrets were exposed, I was not able to make use of the golden moments; for this treasure of hereditary knowledge was so well concealed by the manner of spelling used by her grandmother, her mother, and herself, that I was totally unable to understand it, and lost the opportunity of consulting

ſulting the oracle, for want of knowing the language in which its anſwers were returned.

It is, indeed, neceſſary, if I have any regard to her ladyſhip's eſteem, that I ſhould apply myſelf to ſome of theſe economical accompliſhments; for I overheard her, two days ago, warning her daughters, by my mournful example, againſt negligence of paſtry, and ignorance in carving: for you ſaw, ſaid ſhe, that, with all her pretenſions to knowledge, ſhe turned the partridge the wrong way when ſhe attempted to cut it, and, I believe, ſcarcely knows the difference between paſte raiſed, and paſte in a diſh.

The reaſon, Mr. Rambler, why I have laid Lady Buſtle's character before you, is a deſire to be informed whether, in your opinion, it is worthy of imitation, and whether I ſhall throw away the books which I have hitherto thought it my duty to read, for *the lady's cloſet opened*, *the complete ſervant maid*, and *the court cook*, and reſign all curioſity after right and wrong, for the art of ſcalding damaſcenes without burſting them, and preſerving the whiteneſs of pickled muſhrooms.

Lady Buſtle has, indeed, by this inceſſant application to fruit and flowers, contracted her cares into a narrow ſpace, and ſet herſelf free from many perplexities wich which other minds are diſturbed. She has no curioſity after the events of a war, or the fate of heroes in diſtreſs; ſhe can hear, without the leaſt emotion, the ravage of a fire, or devaſtations of a ſtorm; her neighbours grow rich or poor, come into the world or go out of it, without regard, while ſhe is preſſing the gelly-bag, or airing the ſtore-room; but I cannot perceive that ſhe is more free from diſquiets than thoſe whoſe underſtandings

take a wider range. Her marigolds, when they are almoſt cured, are often ſcattered by the wind, the rain ſometimes fall upon fruit when it ought to be gathered dry. While her artificial wines are fermenting, her whole life is reſtleſſneſs and anxiety. Her ſweetmeats are not always bright, and the maid ſometimes forgets the juſt proportions of ſalt and pepper, when veniſon is to be baked. Her conſerves mould, her wines ſour, and pickles mother; and, like all the reſt of mankind, ſhe is every day mortified with the defeat of her ſchemes and the diſappointment of her hopes.

With regard to vice and virtue ſhe ſeems a kind of neutral being. She has no crime but luxury, nor any virtue but chaſtity; ſhe has no deſire to be praiſed but for her cookery, nor wiſhes any ill to the reſt of mankind, but that whenever they aſpire to a feaſt, their cuſtards may be wheyiſh, and their pie-cruſts tough.

I am now very impatient to know whether I am to look on theſe ladies as the great patterns of our ſex, and to conſider conſerves and pickles as the buſineſs of my life; whether the cenſures which I now ſuffer to be juſt, and whether the brewers of wines, and the diſtillers of waſhes, have a right to look with inſolence on the weakneſs of

CORNELIA.

NUMB. 52. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 15, 1750.

——*Quoties fleuti* Theſeius *heros*
Siſte modum, dixit, neque enim fortuna querenda
Sola tua eſt, ſimiles aliorum reſpice caſus,
Mitius iſta feres. OVID.

How oft in vain the ſon of *Theſeus* ſaid,
The ſtormy ſorrows be with patience laid;
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone;
Weigh other's woes, and learn to bear thy own.
CATCOTT.

AMONG the various methods of conſolation, to which the miſeries inſeparable from our preſent ſtate have given occaſion, it has been, as I have already remarked, recommended by ſome writers to put the ſufferer in mind of heavier preſſures, and more excruciating calamities, than thoſe of which he has himſelf reaſon to complain.

This has, in all ages, been directed and practiſed; and, in conformity to this cuſtom, Lipſius, the great modern maſter of the Stoick philoſophy, has, in his celebrated treatiſe on *ſteadineſs of mind*, endeavoured to fortify the breaſt againſt too much ſenſibility of misfortune, by enumerating the evils which have in former ages fallen upon the world, the devaſtation of wide extended regions, the ſack of cities, and maſſacre of nations. And the common voice of the multitude, uninſtructed by precept, and unprejudiced by authority, which, in queſtions that relate to the heart of man, is, in my opinion, more deciſive than the learning of Lipſius, ſeems to juſtify the efficacy of this procedure; for one of the firſt comforts which one neighbour adminiſters to another is a relation of the like infelicity, combined with circumſtances of greater bitterneſs.

But

But this medicine of the mind is like many remedies applied to the body, of which, though we see the effects, we are unacquainted with the manner of operation, and of which, therefore, some, who are unwilling to suppose any thing out of the reach of their own sagacity, have been inclined to doubt whether they have really those virtues for which they are celebrated, and whether their reputation is not the mere gift of fancy, prejudice, and credulity.

Consolation, or comfort, are words which, in their proper acceptation, signify some alleviation of that pain to which it is not in our power to afford the proper and adequate remedy; they imply rather an augmentation of the power of bearing, than a diminution of the burthen. A prisoner is relieved by him that sets him at liberty, but receives comfort from such as suggest considerations by which he is made patient under the inconvenience of confinement. To that grief which arises from a great loss, he only brings the true remedy, who makes his friend's condition the same as before; but he may be properly termed a comforter, who by persuasion extenuates the pain of poverty, and shews, in the style of *Hesiod*, that *half is more than the whole*.

It is, perhaps, not immediately obvious, how it can lull the memory of misfortune, or appease the throbbings of anguish, to hear that others are more miserable; others, perhaps, unknown or wholly indifferent, whose prosperity raises no envy, and whose fall can gratify no resentment. Some topicks of comfort arising, like that which gave hope and spirit to the captive of Sesostris, from the perpetual vicissitudes of life, and mutability of human

affairs, may as properly raise the dejected as depress the proud, and have an immediate tendency to exhilarate and revive. But how can it avail the man who languishes in the gloom of sorrow, without prospect of emerging into the sunshine of cheerfulness, to hear that others are sunk yet deeper in the dungeon of misery, shackled with heavier chains, and surrounded with darker desperation?

The solace arising from this consideration seems indeed the weakest of all others, and is perhaps never properly applied, but in cases where there is no place for reflexions of more speedy and pleasing efficacy. But even from such calamities life is by no means free; a thousand ills incurable, a thousand losses irreparable, a thousand difficulties insurmountable, are known, or will be known, by all the sons of men. Native deformity cannot be rectified, a dead friend cannot return, and the hours of youth trifled away in folly, or lost in sickness, cannot be restored.

Under the oppression of such melancholy, it has been found useful to take a survey of the world, to contemplate the various scenes of distress in which mankind are struggling round us, and acquaint ourselves with the *terribiles visu formæ*, the various shapes of misery, which make havock of terrestrial happiness, range all corners almost without restraint, trample down our hopes at the hour of harvest, and, when we have built our schemes to the top, ruin their foundations.

The first effect of this meditation is, that it furnishes a new employment for the mind, and engages the passions on remoter objects; as kings have sometimes freed themselves from a subject

too

too haughty to be governed and too powerful to be crushed, by posting him in a distant province, till his popularity has subsided, or his pride been repressed. The attention is dissipated by variety, and acts more weakly upon any single part, as that torrent may be drawn off to different channels, which, pouring down in one collected body, cannot be resisted. This species of comfort is, therefore, unavailing in severe paroxysms of corporal pain, when the mind is every instant called back to misery, and in the first shock of any sudden evil; but will certainly be of use against encroaching melancholy, and a settled habit of gloomy thoughts.

It is further advantageous, as it supplies us with opportunities of making comparisons in our own favour. We know that very little of the pain, or pleasure, which does not begin and end in our senses, is otherwise than relative; we are rich or poor, great or little, in proportion to the number that excel us, or fall beneath us, in any of these respects; and therefore, a man, whose uneasiness arises from reflexion on any misfortune that throws him below those with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet lowest.

There is another kind of comparison, less tending towards the vice of envy, very well illustrated by an old poet, whose system will not afford many reasonable motives to content. 'It is,' says he, 'pleasing to look from shore upon the tumults of 'a storm, and to see a ship struggling with the 'billows; it is pleasing, not because the pain of 'another can give us delight, but because we have 'a stronger impression of the happiness of safety.' Thus, when we look abroad, and behold the mul-

titudes that are groaning under evils heavier than those which we have experienced, we shrink back to our own state, and instead of repining that so much must be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this observation of the miseries of others, fortitude is strengthened, and the mind brought to a more extensive knowledge of her own powers. As the heroes of action catch the flame from one another, so they to whom providence has allotted the harder task of suffering with calmness and dignity, may animate themselves by the remembrance of those evils which have been laid on others, perhaps naturally as weak as themselves, and bear up with vigour and resolution against their own oppressions, when they see it possible that more severe afflictions may be borne.

There is still another reason why, to many minds, the relation of other men's infelicity may give a lasting and continual relief. Some, not well instructed in the measures by which providence distributes happiness, are perhaps misled by divines, who, as Bellarmine makes temporal prosperity one of the characters of the true church, have represented wealth and ease as the certain concomitants of virtue, and the unfailing result of the divine approbation. Such sufferers are dejected in their misfortunes, not so much for what they feel, as for what they dread; not because they cannot support the sorrows, or endure the wants of their present condition, but because they consider them as only the beginnings of more sharp and more lasting pains. To these mourners it is an act of the highest charity to represent the calamities which not only virtue has suffered, but virtue has incurred;

red; to inform them that one evidence of a future ſtate is the uncertainty of any preſent reward for goodneſs; and to remind them, from the higheſt authority, of the diſtreſſes and penury of men *of whom the world was not worthy.*

NUMB. 53. TUESDAY, *September* 18, 1750.

Φείδεο τῶν κλεινῶν. *Epigram. Vet.*

Huſband thy poſſeſſions.

THERE is ſcarcely among the evils of human life, any ſo generally dreaded as poverty. Every other ſpecies of miſery, thoſe who are not much accuſtomed to diſturb the preſent moment with reflection, can eaſily forget, becauſe it is not always forced upon their regard: but it is impoſſible to paſs a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without ſeeing how much indigence is expoſed to contumely, neglect, and inſult; and, in its loweſt ſtate, to hunger and nakedneſs; to injuries againſt which every paſſion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot ſuſtain.

Againſt other evils the heart is often hardened by true or by falſe notions of dignity and reputation: thus we ſee dangers of every kind faced with willingneſs, becauſe bravery, in a good or bad cauſe, is never without its encomiaſt and admirers. But in the proſpect of poverty, there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body ſuffer together; its miſeries bring no alleviations; it is a ſtate in which every virtue is obſcured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach: a ſtate in

which cheerfulneſs is inſenſibility, and dejection fullenneſs; of which the hardſhips are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of theſe calamities there ſeems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every ſide the noiſe of trade, and ſee the ſtreets thronged with numberleſs multitudes, whoſe faces are clouded with anxiety, and whoſe ſteps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain: and the whole world is put in motion, by the deſire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued, as it ſecures us from poverty; for it is more uſeful for defence than acquiſition, and is not ſo much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always ſome whoſe paſſions or follies lead them to a conduct oppoſite to the general maxims and practice of mankind; ſome who ſeem to ruſh upon poverty, with the ſame eagerneſs with which others avoid it; who ſee their revenues hourly leſſened, and the eſtates which they inherit from their anceſtors mouldering away, without reſolution to change their courſe of life; who perſevere againſt all remonſtrances, and go forward with full career, though they ſee before them the precipice of deſtruction.

It is not my purpoſe, in this paper, to expoſtulate with ſuch as ruin their fortunes by expenſive ſchemes of buildings and gardens, which they carry on with the ſame vanity that prompted them to begin, chuſing, as it happens in a thouſand other caſes, the remote evil before the lighter, and deferring the ſhame of repentance till they incur the miſeries of diſtreſs. Thoſe for whom I intend my preſent admonitions, are the thoughtleſs, the negligent,

gligent, and the diſſolute; who, having by the viciouſneſs of their own inclinations, or the ſeducements of alluring companions, been engaged in habits of expence, and accuſtomed to move in a certain round of pleaſures diſproportioned to their condition, are without power to extricate themſelves from the inchantments of cuſtom, avoid thought becauſe they know it will be painful, and continue, from day to day, and from month to month, to anticipate their revenues, and ſink every hour deeper into the gulphs of uſury and extortion.

This folly has leſs claim to pity, becauſe it cannot be imputed to the vehemence of ſudden paſſion; nor can the miſchief which it produces be extenuated as the effect of any ſingle act, which rage, or deſire, might execute before there could be time for an appeal to reaſon. Theſe men are advancing towards miſery by ſoft approaches, and deſtroying themſelves, not by the violence of a blow, which, when once given, can never be recalled, but by a ſlow poiſon, hourly repeated, and obſtinately continued.

This conduct is ſo abſurd when it is examined by the unprejudiced eye of rational judgment, that nothing but experience could evince its poſſibility; yet, abſurd as it is, the ſudden fall of ſome families, and the ſudden riſe of others, prove it to be common; and every year ſees many wretches reduced to contempt and want, by their coſtly ſacrifices to pleaſure and vanity.

It is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſe. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumſpection, too much eagerneſs

eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too much ardour takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſs with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity and incited by voluptuouſneſs, ſeldom procures ultimately either applauſe or pleaſure.

If praiſe be juſtly eſtimated by the character of thoſe from whom it is received, little ſatisfaction will be given to the ſpendthrift by the encomiums which he purchaſes. For who are they that animate him in his purſuits, but young men, thoughtleſs and abandoned like himſelf, unacquainted with all on which the wiſdom of nations has impreſſed the ſtamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profuſion praiſed, but by wretches who conſider him as ſubſervient to their purpoſes, Sirens that entice him to ſhipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whoſe knowledge, or whoſe virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with ſcorn, or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he ſees parcelled out among the different miniſters of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockeys, vintners and attornies, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are ſecretly triumphing over his weakneſs, when they preſent new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his deſires by counterfeited applauſe.

Such is the praiſe that is purchaſed by prodigality. Even when it is yet not diſcovered to be falſe, it is the praiſe only of thoſe whom it is reproachful to pleaſe, and whoſe ſincerity is corrupted by their intereſt:

intereſt: men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wiſe, they ſhall loſe their power. Yet with ſuch flatteries, if they could laſt, might the cravings of vanity, which is ſeldom very delicate, be ſatisfied, but the time is always haſtening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, ſhall vaniſh, and when thoſe who now ſurround them with obſequiouſneſs and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, ſhall turn upon him with inſolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themſelves.

And as little pretenſions has the man, who ſquanders his eſtate, by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleaſure than are obtained by others. To make any happineſs ſincere it is neceſſary that we believe it to be laſting; ſince whatever we ſuppoſe ourſelves in danger of loſing, muſt be enjoyed with ſolicitude and uneaſineſs, and the more value we ſet upon it, the more muſt the preſent poſſeſſion be embittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conſcious that a very ſhort time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more exceſſes, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuſeneſs?

It appears evident that frugality is neceſſary even to complete the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of thoſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that in their moſt jovial expence, there always breaks out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience; they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation and affected

affected laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it, or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavour at once to ſpend idly, and to ſave meanly: having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflection on the coſt.

Among theſe men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquillity of cheerfulneſs; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and conſider it as the firſt buſineſs of the night to ſtupify recollection, and lay that reaſon aſleep which diſturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken ſatisfaction is of ſhort continuance, and muſt be expiated by a long ſeries of miſery and regret. In a ſhort time the creditor grows impatient, the laſt acre is ſold, the paſſions and appetites ſtill continue their tyranny, with inceſſant calls for their uſual gratifications, and the remainder of life paſſes away in vain repentance or impotent deſire.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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[illegible] when they [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] as [illegible] present. [illegible] by their [illegible] they [illegible] and [illegible] the heart [illegible] tion on [illegible].

Among their [illegible] a [illegible], yet very seldom [illegible], they inflame their [illegible] and [illegible] by the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible]. [illegible] and lay that [illegible] which [illegible] the gallery, and call upon [illegible] to [illegible].

But this poor, broken [illegible] and shall be [illegible] by a long [illegible] of [illegible]. In a short time the [illegible] grows [illegible], the [illegible] their tyranny, with [illegible] for their usual [illegible], and [illegible] away to [illegible] impotent desire.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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